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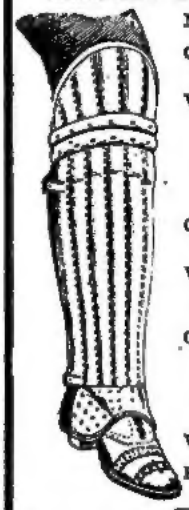

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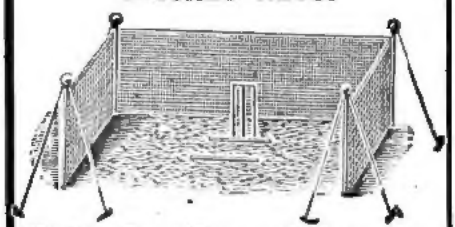

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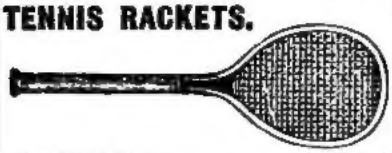

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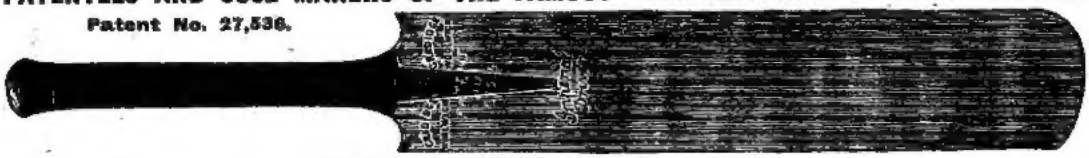

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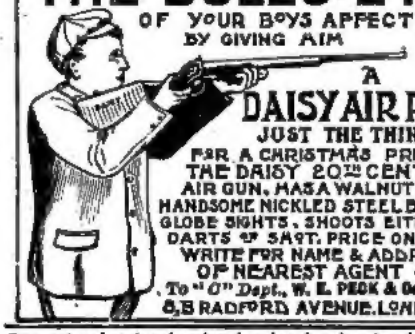

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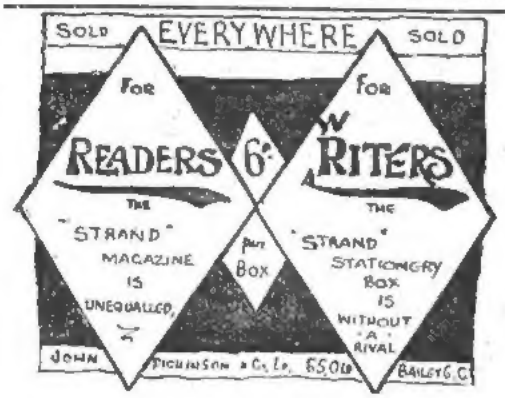



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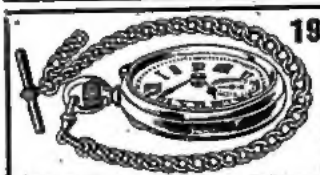

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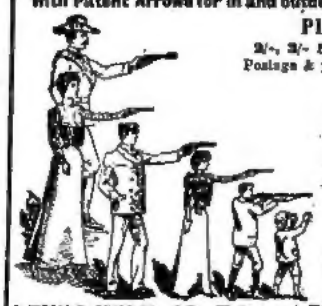

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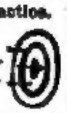

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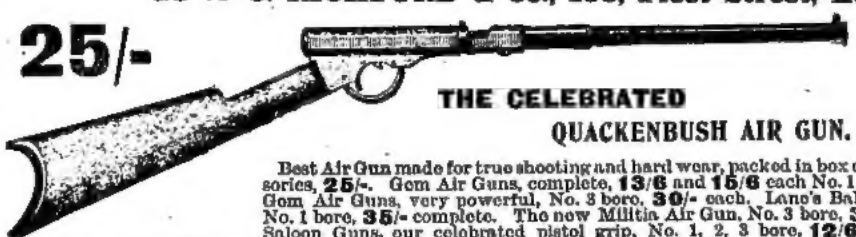

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# "THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

JUNE, 1901.

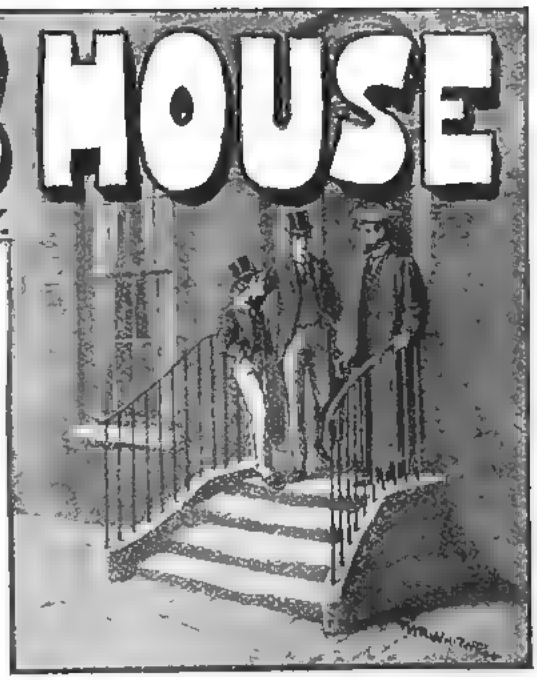
| | | | Cycle Lamps to be Lighted. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Saturday* ... | *Lord Howe's Victory*, 1794 ... ... | 9.5 |
| 2. | **Sunday** ... | *Trinity* ... ... ... ... .. | 9 6 |
| 3. | *Monday* ... | *H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York born*, 1865 ... ... ... ... | 9.7 |
| 4. | *Tuesday* ... | *Viscount Wolseley born*, 1833 .. ... | 9.8 |
| 5. | *Wednesday*... | *Pretoria entered*, 1900 ... ... . | 9.9 |
| 6. | *Thursday* ... | *Gordon Riots began*, 1780... ... . . | 9.9 |
| 7. | *Friday* ... | *C. J. Kortright, cricketer, b.*, 1874 ... | 9.10 |
| 8. | *Saturday* ... | *Sir John Millais, P.R.A., b.*, 1829 ... | 9.11 |
| 9. | **Sunday** ... | *First after Trinity* ... ... ... | 9 12 |
| 10. | *Monday* ... | *Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., b.*, 1832 ... | 9.13 |
| 11. | *Tuesday* ... | *Battle of Crevant*, 1423 ... ... . | 9.13 |
| 12. | *Wednesday*... | *W. Attewell, cricketer, b.*, 1861 ... . | 9.14 |
| 13. | *Thursday* ... | *Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, b.*, 1795 ... ... | 9.15 |
| 14. | *Friday* ... | *Battle of Naseby*, 1645 ... ... ... | 9.16 |
| 15. | *Saturday* ... | *Magna Charta signed*, 1215 ... ... | 9.16 |
| 16. | **Sunday** ... | *Second after Trinity* ... ... ... | 9.16 |
| 17. | *Monday* ... | *Taku Forts captured*, 1900 ... ... | 9.16 |
| 18. | *Tuesday* ... | *Battle of Waterloo*, 1815 ... ... ... | 9.17 |
| 19. | *Wednesday*... | *F. A. Iredale, Australian cricketer, b.*, 1867 | 9.18 |
| 20. | *Thursday* ... | *Accession of Queen Victoria*, 1837 ... | 9.18 |
| 21. | *Friday* ... | *E. M. Dowson, cricketer, b.*, 1880 ... | 9.18 |
| **22.** | **SATURDAY** | **JULY "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED** ... | **9.19** |
| 23. | **Sunday** ... | *Third after Trinity* ... ... ... | 9.19 |
| 24. | *Monday* ... | *Lord Kitchener of Khartoum born*, 1850 | 9.19 |
| 25. | *Tuesday* ... | *Sir F. Wingate (Sirdar) born*, 1861 ... | 9.19 |
| 26. | *Wednesday*... | *First V.C.'s distributed*, 1857 ... ... | 9.19 |
| 27. | *Thursday* ... | *Cambridge Easter Term ends* ... .. | 9 19 |
| 28. | *Friday* ... | *Queen Victoria crowned*, 1838 ... ... | 9.19 |
| 29. | *Saturday* ... | *"Daily Telegraph" established*, 1855 ... | 9.19 |
| 30. | **Sunday** ... | *Fourth after Trinity* ... ... ... | 9.18 |

**Calendar Events for August are Invited.**

WITH A BOUND HE SPRANG THROUGH THE RING OF ROUGHS, AND, FOLLOWED BY HIS CHUMS, RAN LIKE A HARE FOR THE HEDGE.

# SMITH'S HOUSE

## A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.



BY FRED SWAINSON,

*Author of "Acton's Feud."*

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

BETWEEN Weedon and Glyn, of St. Elizabeth's School, a strong dislike exists, on account of which Weedon, knowing that Glyn wants a certain new boy, Arthur Gale, for fag, anticipates him in a most underhand manner. A few days later Glyn and his chum Bradfield, whilst practising on the river, run down Weedon's boat, which is coxed by Gale, and Weedon is pitched into the river by Glyn for not trying to save Gale, who is unable to swim. Glyn and Allen, the captain of St. Elizabeth's, are rivals for the Silver Sculls; Glyn is on the point of overtaking Allen when a punt swings out into the river and fouls him. Near by the tree to which the punt had been moored, a silver matchbox, bearing Weedon's initials, is found by Bradfield. But the school refuses to believe that Weedon was concerned in the matter, especially as Weedon disclaims the ownership of the matchbox. The incident doesn't improve the relations between Glyn and Weedon.

---

### CHAPTER X.

#### "A LOVELY DAY."

WEEDON and his three satellites contemplated the prospect of the yearly October holiday *in piam memoriam nostri fundatoris* without any enthusiasm. This was the only day in the year on which 4.30 call-over was omitted, and this little grace gave anyone who cared for it the opportunity for a longer excursion afield than he had on other holidays.

Most of the school generally had an orgie of football in the fields, some insatiable juniors playing a couple of matches. Our quartette of black sheep discussed the matter in Ricketts' little annexe rather forlornly.

"There's nothing to do," said Miller, morosely pocketing Isaacs' ball in a fit of abstraction.

"Let's play footer for Bultitude's against Smith's," said Jenkins with a laugh and a sneer.

"That would pass off the day nicely for *me*," said Weedon. "I could kodak William in the act of shooting. Ye gods!"

"I wonder how much Will really does know of footer," said Isaacs. "What's the difference between a corner-goal and the centre-back, Bill?"

"What's the good of setting Bill riddles? How are we to pass that blessed to-morrow?"

"I'm rather sick of this everlasting billiards."

"Ricketts," said Weedon to the landlord, "what shall we do to-morrow? Gives us an idea now."

"Tired of billiards?" asked Ricketts reproachfully.

"Sick," said Weedon fervently.

"A little shootin'," said Ricketts. "Bunnies."

"Where?" said Miller dubiously.

"Behind my 'ouse. Good——"

"Too noisy, Ricketts." And to Isaacs, who rather welcomed the idea: "Ergo, not safe. Have another shot, Rick."

"Rick" obligingly thought. He seemed, by the way, to do this with his squint.

"Are you afraid, gents, of a little expense?"

"Depends," said Miller. "*I'm* not flush. What's the idea?"

"There's the Saltby races to-morrow. You might run over and see the fun."

"That's ten miles from here, Rick."

"I've got the smartest little mare, eating 'er

'ead off in the stables. You're welcome to her and the trap."

"For love, Rick?" said Isaacs with a little laugh.

"I'm a poor man, young gents," said Ricketts, "and can't afford——"

"We all know that," said Weedon. "But the idea's not half bad."

"Jolly good idea," said Miller, "and a host safer than shooting."

"The fellows never dream of going the Saltby Road."

"Nor the masters, drat 'em!" urged Ricketts.

"No, the beaks won't beat round in that quarter," said Jenkins. "Never heard of any races at Saltby, though, Ricketts."

"Quiet little races, Mr. Jenkins. They're not advertised in the papers, as a rule."

"All the safer, then," said Weedon.

"What's the figure, Ricketts?" said Miller, as though that were the main consideration.

"I'll pay for the outing, Ned," said Weedon. "What's the figure, Ricketts?"

"A sov., sir, and dirt cheap, I say, for a day's sport."

The four Elizabethans considered the matter in all its bearings. It recommended itself to them in many ways. It was safe, it was novel, it sounded plausible, and was inexpensive. Even Miller admitted that.

As the four sallied out for the walk to school, Weedon said: "If you don't hear from us to the contrary, Ricketts, have the mare ready."

"Right, sir," said Ricketts, touching his forelock. "You'll enjoy it."

Ricketts didn't hear to the contrary, and consequently, when the Elizabethans arrived at the stable the next day, the mare and the trap were quite ready—the mare, perhaps, rather more than ready.

"Who takes the ribbons?" asked Ricketts.

"I'm the Jehu," said Weedon.

"Them as tools pays for damage, if any," observed Ricketts, blandly. "It's the rule, Mr. Weedon."

"Of course, Boniface—I hire, I pay. There's going to be no damage," said Weedon, impatiently. "Let go her head!"

The horse clattered out of the stable-yard, and bowled merrily along the road. It was early October, the leaves were rapidly turning russet, and there was the faintest suspicion of frost in the air—altogether, as fine a day as could be wished. The horse took Weedon's full attention, and gave him little leisure to attend to the jokes and sallies of wit with which his friends indulged themselves, and well to time she clattered into Saltby.

"Couldn't have enjoyed it more," said Isaacs to Weedon, "if we'd had the Duke of Beaufort to—to—tool us—eh, Bill?"

Ricketts had recommended the "Rose and Crown" as "an 'ouse kept by a friend of mine," and Weedon found this not exactly palatial house of call. However, a stable-boy attended to the animal, and Weedon, after asking her to be put to again by seven, went off with his chums in search of those "quiet races."

It would have occurred to anyone of even moderate experience that there might be a reason for these races being kept "quiet," but the crowd that swarmed on the field was as unappetising and disreputable a one as you could imagine.

Weedon, who was no fool, did not like the look of things at all.

"This is a mere crowd of scum, Ned. Don't mind if I walk off now."

"Rot!" said Isaacs. "We'll see the fun, anyhow."

"Pretty raffish lot, and no mistake," agreed Jenkins, "but I'm hanged if we came here to meet Allens and Glyns and Bradfields and Bourkes! Think of the change, Jim."

"Jove, it is a change! Well, all I say is, keep together, and look after your watches."

"Cut the cackle," said Miller buoyantly, "and let's get to the 'osses. Where's the grand stand, Jim?"

"There ain't no grand stand, gents," said a horsey-looking individual, sidling up to them, "this ain't the Derby—quite. But there is Bill of Batsy who'll hacom'date you. 'Ave a little on the next race, do. Bill pays when the number is hup. The Bounder is a moral for the Hard Cash Stakes. Try him."

"Let's have a half-crown on the Bounder," said Isaacs. "Where is Bill of Batsy?"

"Foller me, gents, and I'll see you all right."

"Come on," said Isaacs to the others, who seemed undecided whether to make the acquaintance of Bill of Batsy or not. "Hang it all, we came for a bit of fun!"

"We'll get it, too," said Weedon, as he resignedly followed his chums. They got good terms for the next race, each expending a half-crown on the Bounder's chance, and then they edged into the unsavoury crowd to see the race run. By a piece of good luck—or perhaps I should say bad—or a horrible fluke, or something or other, the noble horse Bounder *did* win, and the Elizabethans did not disdain to go to the leather-lunged bookmaker and draw their winnings. They were honourably paid in false coin, and straightway "plunged" on Biceps, which, I believe, was the Bounder with his white stockings painted out, for the Hospital Stakes. The bookmaker seemed to prefer their own coin to that he had just provided them with,

but this raised no suspicions in any of the Elizabethans.

In half an hour the four youths had entered into the excitement of a rowdy race meeting. The crowd of roughs and blackguards which had nearly made them ill to commence with was nothing to them now. Biceps lost, but other horses won on which they had betted, and they grasped their winnings with the eagerness of Whitechapel costers. Time went on unheeded by them, and it was only when they had, after a run of bad luck, managed to win and then found their bookmaker *non est* that they began to realise what a lovely place they were in. Weedon caught sight of the defaulting bookmaker for a moment, and demanded his winnings. Before he quite realised how it happened, Weedon found himself on the ground, and when he scrambled to his feet he found a villainous crowd of roughs had taken the place of the vanished bookmaker. The Elizabethans were in for a severe hustling from the foul-mouthed gang when half a dozen constables came in sight.

"If I were you, gentlemen, I'd get out of this row. This crowd is as ugly a one as I've seen, and they're going from bad to worse every minute. There's not a quarter enough of us to keep them in order."

"Thanks, sergeant," said Weedon; "we'll get out."

"Not just yet," said Isaacs. "I've got half a sov. on Mermaid! Hanged if I move till I see whether I've won!"

Weedon and Jenkins tried to persuade him to regard his money as lost, but the gaming fever had entered into his blood, and Miller was almost as bad. In fine, they refused to budge until the race had been run, and neither arguments nor persuasions were of any use.

"All right," said Weedon. "Let us see the rotten thing through." They moved to their old place by the rails, and as they went they saw a man carried off by his friends, his face bleeding villainously. "See that, Ned? I tell you you're an ass to stay."

"Who's afraid?" said Miller with a sneer.

What was the result of Mermaid's effort Isaacs knows not, for he found a man's hand in his pocket and his watch gone. Isaacs clutched the thief by the collar and said furiously: "He's got my watch, Ned."

The thief struggled desperately to free himself, and, succeeding in getting his hand loose, struck his captor savagely on the mouth. Isaacs loosened his hold at the blow, and in a twinkling the thief had vanished in the crowd. The row attracted all the unsavoury birds in the neighbourhood, and a dead set was made upon the Elizabethans by the blackguards. Weedon, who had a suspicion of what was coming, was all alert, and when he heard that ominous word of ruffianism, "Turn 'em over," he had no doubt any longer. He whispered rapidly, "They're going to knock us on the head. Run for it."

With a bound he sprang through the ring of encircling roughs, who had not counted on this sudden breakaway, and, followed by his chums, ran like a hare for the hedge. Once off the course he felt they would be comparatively safe. As they broke out, sticks and crops were aimed at them, but they came through the crush practically unhurt, bar Weedon. There was a rush after them, but the Elizabethans had the start, and Weedon was through the hedge in a moment, and stood panting and furious on the other side. The others scrambled after him. "Down that lane," he cried, "for all you're worth. The inn is nearly at the bottom."

"And you?" said Jenkins.

"I'm going to kick the brute who's first through the hedge."

Weedon felt almost mad with pain and rage, and he had seen the bully who had crashed a stick on his shoulders coming ahead of the other brutes in chase. As the fellow came lurching heavily through the gap Weedon's boot caught him in the stomach. He doubled up like a shot rabbit, and Weedon sped on after his friends. Once out into the streets of Saltby they were comparatively safe, but they lost no time in having the horse out. Jenkins flung the reckoning to the landlord, and Weedon struck the horse savagely with the whip; she launched forward like a rocket.

There was little conversation on the way home.

"I've lost my watch," said Isaacs angrily.

"Serve you right, you ass," said Jenkins. "Should have dried up when Jim asked you to."

"Yes," said Weedon, throwing the words behind him bitterly. "I feel like pitching you and Miller into the ditch."

"Better not," said Isaacs surlily.

The mare had been maddened by the savage cut which Weedon had bestowed upon her, and she flew along the country lanes like a thing possessed. Weedon felt that it needed all his strength to keep her even moderately in hand, and the strain on his injured shoulder made him groan inwardly. He felt almost as savage as the mare, and yet thankful that they had a clear road.

"Hope we don't meet any other cart between here and Ricketts', that's all."

Half a mile from the stable the mare came down heavily. The fellows tumbled from their perches like apples from a stall, the shafts snapped

clean and neatly, and the mare waltzed about furiously over the traces.

"Wheel the trap into the hedge," said Weedon, when he had got the horse clear, "and keep out of reach of her hoofs. This is the glorious finale of a lovely day." Weedon was past mere anger, and his face, livid with fury, made Isaacs and Miller keep their own private woes to themselves.

Ricketts was speechless with rage as the melancholy *cortège* filed into his stable yard.

"Both legs broken, my buck, and the trap in toothpicks half a mile down the road! Ho! very good! Very, very good! There'll be a pretty bill for this, young man!"

"All right, you fool!" said Weedon venomously. "Keep a civil tongue in your head at present. Here's your sov. for to-day's business, and I'll see you to-morrow about the rest."

"Oh, yes! I'll see you to-morrow, young whipper-snapper. I'll make a point of it," cried Ricketts in a fury.

"Come on, you fellows," said Weedon; "we've only got a bare half-hour to get to Eliza's."

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## CHAPTER XI.

### MR. RICKETTS REPLIES.

WEEDON held a meeting with his three chums, and they agreed that he had better go to Ricketts and see what he wanted for his pound of flesh. They were to sub. equally for the amount. Jenkins proposed this, but Isaacs was not quite satisfied with the arrangement.

"I've lost my watch."

"Your own fault," said Jenkins.

"Whose fault that the horse fell?"

"Want to crawl out, Abraham?" said Weedon, with a sneer. "Look here, Isaacs, I'll boot you if you say that again."

Isaacs saw that he had over-reached, and climbed down ungracefully.

"Feel awfully sick about the watch, Weedon, that's all."

Weedon walked over to the "Anglers' Arms" after dinner, and the concentrated bitterness of the landlord surprised him, though he rather had an inkling of the man's character.

"Well, Ricketts, what's the damage to the mare's legs?"

"And the trap, you gentleman."

"*And* the trap, Ricketts," said Weedon, coolly.

"Thirty pounds."

"Why don't you say a hundred, and have something big to joke about?"

"There's no joke here, young man," said Ricketts.

"Don't insist on the 'young man' quite so much, Ricketts," said Weedon, blandly, "or else I shall have to find a name for you."

"Don't you come here for to cut capers at my expense."

"No," said Weedon, "I wanted a little common sense, that is all."

"The damage is thirty pounds—thirty quid, in notes or gold. Have you got it with you?" demanded the publican.

"Do you think I'm a fool, Ricketts?"

"No, you're no fool, young feller," said Ricketts, candidly. "You're about the downiest bird I've come acrost in my time."

"Then you'll see that that thirty pounds legend won't go down."

"Then I'll sue you, as sure as I stand 'ere."

"I'm a minor," said Weedon, sweetly.

"Then your governor——"

"Oh, shut up, you ass! I'll give you ten pounds," added Weedon, losing patience at the man's persistency.

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Ricketts. "Now, my buck, I'm going to let you have it straight from the shoulder. You threw down the mare, and barked her somethink cruel. She went out with you yesterday a thirty-fiver tit, and she come back with a pair of knees that would be dear at a ten-p'un' note. And you, being a clever feller, can perhaps tell me where I'm to get a pair of lance-wood shafts and a board for nothing at all. And then you have the cheek to put two half sovs. in me hand and say, 'Here, Ricketts, here's the twenty for hire,' and each of them coins flash. *Flash*, I tell you, *flash!*" Ricketts threw down on the table the two coins, with a gesture of rage and scorn. "And you come from a toff school, so you do! Why, many a thousand wipe-stealors have danced in the stone jug for less." Ricketts became quite eloquent in his anger, and though his slang was almost unintelligible to Weedon, he perceived that the landlord felt himself a genuinely injured man.

"Upon my word, Ricketts," said Weedon, uneasily, "I did not know the coins were bad. Honour bright. They must have passed them on to us at the races yesterday."

"Ho, very likely! And you as sharp as a needle! That's all my eye!"

"I really didn't know, Ricketts."

"Don't believe you," said the landlord.

"Do the other thing then. Am I to understand that you stick to the thirty idea?" asked Weedon, who felt sick at the sight of the man and the coins.

"Not a penny less."

"I hope you may get it, that's all."

"I'll get it, don't you fret," said Ricketts, confidently.

"Look here," said Weedon, swallowing his pride. "What's the good of cutting up so rough, Ricketts? You must know that you're playing the avaricious Jew. Thirty pounds is preposterous."

"Is it?" said Ricketts. "I've stood your 'igh and mighty ways long enough. Who is it that was everlastingly grumbling about the table—butter slide, as you called it—and calling the beer and the weeds somethink cruel. You, young man! And I've been sick of it a long time. Now I've got you pretty tight, and you don't get out till you've paid for it. Thirty pounds, sir, is the figger."

"But the others won't pay their share of such an idiotic swindle, even if——"

"About the others I don't care a brass farthing. I let the mare to you—you swindled me out of the twenty bob—you threw the mare down, and I want the money from *you*. Get it from them if you like and welcome. That's your own consarn."

"I feel uncommonly like kicking you into the the road," said Weedon, pale with disgust.

"Do you, you jackanapes?" said Ricketts, with a snarl like a cur's whose tail you have trodden on. "If you try that on it will be worse for you than ever. I go to old Carver's at your heels and blow the gaff."

And by the man's face, flushed and mottled with fury, Weedon knew he meant what he said.

"Now, I want that money within the week from this day. The lot. If not, then I start. Now you cut outer my bar parlour as quick as you can. Go, or I'll have you shied out!"

Weedon glared at the fellow, his mouth twitching with ill-suppressed fury, but he rose from his chair and went back to St. Elizabeth's.

At the boathouse he picked up his three friends and gave them a *précis* of his embassy. They looked on him with stupefaction.

"The ass is joking," said Jenkins.

"Not at all," said Weedon gloomily. "The ass means it."

"You've been baiting him, Jim," said Isaacs angrily, "or he'd never have cut up so rough."

"Is it likely I'd stir up his muddy soul? I'm not quite your brand, Isaacs," said Weedon.

"I say, old man, I can't raise my share. Seven half is too steep," said Miller.

"We're all in the same boat, Ned, and we'll have to do our best," put in Jenkins. "But where I've to get the cash from stumps me."

"If we can't, it means Carver for us sooner or later," said Weedon.

"Thought you said that Ricketts was only rowing *you*, Jim?" said Isaacs eagerly.

"I did," said Weedon, glaring at Isaacs. "Are you going to turn tail?"

"Oh, no," stammered Isaacs, "but I thought if it came to Carver, you could keep us out of it."

"Shut up," said Jenkins angrily. "Even if Jim wished, he couldn't keep us out of it. We have all to sink or swim together."

"Don't see——" began Isaacs.

"You will," said Jenkins grimly. "I'll write to Ricketts and tell him we can't pay £30, and if he turns rusty, why it will be no advantage to him. He'll only lose his money. We'll give him half before the term's out."

"No good, Bill," said Weedon. "I feel he'd rather have my scalp than anything under £30."

"Carver would expel us *en bloc*," said Jenkins gloomily. "Now, I can't say Eliza's everything to me, but I do draw the line at expulsion. I'll write it in your den, Jim, if you don't mind."

At Smith's door Miller and Isaacs passed on together with faces as long as fiddles, and Jenkins and Weedon spent a good hour drafting a letter to the landlord of the "Anglers' Arms." It was a very spirited effort on Jenkins' part. He put the case as it occurred to him in plain, matter of fact language, and argued from his premises to the logical conclusion beautifully. In sum, it advised Ricketts to take what he could get and be thankful.

"Where's your fag, Jim?" said Jenkins as he sealed the letter. "Let him take it to the brute instanter, and bring the answer back. If that letter doesn't move him, nothing will." Jenkins prided himself on that letter.

Master Arthur Gale was lounging lazily into Smith's courtyard, when Jenkins pounced on him and sent him up to Weedon. Gale, for private reasons, hoped that there would be nothing very pressing required.

"Take this letter, Gale, as quick as you can go, to the inn up the towing-path—'Anglers' Arms.' Wait for an answer."

Gale's jaw dropped dolefully.

"Won't after tea do, Weedon?"

"Cut now, you little jackass!"

"Weedon," said Gale, looking at the address, "this place is out of bounds."

"Don't I tell you to take it there?" said Weedon, in a fury.

"I'm not going inside the place," said Gale firmly, but with a quaver in his voice as he eyed his angry master.

"I'll thrash you until you can't see, if you don't take it!" said Weedon, goaded almost beyond bearing.

"I'll take it," said Gale, "but I won't go into the place."

"If you come back without Ricketts' answer, young 'un, you'll regret it," said Weedon grimly.

Without more ado Gale sorrowfully trotted off, and had the good fortune to meet Ricketts himself halfway on his journey. That worthy man read Jenkins' masterpiece slowly and laboriously, and when he had got to the end he scowled heavily.

"You're to give Weedon an answer, you know," said Gale.

"I thought this was 'is doin'. Well, you tell 'im——"

"Hadn't you better scribble a note?" suggested Gale.

"I'm not as fond of writing as he is, young shaver. But you can tell 'im if I don't hear from 'im before next Toosday, 'is nose goes to the grindstone," and Ricketts lurched heavily away

"Where's the note?" asked Weedon eagerly, as Gale came into the room.

"He said he wasn't going to write one."

"Nothing else?" said Weedon in a fury.

"Unless he heard from you before Tuesday, he was going to put your nose to the grindstone."

Weedon dropped into his chair with a look of blank despair in his eyes.

"Cut now, young 'un, and forget that you've ever seen Ricketts."

"I'll not say a word, Weedon," said Gale proudly.

When the door closed Weedon moaned.

"Where am I to raise the cash?—where?"

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ASSAULT OF THE END ROOM.

ARTHUR GALE had another reason for hurrying after seeing Ricketts, besides Weedon's sharp command. He and his fellow Ancients had deep schemes afoot for that evening against the common enemy, and Arthur would not have missed the fun for worlds.

At the end of the corridor sacred to Smith's juniors there had long stood an empty room. It had been locked for goodness knows how long, but one fine morning Pilkington discovered that, for some mysterious reason, it was open, and Pilkington had thereupon explored. The room was destitute of any furniture, and Pilkington, rather puzzled, had straightway imparted the news of his find to his fellow Moderns.

"Why, nothing could be better," said Arding "Let us bag it before those Ancient asses get wind of it."

"What for?" said Podmore.

"Why, we can hold meetings there, and have a sing-song or two——"

"We'll each take a chair in," said Ponking, "and call it a committee room."

"And Smith?"

"Well, the old buffer shouldn't leave a room like that empty; and, besides, it's only a hundred at most. We'll get that much fun out of it, at least."

This idea went down splendidly, and forthwith there began to appear on the notice-board mysterious announcements such as:—

"The junior Moderns will hold a meeting to discuss whether Parkhouse is a bigger nuisance asleep or awake. Committee room, 6.30 sharp."

"A paper on 'Ancient Bounders' will be read by Algernon Podmore, Esq. Committee room, after tea."

"A conversazione of Smith's junior Moderns, at 6. Committee room. Paper by Ponking: 'Halma and Ludo.'"

These cryptic notices provided Gale and his chums with matter for earnest thought.

"What *is* the committee room, anyhow?" said Arthur, eyeing that notice curiously.

"Some rot, I suppose. I guess it's a draw."

"It's very funny," said Dick Glyn, "and, by the way, we don't see much of the beggars after tea now. Where do they get to?"

"We can easily run them to earth. I saw young Firmin snigger off just now when he saw us reading this rot," said Parkhouse.

"Let's get on the scent."

It did not take Glyn & Co. long to find out the committee room, once they set about it, and they listened quietly outside. Evidently there was plenty of fun going on within, and thereupon Parkhouse tried the door. It was locked, but the turning of the handle instantly attracted notice within.

"Who's there?" said Podmore's voice.

"Don't speak," whispered Arthur.

"Give the signal," said Podmore again.

No answer.

"Only some poor little Ancients," said Podmore loudly to his chums. "Give me some more cake, Firmin."

"Let's put our shoulders to it," said Jellicoe, "and see what they're up to."

As many of the Ancients as could manage to do so shoved heartily at the door, but it resisted their united efforts, and the delighted Moderns inside howled with joy. The Ancients shortly after withdrew their baffled forces, and vowed, as a point of honour, that they'd get their enemies out and occupy the premises, even if they had to use jemmies and fight for every inch.

It was in reference to this that Gale was in such a hurry to get back to his chums, and they were awaiting him with an equal impatience.

"Wherever have you been, Gale?" said Glyn. "Got your sponge?"

"Yes," said Arthur.

"Then let us annex the committee room right away, before Pod spots our game. Pin up that notice, Parky."

Parkhouse hurriedly pinned up on the notice-board :—

"A Lecture will be given on 'Modern Shoddy,' by F. Parkhouse, Esq., in the committee room this evening. Admittance to Ancients only."

When this precious document had been safely fixed the troop filed hurriedly off for the corridor. The committee room door was unlocked, and the Ancients with feverish haste carried therein a good supply of towels, a few jugs of cold water, a bath, and several bags of flour. This was all a part of the plan. Ten minutes afterwards the enraged Moderns supplied the joyful Ancients with the other part of their programme—for they had discovered the notice and had come forthwith to undertake the assault.

There was a solemn portentous knock upon the door, and Arding advised the Ancients within to come out or dire things would happen.

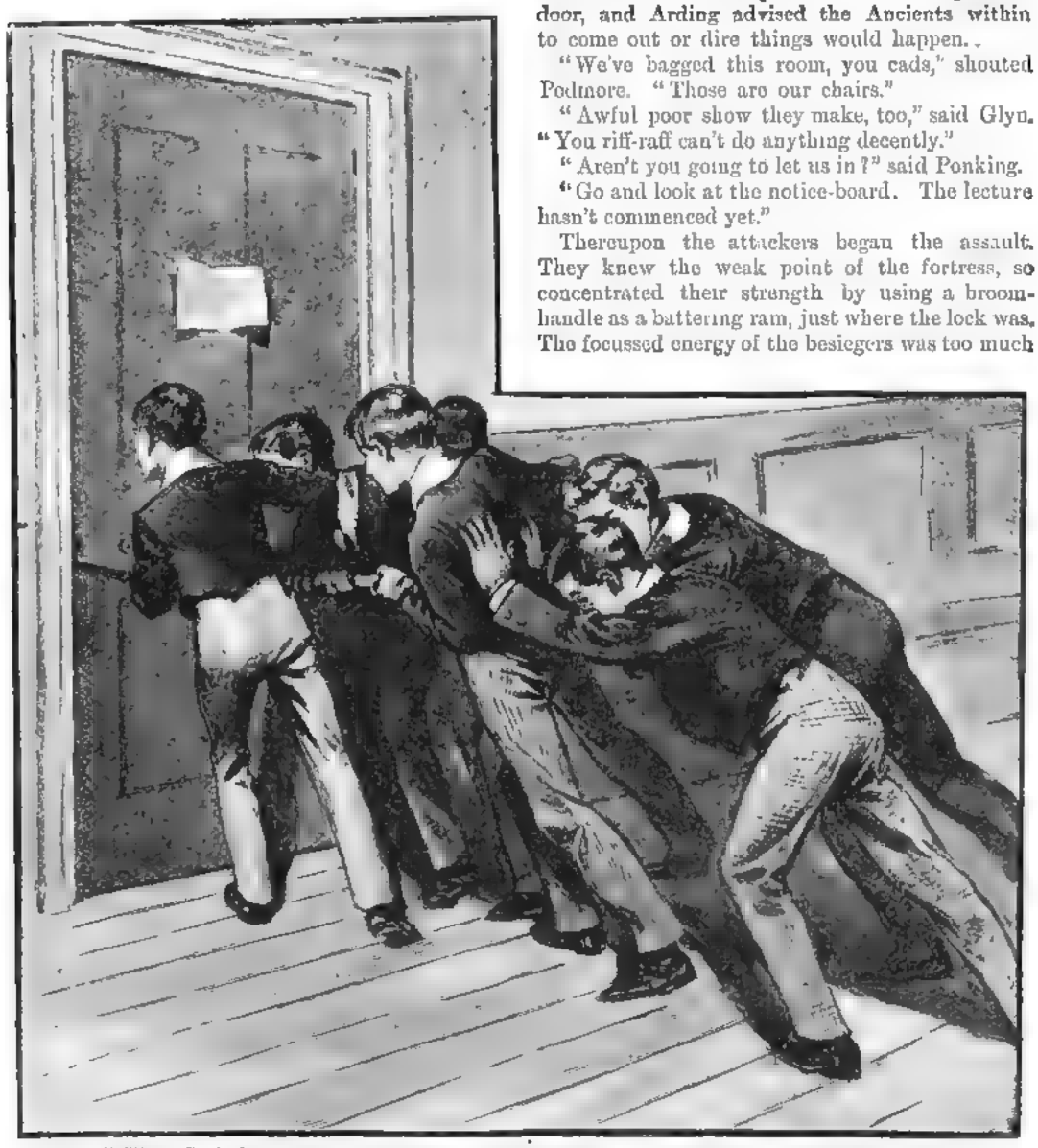
"We've bagged this room, you cads," shouted Podmore. "Those are our chairs."

"Awful poor show they make, too," said Glyn. "You riff-raff can't do anything decently."

"Aren't you going to let us in?" said Ponking.

"Go and look at the notice-board. The lecture hasn't commenced yet."

Thereupon the attackers began the assault. They knew the weak point of the fortress, so concentrated their strength by using a broom-handle as a battering ram, just where the lock was. The focussed energy of the besiegers was too much



THEY CONCENTRATED THEIR STRENGTH BY USING A BROOM HANDLE AS A BATTERING-RAM JUST WHERE THE LOCK WAS.

for the bolt. There was an ominous crack, the staple parted company with the door, and the broom-handle glided with marvellous swiftness through the gaping inch of opening. The sudden cessation of resistance made the besiegers plunge forward with automatic precision, and the way the half-dozen of the battering train fell over and under each other can be imagined. A tight and strenuous Rugby scrum is a poor simile for the squirming mass. Keeping the broom-handle through the narrow opening, the besiegers put their backs to the door and pushed with a will. The Ancients within resisted as strenuously, and the fun waxed fast and furious. The combatants, heated by the conflict, had forgotten that they were creating a small pandemonium. It was a very noisy rag, indeed.

But the besiegers had not quite forgotten all the rules of safety. They had placed a scout at the bottom of the stairs, and the hurried appearance of this young gentleman at the head of the corridor and his warning "*Cave!*" stilled their clamour as if by magic. "*Smith!*" had reached the ears of the attacking party, and in a moment every Modern was flying breathlessly, and as noiselessly as he could down the corridor. The way they scuttled into their own private dens was little short of marvellous.

When the house master appeared at the head of the stairs, the corridor was as empty as the Sahara, but cries of triumph came down to him, muffled indeed, but vigorous, from the end room. He rapidly walked in the direction of the noise, and rapped smartly on the door. The garrison had captured the broom-handle, wrongly ascribing the capture to their own prowess, and not to the retreat of the besiegers. When Mr. Smith's rap sounded on the door, insults and execrations were shouted at him, and the house master smiled gently. "Glyn & Co., of course," he murmured. He knocked again and tried the handle, to the shouts of laughter within. Then he spoke.

"Glyn, open the door."

"All right, Ponky," came from within. "We twig your snuffle. No good imitating the beak. Go away."

"Open the door, Glyn," said Mr. Smith, still more gently.

"What a seductive bleat it has!" said Parkhouse, audibly.

"Ass in the lion's skin," said Arthur classically.

"But we hear your bray, Ponk, thanks. Try another."

The house master put his shoulder to the door with a solid, well-directed effort. The fun began again within. Then Glyn put in execution what he ardently hoped would be the glorious finale of the evening. On a given signal, when the attack of the house master was at its most vigorous stage, the garrison deserted the door. The master plunged forward into the room, tripped over an obstacle in the shape of Parkhouse's cricket bag, and sprawled neatly into the bath. If he had done as Glyn had told him he couldn't have succeeded better. A wet sponge struck the hapless master with a squishy splash, and a moment afterwards his black coat was as dusty as a miller's.

Not a single item of the glorious finale missed fire. Mr. Smith got them all.

The moment afterwards the wretched Ancients discovered their mistake. Their yells of triumph died in their throats. Gale let fall, in sheer involuntary horror, his second sponge, and Glyn, more dead than alive, essayed to pull the astonished master out of the bath. The others wished they had never been born—Ancients.

"Take all these things out," said Mr. Smith grimly when he had recovered breath, "and come and see me, all of you, to-morrow morning after breakfast."

The house master stalked away, inwardly exploding with laughter; outwardly, his face that of a hanging judge.

The Moderns came out of their burrows and gloated over the miserable Ancients. The latter had not, in their misery, a retort to throw away.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE "WEST AUSTRALIAN."

THERE was another fellow in Smith's house who was almost as crazy for want of money as Weedon; this was Bradfield.

Jack Bradfield's mother—a widow—made considerable sacrifices to send her son to his father's old school, and Jack's allowance of pocket-money for the term would have made any easy-going junior blue with despair. Many fellows, noticing his name absent from house subscription lists, and his rather noticeable infrequency of entertaining other fellows to tea, came to the conclusion that Bradfield was a decent fellow in the main, but a wee bit of a screw. Glyn, only, had a slight suspicion of the real facts, but Fred did not give such matters much thought. Bradfield, rich or poor, was his chum, and it made no difference to him whether Jack's teas were inclined to be plain or otherwise.

Ford had left the school after the Lord's match, and the captaincy of Smith's house had thus become vacant. The seniors, forgetting all about Jack's suspicions *re* the boat race and his reputation for frugality, elected him captain. Bradfield

had made a modest little speech, thanking them for the honour, etc., and had accepted it eagerly. It was only when he was quietly thinking matters over in his study that he realised what the honour meant.

House captains always headed subscription lists, and Jack thought with a shudder of the remarkable way he could head any that might crop up. And then there was the house captain's tea to his seniors at Moon's. And a *tea* at Moon's meant anything from cold boiled fowl to ices. When he remembered Ford's performance and then thought of his own empty pockets he broke into a gentle perspiration. Bradfield did not lack courage by any means, but he could not sum up enough to omit the customary invitation to his seniors. And Bradfield *would* not borrow. This was a creed with him. Therefore he had determined to resign, and to stall off the wondering comments of his friends as best he might.

This was the heroic course, but Bradfield felt anything but a hero. However, while he was sitting at breakfast, debating in his own mind how to approach his fellows with his proposal, young Glyn came in with his letters. There was one with a foreign post mark, and Bradfield recognised from the writing that his correspondent was his Uncle Dick.

Bradfield tore open the letter, and when he came to the postscript he almost gasped with joy and wonder. Here it is :—

*Don't know whether you collect stamps, but the one I enclose is, I am told, a very good one. Anyhow, it won't disgrace your collection, and, if you don't collect, my advice is— sell it, and look upon the proceeds as a tip from yours.—R. B.*

Bradfield shook out from the notepaper a stamp.

It was a specimen of the earliest issue of West Australian stamps, face value, one penny ; colour, light red ; a small black swan in the centre.

Bradfield carefully put the stamp in his purse—there was plenty of room for it, by the way—and then wrote to a firm of stamp-dealers in the Strand. The reply astonished him :—

*Dear Sir,—If in good condition and authentic, we should be pleased to offer you £50 for the stamp about which you write us. If you would register us the stamp we would report upon its authenticity by return.—Yours faithfully,*

*Brindle & Son.*

Bradfield gasped when he saw the magic £50 on the paper. With that amount to his credit he felt he could ruffle it with any Elizabethan that ever walked the High. Then he remembered that in Smith's seniors' common room there was a showcase containing a complete collection of British Colonial stamps, for Smith had been a philatelist long before the cult was as common as it is now. Bradfield lost no time in trotting down to the common room, and there, neatly arranged in its proper order, was a stamp identically the same as his own.

"Jove!" said Bradfield, aloud, "that stamp worth fifty minted quid, and the next is worth a tenner! Good job I didn't know it before, or that penny red West Australian might have mysteriously vanished." He carefully compared his own stamp with the one in the case, and he could not detect the slightest variation between the two. "Well, it's very funny, that's all," said he, as he dropped his own into his purse again and went out with a contented swagger.

There was only one fellow in the common room, and Bradfield, whose thoughts were elsewhere, did not notice him. Weedon had looked up moodily from his seat near the window at Bradfield's entrance, and then sullenly stared out again into the street. Bradfield's obvious good humour irritated him when his own mind was on the rack concerning Ricketts and his extortions. He heard Bradfield's remark quite plainly, and as the new captain's footsteps died away down the corridor, he rose up hastily and stared at Smith's collection of stamps as though he were fascinated by them. Then shortly he followed Bradfield, and went to his own room slowly and thoughtfully. Weedon still had a few days grace wherein to pay Ricketts, but he was hopeless. His chums had done their best to help him, but all their united efforts came to a bare ten-pound note. In desperation, he had written a letter to his mother, but had not had the courage to post it, and now, without hesitation, he flung the letter into the fire. Then he stared at the wall in a brown study until he heard the bell go for the second school. Weedon had evidently come to a decision when he rose.

Bradfield sent his precious stamp to the dealer, and on the next day his purse contained five crisp, clean, crinkly notes. The arrival of this treasure-trove had improved the house captain's spirits immensely, and Glyn, who came in to tea, noticed the change.

"Seems, Jack," said Fred, dropping lazily into Bradfield's easiest chair, "that you appreciate the honour of your captaincy at last. Why, you've gone about since your election as though you were to be hung at an early date."

"Have been a trifle hipped," said Jack, with an uneasy blush, as he poured out tea.

"Well, you looked just now as though you'd come across a cool fifty at least," said Fred, quite satisfied with the change.

Bradfield stared at Glyn in embarrassed silence

for a moment, and Fred looked at him in momentary surprise. "Hullo!" he added, taking up a catalogue. "Do they bother you still with their stamp lists? They gave me up long ago. Are you turned philatelist in your old age?"

Bradfield never dreamt of telling Fred of his money difficulties, nor how he solved them, so Glyn's strange blundering on the subject struck Bradfield with an uneasiness he could not quite explain. When Fred looked up he saw his friend's face was like the rising sun. Bradfield, in his flurry, decanted the cup of tea into Glyn's lap.

HE CAREFULLY COMPARED HIS OWN STAMP WITH THE ONE IN THE CASE, AND HE COULD NOT DETECT THE SLIGHTEST VARIATION BETWEEN THE TWO.

Fred uttered eloquent blessings upon Jack's head.

"I prefer my tea inside, Brad, thanks. Have you got the jumps? Shall I cut until you're safe?"

"So sorry, Fred. Nothing unusual in receiving a stamp list at Eliza's, is there?"

"Simplest thing in the world. Therefore, why——"

"I've been interviewing Moon this morning, Fred," said Bradfield, hastily changing the subject. "My tea fight is down for next Wednesday. I'll depend on you as my right-hand man."

"All serene, Jack. You'll certainly want someone to hand the tea round," said Fred, tenderly feeling his damaged leg.

The seniors of Smith's house a week later admitted *nem. con.* that Bradfield had surprised them all. He came out of the ordeal of the initiatory tea unscathed, and had even shaken Ford's record. All had accepted Jack's invitation, and as the evening bell went they had filed out of Moon's into the High very content. Jack's faint reputation as "a screw" had been obliterated for ever. I said all Smith's seniors were at Moon's, but Weedon was absent The fellows, knowing the antipathy existing between him and Bradfield, had not expected him to accept the general invitation. As a matter of fact, while the fellows' legs were tucked in under Moon's mahogany, Weedon had a short and interesting interview with Ricketts. The youth's soul was black with hatred, shame, disgust, and anger; but he had handed over to the landlord of the "Anglers' Arms" three notes.

"These ain't *flash*, anyhow," said Ricketts with a grin, holding them up to the light.

"I'll very probably see you again sooner or later," said Weedon, with a grim threat.

"Now I wouldn't," said Ricketts. "Give me a wide berth in future. I won't improve with keeping. Mind the bottom step, my young beauty, or you'll break your neck instead of mine."

Half mad with impotent fury, Weedon turned back to St. Elizabeth's.

A few days after Bradfield's tea the house master announced that he would like to meet the

seniors in their own common room, and when Mr. Smith came in he practically exploded a bomb-shell among them. The fellows saw that there was something unusual in the air by Smith's nervous manner — Smith had never seemed nervous before—but they could hardly believe they heard aright when Smith did speak.

Briefly put, it amounted to this. The cabinet containing the collection of stamps had been broken into, and one of the most valuable purloined. The thief had had the impudent cunning to affix in place of the stolen one another almost identically alike in shape, size, and colour, but valueless. The stamp was a red penny West Australian of the first issue; a black swan with border.

Did anyone know anything about the matter? No one! Smith expected that. Would the fellows help him in the matter? Then the house master had departed, leaving the seniors to collect their scattered senses.

"Does any fellow here know anything about the confounded stamp?" said Fred Glyn, glancing round the room.

"We must, for our own sakes, put salt on the thief's tail—always supposing that it is likely to be one of us," said McGlashan, with a suspicion of a sneer. "Let the thief stand on the form."

"Shut up, Mac; this is beyond a joke," said Arlington, a quiet fellow. "What do you think about it, Brad?"

The fellows turned round with one consent towards the captain, and it was with something like dismay that they looked upon his face. Bradfield was pale and red alternately, but in a moment or two his face became a fixed and ghastly white. Whatever did this mean?

"Good Heavens, Jack," said Glyn hastily, "you needn't be so cut up about it! Why, we're all in the same boat, man."

The fellows stared at Bradfield with a species of fascination, and, as they looked at his white face, an inarticulate, half-formed suspicion slipped into their minds. Weedon was sitting at the foot of the table.

"Are we, though?" he demanded.

The fellows took the cunning hint, and looked at each other blankly.

"If ever a fellow behaved like a suspect, Bradfield does," was the plain meaning of that look. For a minute no one said a word, until Glyn, with a glance of unutterable scorn at Weedon, cried fiercely:—

"Jack, did you hear? Give that fellow the lie."

Bradfield rose from his seat—he looked as though he were going to faint—and tried to speak, but for a moment or so the words would not come. He clutched the edge of the table, and looked wildly round the room. At last he said:—

"Let me explain."

At that ominous word "explain" the seniors of Smith's gasped, and Burke gave an involuntary whistle of incredulity and dismay. A chill, deadly expression settled on the fellows' faces, and froze the words on Bradfield's lips. He began again, but Glyn broke in upon him impetuously and said:—

"Hang the explanation! Do you know anything of that stamp?"

"Nothing," said Bradfield.

A low incredulous laugh came up from the bottom of the table, and Bradfield started as though he had been stung when he heard it. Seeming to recover his self-possession for a moment, he glanced instantaneously at his old friends' accusing faces, and then, without another word, he staggered out of the room.

Glyn sprang to his feet in uncontrollable fury. "There's some hideous mistake in all this. Anyone who says Jack is a thief, I pitch into the street. I'll answer with my life for him. Speak, some of you."

"Sit down, Fred," said Oakman slowly and quietly. "You won't do any good like that. I have something to show you all which may help us to make up our minds." He slowly selected a half sheet of notepaper from his pocket, and resumed: "I had this from Bradfield yesterday. On one side you see there is a message to me about some books, and on the other—well, you can see for yourselves." He placed the half sheet flat on the table, and the fellows read as follows:—

*82, Strand,*
*Monday.*

*Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find fifty pounds for West Australian stamp of first issue. Please acknowledge receipt and oblige.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*Brindle & Son.*

*To J. Bradfield, Esq.,*
*St. Elizabeth's Cross.*

The fellows looked at the collapsed Glyn, and Burke said quietly:—

"No go, old man. Bradfield's the thief!"

(*To be continued.*) Fred Swanson

## *LOVE IN THE JUNGLE.*

**HIPPO: "My own, give me one little weeny kiss."**
**GIRAFFE: "I'm afraid I can't, dear, without dislocating my neck."**

*Drawn by Hall Thorpe.*

*By permission.* [*Messrs. Imrie Ismay & Co.*

# AND ITS STEAMERS.—PART I.

By J. A. Kay.

Atlantic Ferry is the world's busiest ocean highway. Scarcely sixty years ago all the passenger and cargo traffic across the Atlantic was carried by sailing ships. Now, every week a costly fleet of ocean greyhounds steams out of Liverpool, Hamburg, Southampton, Havre and Cherbourg on the one side, and New York, Boston, and Montreal on the other, for their race across the Atlantic.

But even in the days of sailing ships some very fast passages were sometimes accomplished in favourable weather. For instance, the *Galatea* once sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Portsmouth in eleven days, "without having made a single tack"; whilst, in 1834, a clipper called the *Independence* made a passage from New York to Liverpool in fourteen days. But such speedy passages as these were very uncommon occurrences. The famous Black Ball Line of sailing vessels advertised an average passage of forty days out to New York, and twenty-three back to Liverpool. And even when steamers made their appearance on the high seas, they did not revolutionise things all at once. Not by any means; in fact, at first the sailing vessels would often make quicker passages than the steamboats.

The first Atlantic steamer was built in America. She was called the *Savannah*, and she steamed out of the port of that name on May 25th, 1819, and arrived in Liverpool after a passage of thirty-five days. The *Savannah* was what would be now called an auxiliary steamer; that is to say, she was half a sailing vessel, and half a steamer. On her first voyage from England to America, steam power was only used on eighteen out of the thirty-five days.

Another early Atlantic steamer was the

THE FIRST CUNARDER—THE "BRITANNIA," 1840.

*From a]* [*photograph.*

THE "SAXONIA"—THE NEWEST CUNARD LINER.

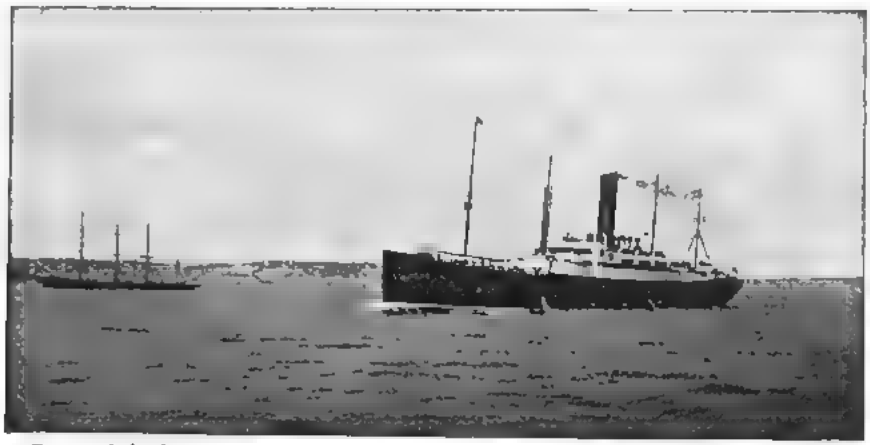
*Phœnix*, also built in 1819. The paddle boxes were so conveniently arranged that they could be pulled up on deck in fair weather, when the sails were used. She crossed the Atlantic in 29 days 11 hours, and consumed 75 tons of coal. When off the coast of Ireland, the smoke from her funnels was noticed by His Majesty's ship *Kite*, which immediately went to her assistance, believing she was on fire. The *Phœnix* cost £10,000 to build.

The *Royal William*, built near Quebec in 1831, was the next steamer to cross the Atlantic, and she took just forty days to get from Quebec to Gravesend. Five years later another steamer, also called the *Royal William*, was built for the express purpose of making voyages across the Atlantic. She sailed between Liverpool (where she was built) and New York, and was the first "entirely" passenger steamer to cross the Atlantic; the journey took her about three weeks. The second *Royal William* was 145ft. long by 27ft. broad. She was 17½ft. deep, and 817 tons (540 horse-power). Her paddle wheels were 24ft. in diameter, and her speed about ten knots an hour

SIR SAMUEL CUNARD, BART., FOUNDER OF THE CUNARD LINE—BORN 1787, DIED 1865.

The Cunard is the oldest of the transatlantic steamship lines; and the first Cunarder, the *Britannia*, may be justly described as the pioneer of modern systematised ocean travel. Between this famous ship, which made her first voyage on July 24th, 1840, and the *Campania*, *Oceanic*, *Deutschland*, and other modern ocean greyhounds, there is an immense gap, filled with the phantoms of thousands of vessels of various types, which have marked successive steps in the evolution of the ocean liner of to-day.

The founders of the Cunard Company were Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and George Burns and David MacIver, of Glasgow and Liverpool. Long before the pioneer steamers made their first voyages across the



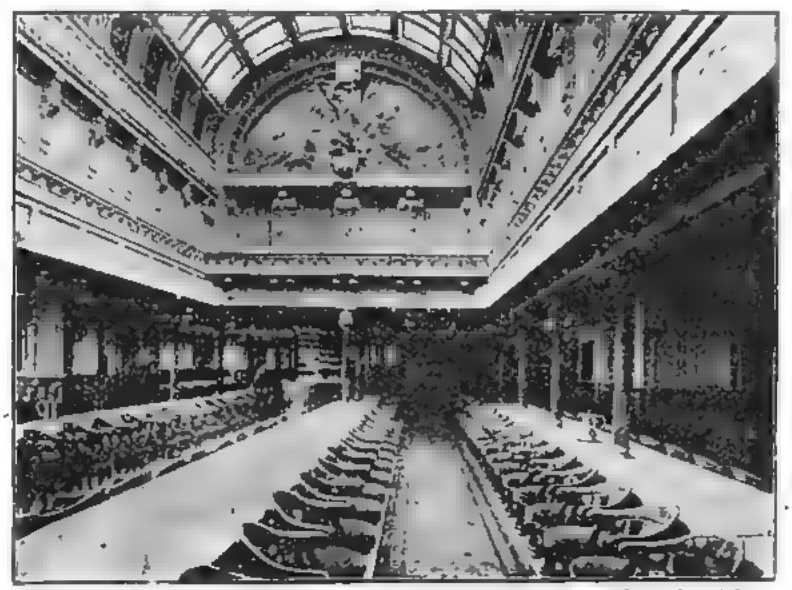
*By permission.]* [*Cunard S.S. Co.*

LEAVING QUEENSTOWN—BOUND FOR AMERICA.

Atlantic, Mr. Samuel Cunard, who was an owner of sailing vessels trading from Boston and Newfoundland to Bermuda, had dreamed of a regular despatch of Royal Mail steamships across the Atlantic, which should displace the uncertain service of Government brigs, to whose luckless care the mails were at that time entrusted, and which occupied six or seven weeks on the voyage. When finally the Admiralty advertised for a contract service to carry the mails, Mr. Cunard realised that now or never was the time for him to work out his ideas. He came to England to prosecute his scheme, and was introduced to Mr. George Burns and his partner, Mr. David MacIver, shipowners also, who saw very quickly that he was no mere dreamer, but a shrewd, intelligent man. They helped him with wise counsel and active co-operation, obtained for his project financial support, and to the intelligence and energy of these three remarkable men the Cunard Company owes its being. From that time to this its service has been uninterrupted.

When the first Cunarder landed at Boston, the handful of passengers, sixty-three, representing a fortnight's travel between the two continents, were greeted and fêted by the enthusiastic inhabitants. Now the average numbers per week who cross the Atlantic by the various steamship lines are over eight thousand.

The *Britannia* left Liverpool on her first passage to Canada on July 4th, 1840, and arrived at Halifax in 12 days and 10 hours, thus maintaining a speed of about 8½ knots per hour, whilst her daily coal consumption averaged 38 tons. This staunch old ship had many novel experiences. On one occasion she got stuck in the ice at Boston Harbour. This had a good deal to do with making New York the great American port for mail packets and passengers, as there the sea never freezes. In 1844 there was a frost of unusual intensity, which caused the sea to be frozen over in the harbour of Boston, although the water there is quite as salt as in mid-ocean, and the tide runs in and out at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, with a difference of 12ft. between high



*By permission.]* [*American Line.*

DINING SALOON ON AN UP-TO-DATE ATLANTIC LINER.

and low water. We extract the following from a contemporary account of the *Britannia's* adventure in the ice:—

When the *Britannia* was appointed to sail, it was found that the ice was 7ft. thick in the wharf, and 2ft. thick for a distance of seven miles out, so that waggons and carts were conveying cotton and other freights from the shore to the edge of the ice, where ships were taking in their cargoes. No sooner was it understood that the mail was imprisoned, than the public spirit of the whole city was roused, and a large sum of money was instantly subscribed for cutting a canal, seven miles long and 100ft. wide, through the ice. . . . Only two days after time the steamer sailed out, breaking through a newly-formed sheet of ice at the rate of seven miles an hour without much damage to her paddles. . . . The *Britannia*, released from her bonds, reached Liverpool in fifteen days, so that no alarm had been occasioned by the delay; and when the British Post-office Department offered to defray the expense of the ice-channel, the citizens of Boston declined to be reimbursed.

Ten years after the founding of the Cunard Line, the Collins and Inman Lines were established, the former boasting that they were going to "run the Cunarders off the Atlantic." But the boasters' prophecy was not fulfilled. Their challenge was accepted by the older line, and then followed a period of fierce rivalry between these three competitors for the transatlantic traffic. Since 1847 the Cunard had been running a weekly service instead of a fortnightly one, as formerly, but the Collins Line owned the fastest steamer, coming as they did from America to England in 9 days 7 hours; but, curiously enough, occupying quite two days longer on the return journey. At that time public interest in the times of passages across the Atlantic ran very high, and the news of the latest doings of the two competing lines was eagerly looked for.

THE LATE THOMAS HENRY ISMAY, ESQ., D.L., J.P., FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.

But the Collins Line had a worse rival than the Cunarders. Fate seemed against it. Bad luck overtook the Collins steamers, and before long the company running them came to an untimely end. In September, 1854, the fastest of their steamers, the *Arctic*, sunk after a collision, with fearful loss of life; whilst less than twelve months later, the *Pacific* steamed out of Liverpool and was never heard of again. What fate befell her has never been known, as none of her passengers or crew survived to tell the tale.

All these early Atlantic steamers had paddle-wheels, but the Inman Line, which started in 1850, inaugurated screw steamers for the trans-atlantic service. The first steamer of this line was called the *City of Glasgow*, and was built of iron—another innovation. However, the Inman steamers were not long allowed to remain unique in these respects, and such lines as the Cunard, and Allan, Anchor, Guion, which were soon afterwards established, all began building steamers made of iron and propelled by screws. For many years the Inman steamers were named after famous cities, but since the Inman became the American Line, the prefix "City of" has been dropped, and the steamers are now simply known as *Paris*, *New York*, etc. But the later doings of the American and Red Star Lines, and how their two crack steamers, the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, have fared in times of war as well as peace will be given in next month's instalment of this article.

Though nowadays ship builders can build bigger steamers than the *Great Eastern*, and, what is more, make them so that they will work successfully, yet no big steamer has achieved a greater notoriety than Brunel's ocean leviathan. The *Great Eastern's* failure must be attributed to several causes; chiefly that she was driven by low pressure engines, and the great amount of coal necessary to work such a vessel (this will be readily seen from the fact that, whereas the *Great Eastern* was planned to carry 15,000 tons of coal on a voyage across the Atlantic, a modern steamer does not need more than about 3,000), and the vast space occupied by the machinery. Compound and triple expansion engines had not then been invented; and high pressure steam, such as is used on all modern ocean greyhounds, was an unknown quantity. The *Great Eastern* would not be mentioned here, but for the fact that, though she was intended for the Australian service, her first trip was a voyage across the Atlantic. She steamed out of the Thames on September 8th, 1859,

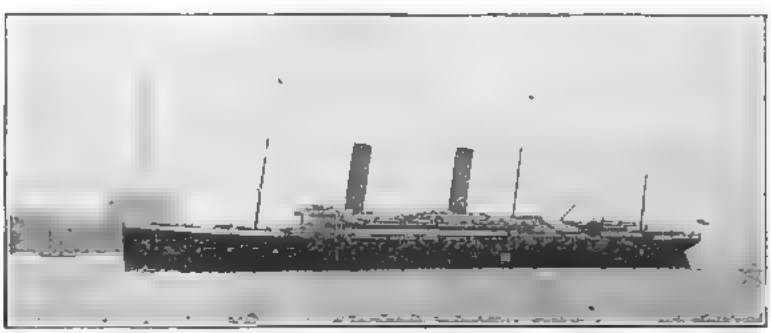
*By permission.* [*Messrs. Imrie, Ismay & Co.*

THE IRON SCREW STEAMSHIP "OCEANIC" PIONEER STEAMER OF THE WHITE STAR LINE, BUILT IN 1870.

but soon after she passed Hastings some of her steam pipes burst, killing several of the engineers, so that she had to put back into port again. However, the following year another attempt was made, and this time she succeeded in crossing the Atlantic in eleven days. The *Great Eastern* was 680ft. long by 83ft. broad, whilst her hull was 60ft. high. She had both paddle wheels and a screw propeller. The engines working the former were 2,600 horse-power, and the latter 4,000. Altogether this stupendous vessel cost some £733,000. After a varied career as a troopship and submarine cable layer, she was sold by auction for £26,000, and for a time was used for advertisement purposes on the Mersey.

Space does not permit more than very brief mention of some of the most famous Atlantic steamers of the past; nor can we speak of the birth of all the big lines that now run vessels between the old world and the new. The *Canadian*, the first steamer of the famous Allan Line, made her maiden voyage in 1854. The Anchor Line began in 1856. Two years later, the now celebrated North German Lloyd Company commenced their career in a very modest way; and in 1861 the French Compagnie Transatlantique was started, their steamers running between Havre and New York.

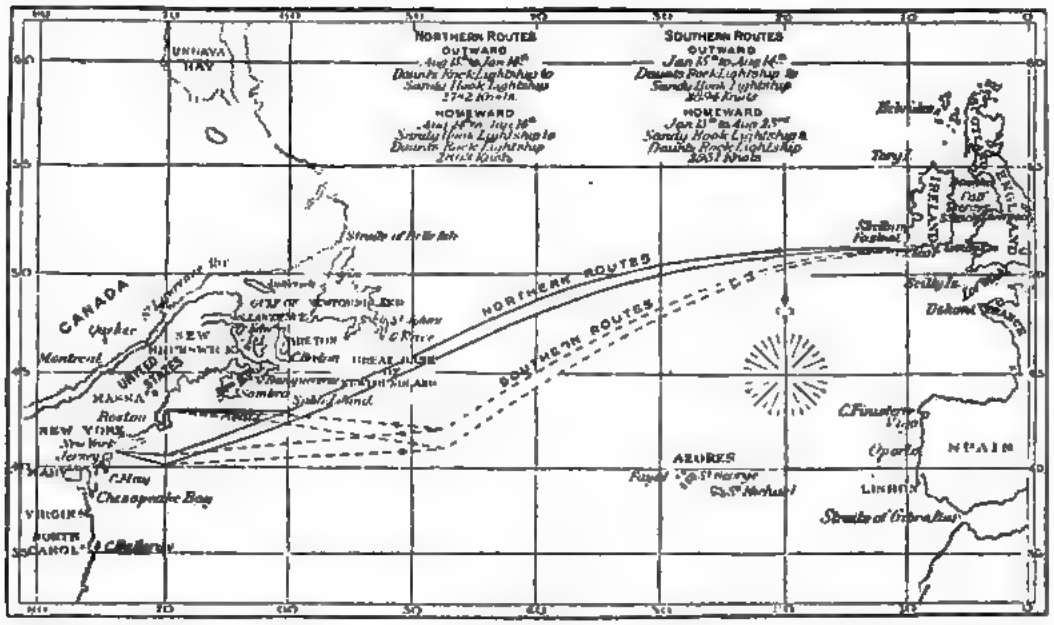
The White Star Line was formerly composed of sailing clippers, but in 1867 the late Mr. T. H. Ismay bought up most of the shares in the old company, and two years later, assisted by Mr. William Imrie, the famous firm of Imrie, Ismay & Co. was established. The first, and, in fact, all but two of the steamships of the White Star Line, have been built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast. The first steamer was called the *Oceanic*, and was a famous vessel in her day. She had 3,600 tons burthen, and engines of 3,000 horse-power, and inaugurated many radical changes in the design of Atlantic



*Photograph*] [*by permission.*

THE SECOND "OCEANIC" PASSING THE NEW BRIGHTON TOWER ON THE MERSEY.

liners. All the earlier White Star steamers were fitted with compound engines. The *Oceanic*, which made her maiden voyage in 1871, was 420ft. long, 41ft. broad, and 31ft. deep. This vessel aroused much curiosity, owing to the fact that her designers laid aside many old-established theories in steamship building, and adopted others, which were afterwards used as a standard by other designers. For instance, open railings took the place of the old-fashioned high bulwarks, so as to enable the water to come and go on deck. The accommodation for first-class passengers was placed amidships, where the motion of the vessel is least felt; whilst the large side lights gave an airy appearance to the saloons and cabins, which attracted much attention and appreciation from all travellers. The average speed of the *Oceanic* was 14½ knots an hour.




By permission.] CHART OF THE ATLANTIC FERRY. [Cunard S.S. Co.

On the same page we give pictures of the old *Oceanic*, the first vessel of the White Star Line, and also the second *Oceanic*, which was launched in 1899, and is the second biggest steamer in the world. The *Oceanic* is bigger than was Brunel's *Great Eastern*, and, what is more, is a success in every sense of the word. Britain boasts the biggest steamships in the world, but, unfortunately, not the fastest. This distinction has been wrested from us by the *Deutschland*, of the famous Hamburg-American Line; but more will be said about this steamer and her achievements in our second article.

But though the *Oceanic* is in every way of a leviathan character, she is as graceful in appearance as a steam yacht. No one would have said this of the *Great Eastern*. Comparing this vessel with the *Oceanic*, it is interesting to note that the length of the former was 680ft., and the latter 704ft.; their respective draughts 15ft. and 22ft.; light displacements, 12,000 tons and 18,000 tons; weights of hull, 8,000 tons and 12,500 tons. The *Oceanic* has accommodation for 1,575 passengers and 450 crew.

The progress in the internal arrangements of Atlantic liners has been no less marked than their growth in size and speed. As sailing ships gradually gave place to paddle wheel steamers, and they in turn to screw-propelled vessels, built of iron and steel, with each successive advancement the accommodation for passengers has correspondingly improved.

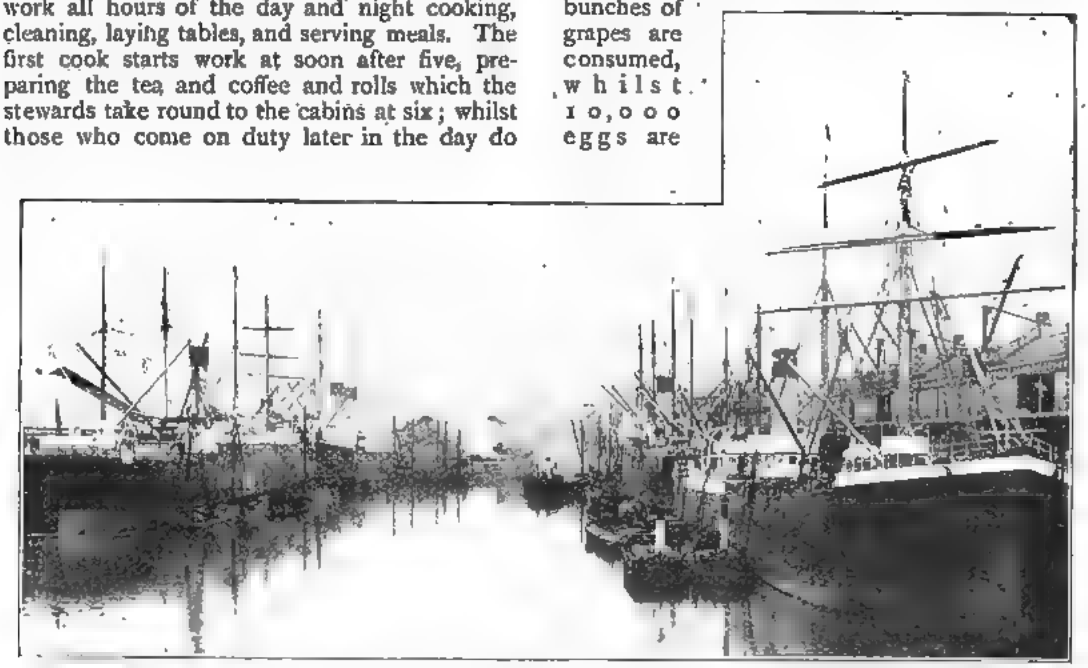
Sailors' biscuit has long given place to rolls and bread; and every night the bakers are kept busy producing the following day's requirements. Catering for a modern Atlantic liner is no easy task with so many different people's wants to be considered; from the multi-millionaire in the first saloon to the emigrant in the steerage. A "floating hotel" is a generally accepted

definition of an up-to-date Atlantic liner, but it might equally well be described as a floating city, for here we find in a thousand or so passengers a sample, as it were, of all the varied interests, hopes, and trials, as in some million-headed community on land. Out of an average crew of 400, upwards of 160 are directly concerned in looking after the bodily needs of the passengers. On the *Campania*, for instance, there is one chief steward, 105 stewards, 8 stewardesses, and 45 cooks, bakers, etc.; who in turn are at work all hours of the day and night cooking, cleaning, laying tables, and serving meals. The first cook starts work at soon after five, preparing the tea and coffee and rolls which the stewards take round to the cabins at six; whilst those who come on duty later in the day do not finish their duties much before eleven at night.

If the strict letter of the law were followed the British emigrant's food every week would consist of—3½lbs. of bread or biscuit, 1lb. of flour, 1½lbs. each of oatmeal and peas, 1¼lbs. of beef, 1lb. of pork, 2lbs. of potatoes, 2ozs. of tea, 1lb. of sugar, ½oz. of mustard, ½oz. of ground black pepper, 2ozs. of salt, and 1 gill of vinegar. But as a matter of fact he gets a good deal more than this, and far greater variety. We take two typical days from the weekly third-class bill of fare on the Cunard Line, given in opposite column.

Happy third-class passenger! We should like, now, to reproduce a typical dinner as served day by day to the first saloon passengers but, really, space is limited.

Here are a few figures which give one some idea of the vast quantities of provisions required on a big White Star liner. On the *Oceanic* the meat carried in the cold storage chamber for the voyage of six days is—36,000lbs., to say nothing of some 1,800 head of poultry. The apartment where the fruit and vegetables are stored has a gay and refreshing appearance when fully replenished. On a single voyage about 800 peaches, 9,000 oranges, 2,000 lemons, and 450 bunches of grapes are consumed, whilst 10,000 eggs are



*From a* [*photograph*

WHITE STAR LINERS IN DOCK AT LIVERPOOL—"MAJESTIC," 10,000 TONS; "CEVIC," 8,301 TONS; "TAURIC," 5,727 TONS; "CUFIC," 4,827 TONS.

TYPICAL THIRD-CLASS BILL OF FARE.

| 3rd Class. | Breakfast, 8 a.m. | Dinner, 1 p.m. | Tea, 6 p.m. |
|---|---|---|---|
| SUNDAY .. | Oatmeal porridge and milk. Boiled eggs. Vegetable stew. Bread and butter. Jam or marmalade. Tea or coffee. | Soup. Roast beef, potatoes & vegetables. Bread, plum pudding, and sweet sauce. | Tea. Bun-loaf. Corned beef. Bread and butter. Jam or marmalade. |
| THURSDAY | Oatmeal porridge and milk. Irish stew. Corned pork and pickles. Bread and butter Jam or marmalade. | Soup. Steak and kidney pie. Haricot mutton. Potatoes. Sago pudding. Bread, pickles | Tea. Stewed apples and rice. Bread and butter. Jam or marmalade. |

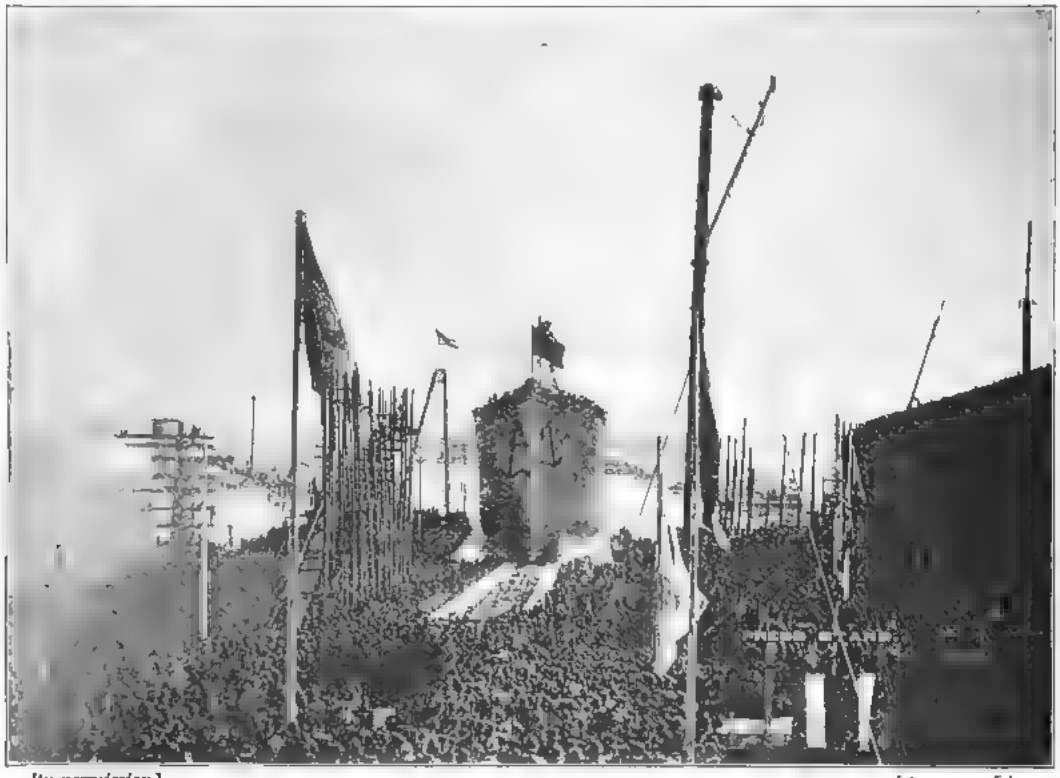
Supper daily. Gruel at 8 p.m., if required. Chicken broth, beef tea, and jellies supplied to invalids, when required. Special milk supplied to infants and invalids as required. The best quality of cabin bread; also Scandinavian bread is supplied.

carried for consumption. The White Star Company has its own laundry in Liverpool, and what a large and busy one it is may be judged from the fact that after every voyage each ship brings in from 30,000 to 35,000 pieces of linen of all shapes and sizes, from sheets to dusters.

Then there is a lot of account keeping to be done on board ship, and records made of all the provisions used. When port is reached these are checked by accountants, and at the same time all the cabins and saloons are thoroughly cleaned and overhauled. This is no light task, and after every voyage a small army of artificers, plumbers, and carpenters come on board to make any repairs that are needed. In fact, whilst in dock, the crew of a liner are nearly as busy as when on the high seas. A rough passage, too, makes a good deal of difference to the steward's department. The following is one week's list of breakages on a well-known liner during exceptionally stormy weather: 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water bottles.

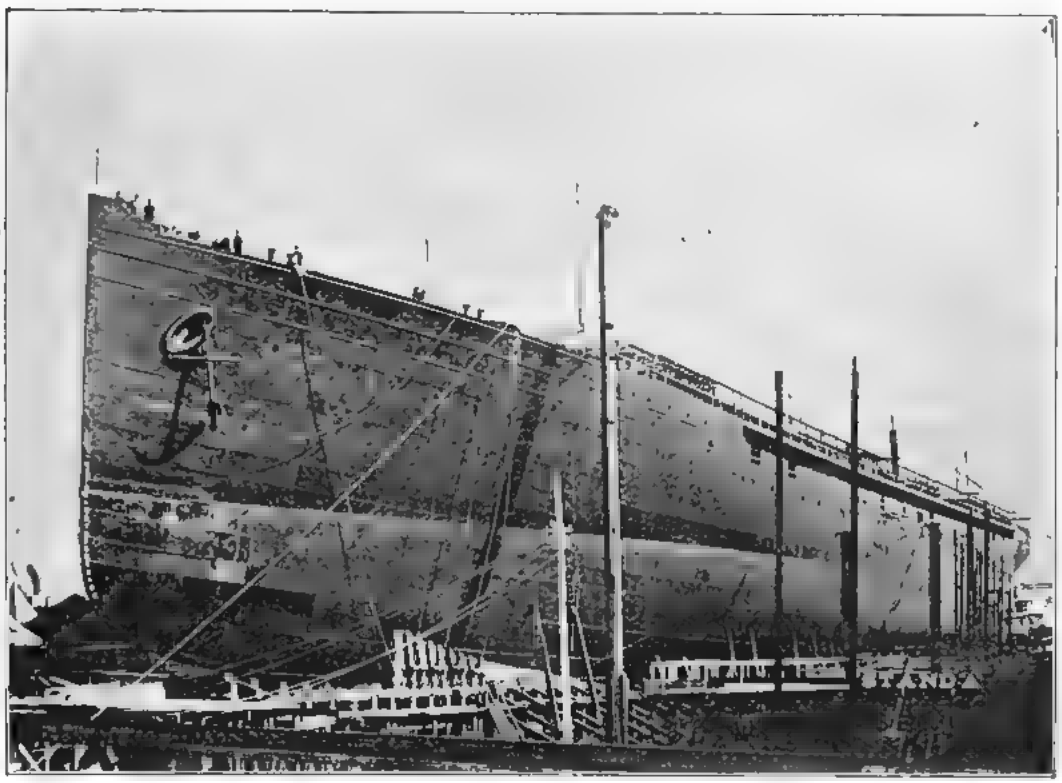
For ingenious machinery the kitchens on Atlantic liners rank second only to the engine rooms. Everything so far conceivably possible is done to ensure good cooking of large quantities and numerous varieties of food in a limited space. One of the most ingenious of these machines is an American coffee maker which can produce 400 cups of the very best coffee in less than ten minutes; another is an automatic electric egg boiler, which picks up the eggs and holds them in the water, and lifts them out again for various lengths of time just as required; electric griddles cook the buckwheat and dainty cakes beloved of Americans for afternoon tea; to say nothing of hot presses for carving, and the big stock pots in which the soup is made, and many other clever contrivances.

Always provided they are not very bad sailors, travellers by "first cabin" on transatlantic steamers have a very good time. The finest state rooms are situated on the promenade and upper decks. There is a huge stretch of deck space on either side of the ship, with cosy recesses protected from the wind, and a walk four or five times round this promenade makes up a mile of fine bracing exercise. The dining saloon is invariably spacious and lofty, as shown in one of our illustrations, seating



*By permission.*] [*American Line.*

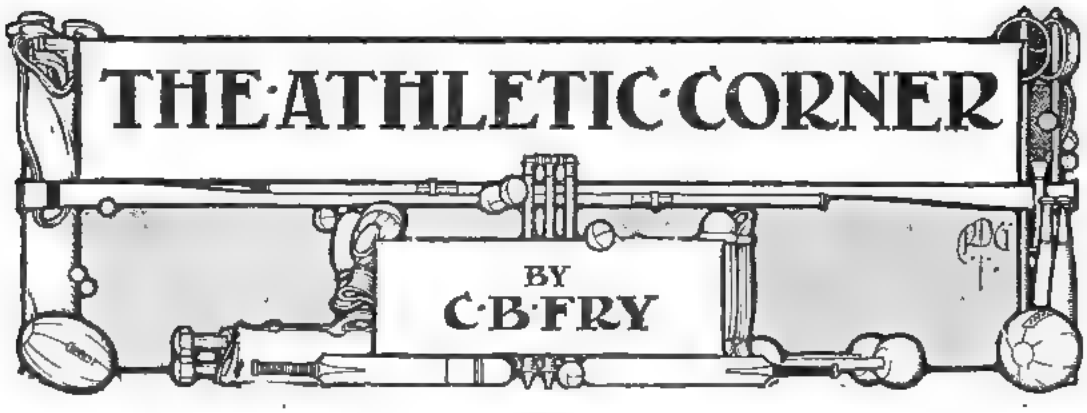
BOW LEAVING THE LAUNCHING WAYS—AN ATLANTIC LINER'S FIRST TASTE OF THE SEA.



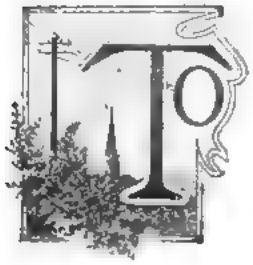
*By permission.)* BOW VIEW OF THE "ST. LOUIS." ALMOST READY FOR LAUNCHING." *[American Line.*

from 350 to 400 persons. On the promenade deck are music and drawing-rooms, a smoking room and a library, with a librarian in constant attendance. But all these attractions are the outcome of many years of improvement and experiment. When the first screw-propelled steamers were launched their saloons were placed in the stern of the ship, as they had been in the days of paddle-wheel steamers and sailing vessels. The tremor in the saloon was so great that it was feared that paddle-steamers would have to be resorted to once more, till at length the White Star Line found a way out of the difficulty by placing the saloon in their first *Oceanic*, not in the stern—over the screw—but in the middle of the ship. In 1884 the National Line inaugurated another great improvement by the introduction of the domed saloons in place of the ordinary sky-lights.

Each of the principal passenger steamship lines between New York and European ports have a distinctive mode of colouring their funnels. The funnels on the Cunard Line are painted red, with a deep black band round the top; the White Star's are yellow, with a broad black band; the American and Red Star Lines have black funnels, with a broad white band about a quarter of the way down; the North German Lloyd's are straw coloured; on the Hamburg-American Line the regular service has black funnels, but the express steamers' are yellow; on the French Transatlantique Line the funnels are red, with a black band at the top; the Allan Line's are red, with a broad black band and then a narrow white band lower down; on the Anchor and Houlder Lines the funnels are plain black; the Beaver's are also black, but are crossed near the top by two narrow white bands; the funnels of the Dominion Line are black at the top, then comes a narrow strip of red followed by a white band, whilst the remainder of the funnel is painted red; on the Holland American Line (Dutch company) the funnels are black, crossed a short distance from the top by blue, white, and blue bands respectively; whilst on the Thingvalli Line (Danish company) they are yellow, with a broad black band at the top and a white band near the middle, on the sides of which are painted two blue stars.




## ABOUT COUNTY CRICKET GROUNDS.



TO the casual spectator, I suppose, one county cricket ground scarcely differs at all from another; but to those who play year after year the extensive round of modern first-class cricket each ground has its special features. Batsmen, especially, learn to note little differences, such as how each ground plays under various conditions of weather, and at what pace the ball comes off the pitch. A knowledge of such details is no small part of the stock-in-trade of a successful run-getter. Bowlers, also, and fieldsmen find that they must study the special features of every ground they play on.

To explain the character of every county ground one would need to write a fair-sized book. The few suggestions here given may, however, add a little to the interest of the present season.

Lord's ground, perhaps the most famous in the world, has several peculiarities. The match area is laid on a slope which, though appearing more pronounced than it really is, certainly affects the cricket played there. Most county players have scouted out for some thousands of runs at Lord's one time and another; they all know the irritating way in which quite a gentle tap or any scratchy sort of stroke slips down the hill towards the old inn, beating one by a yard all the way; and they know, too, that on the other side quite hard hits, such as on another ground might safely be given up at once as hopeless, must be conscientiously hunted for fear the ball may lose way up-hill, and either stop dead a few feet from the ropes, or travel slow enough in the last twenty yards to afford the hot-foot fielder a chance. Many fruitless miles did I run at Lord's, in an England and Australia match, after Worrall's cuts down-hill; and I remember once calmly standing at cover, watching what appeared a certain boundary past point, and then having to do level time up the hill to save six run out. The fieldsman who would economise his vigour at Lord's must know his Lord's very well. The actual pitch, too, takes some knowing. You find that the slope enables the off-break bowler from the pavilion end to get an extra bit of work on the ball. Several times on perfect hard wickets have I been mortified to find my off stump disturbed by Jack Hearne, with balls I had made sure would pass well outside. Bowlers unfamiliar with this pitch often bowl a trifle too straight, and become easy prey to the batsman skilled in forcing strokes to the on. Twice, however, I have been out plumb l.b.w. through reckoning on this down-hill bias, when it happened not to occur. One is liable, perhaps, to fancy the slope does more for the bowler than it really does. I can never quite rid myself of the idea, when batting at Lord's, that all good-length balls bowled from the pavilion end and pitching on the wicket must necessarily pass outside the leg stump. Curiously, I never feel that a left-

hander bowling from the practice ground end will go away more than usual; yet the slope should help him to do so. Some people think the effect of the slope is all imagination; it may be, but I know the Sussex right-handers generally start by bowling considerably too much to leg from the pavilion end. Then, again, the turf at Lord's is peculiar. It is beautiful turf, and, of course, splendidly kept, but is unlike that of any other first-class ground. When wet it is, I think, the stickiest and most difficult to play upon I know of, though, for some reason or other, it does not play quite as queerly now as it used to a few years ago. When dry, it usually makes a grand wicket. Sometimes you notice a lot of little criss-cross cracks on the surface and little bare patches, and you may fancy it will crumble up, yet these queer-looking Lord's wickets often play true all through a match. There is more fire in the Lord's pitch, however, than in most first-class grounds, and for this reason batsmen do not hold quite the same advantage there as on most county grounds nowadays. Owing to the huge pavilion behind the bowler's arm, one fails sometimes to get a good sight of the ball—this especially in big matches, because there are more top-hats in the fore-ground and galleries. Fielders in the country sometimes entirely lose sight of high hits from the same cause. I have seen long-off running with all his might away from, instead of towards, a high catch.

There are two other first-class grounds laid on a slope, Mote Park and Canterbury. Both belong to Kent. The latter I have never seen. Opponents of Kent rather dislike Mote Park, or, at least, they used to when Walter Wright bowled for Kent. His left-hand deliveries whipped in down the hill in a manner that made them very difficult.

The wicket at the Oval is, to my mind, the best there is from a batsman's point of view. The turf is excellent, and, in addition, Apted, the groundman, who is something of a genius in his line, has invented a wonderful dressing solution with which he doctors the pitch. There is not the faintest spark of fire in the wicket; however dry the weather, it plays a lovely easy pace, and the ball scarcely ever rises above stump high. Fast, bumpy bowlers do little damage at the Oval; even Jones, the Australian, was innocuous there. The only drawback at the Oval is that the evening light upon the long windows in front of the pavilion makes the bowling from that end difficult to see sometimes. In the last test match, Jones bowled two whole overs to me of which I did not see a single ball till it had pitched, and one ball which went for byes I did not see at all. I do not know now whether it went to leg, or to the off, or over my head. None of the boundaries at the Oval are easy, and on the far side from the pavilion they are very distant. In the Gents. *v.* Players match of 1892, Flowers, of Notts, cut the first ball he received for six run out, four for the stroke, and two for the throw-in. He was so blown that he could not play the next ball, and was clean bowled. In a test match several years ago, "Ranji" threw Iredale out from the far screen when trying a fifth run. It does not pay to hit too hard in this direction, as you only get four; if you graduate your strength cleverly, you have a chance of five, or even six.

Some first-class batsmen prefer the Warwickshire ground to any. They say the wicket is as good as at the Oval, and the light perfect. I have never played there. Old Trafford is a lovely ground; the wicket is as perfect as needs be, though not quite as easy in pace as the Oval; and the out-fielding is, I think, the best in England. You might pitch a wicket anywhere on the ground. I have never yet been fortunate enough to play at Manchester in fine weather, but I am inclined to think that, taking everything into consideration, Old Trafford is the best ground we have. One great merit it has; the wickets are pitched sideways, and not end-on to the pavilion; so there is a big screen behind the bowler's arm at both ends. Trent Bridge, again, has a superb wicket; so has Leicester, and, I believe, Derby. Southampton, too, is excellent. The Sussex wicket has a wonderful reputation, but it does not play as well as it used; it is not quite as easy in pace as five or six others, and it is a little inclined to crumble. Sometimes an apparently perfect wicket at Hove has fire in it till lunch-time on the first day. I remember once a very strong Kent batting side lost seven wickets for fourteen runs on this account against Sussex. There is, too, a peculiar glare sometimes from the sea and the slate roofs, very baulking until one gets used to it. The

boundary is rather easy one side, and the ball travels quickly in all directions, but it is a mistake to regard the Hove ground as the best for batsmen; the Oval, Old Trafford, Leicester, Trent Bridge, Southampton, and Taunton are to my mind better and of an easier pace. Taunton, I think, is for pure run-getting the best of all. The light is excellent, the boundaries easy all round, and the wicket second only to the Oval. The Oval wicket is like hard, smooth felt, and seems to take all devil out of the ball. The Taunton wicket in good weather is shiny and almost slippery like vulcanite. Without killing the bowling, it is as true as a sheet of plate-glass. If I had to make a century or perish I would choose Taunton for the attempt.

The Yorkshire Club has not got a ground; it has half a dozen. They are, properly speaking, not county, but town grounds. A few years ago Bradford was the only one with a really good wicket. Now, however, the Headingley ground at Leeds has been well laid, and the Bramall Lane pitch at Sheffield, which used to be bad, has been much improved. Sometimes the light is utterly spoilt at Sheffield by clouds of smoke from the great chimneys. It used to be a standing joke against Yorkshire that the proprietors of these chimneys made a point of finding out how the match was going, and were careful to stoke-up with damp fuel just as the visiting side began its innings. Yorkshire has matches also at Huddersfield, a decent little ground, where Sussex has fielded out for many long hours; at Harrogate, out of which rather miniature enclosure Mr. Jessop is said to miss-hit with ease; and at Scarborough, where the wicket is inclined to be fiery.

Please do not think I find fault with the Yorkshire grounds; I am not sure they are not better for the game than the ultra-perfect pitches most counties own. It does not at all follow that the grounds batsmen like best are the best for cricket. There are such people as bowlers. There are several grounds that give the bowler a chance. Lord's does, because it has a little fire in it; so does Leyton, for though some of the wickets are excellent others do not last, and play queerly. The Yorkshire grounds, being of natural turf, unadulterated with Nottingham marl and other top dressings, do not favour batsmen as much as grounds where the pitches are artificially prepared. Some cricketers believe that the artificial preparation now in vogue is the real cause of the advantage batsmen hold at present over bowlers; they suggest that groundmen should be forbidden to use anything but plain water on the pitches. There is no doubt that many of the county pitches are too good for matches to be finished in three days. On the other hand, artificial dressing is the best means of improving turf that is thoroughly bad; re-laying with new turf is a troublesome process, and does not always succeed.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Alf. H. Perkins.**—There is no reason why bathing and swimming should have a bad effect upon your bowling. But, of course, if you indulge in a lengthy bathe you are likely to be a bit slack and tired afterwards. Hence it is not wise to bathe *ad lib.* before a cricket match in which you wish to do your best performance. There is a great difference between what may be called a pleasure bathe and a mere ante-breakfast plunge in and out. The latter amounts to little more than an ordinary cold tub. A slow left hander, in his practice, should aim at acquiring (1) perfect command of pitch, and (2) power of putting spin on the ball. You may, perhaps, best gain command of pitch by putting down a visible mark and bowling at it. Such practice for ten minutes or so a day soon gives you a feeling of being able to pitch the ball nearly where you want to. When you bowl against a batsman you should try to find a length such as is just near enough up to him to make him play forward, yet not near enough for him to smother the ball at the pitch. Rhodes and Brigga get most of their wickets by enticing batsmen to play forward at balls they ought to play back to. Usually they begin by pitching the ball well up, so that the batsman can easily smother it by reaching forward; then they try to deliver a ball which to all appearances is the same, but which is really a foot or two shorter. As for spin, bowlers usually have it or not by nature, but you may improve yourself in this respect by continually trying to make the ball spin as you deliver it by giving a quick, pliable twist with your fingers and wrist. You cannot do much on a miniature pitch, such as you speak of, in the matter of acquiring length, but you can learn a deal about finger and wrist work even with a soft ball on a 10yds. pitch. Probably the reason you have lost your batting is that, whereas when you played steady cricket you used to watch the ball carefully, now, having taken to hitting, you have given up watching the ball. It is as essential to watch the ball carefully when hitting hard as when merely blocking, if not more so. **John L. Turner.**—I should say the size of bat suitable for you is the one just under full size, known among bat-makers, I believe, as either youth's size or public school size. Weight from 2lbs. 1oz. to 2lbs. 3ozs. **G. McA.**—Yes; four weeks well spent should see you fit to run a good 300yds. You ought to practise short dashes of 40yds., and occasionally run through 150yds., 200yds., and 250yds. Your measurements appear to me sound enough. **B. P.**—Glad you approved of my

few words about games for ladies. I wish I could speak with more authority, founded on experience. Yes; I mostly remember what runs I make in matches; also how I get out. Yes; I think some girls can bowl over-arm; but good under-arms are better than bad over-arms. No; I think Frank Forman is at present our best half-back. **B. W. T.**—There is no special form of physical culture known to promote growth in stature. It is usually held that smoking tobacco and drinking spirits are bad, and that a healthy, outdoor life and plenty of general exercise are good for growth. You have several years before you; many people grow inches after the age of eighteen. You cannot do better than go in for games if you can spare the time; and take regular dumb-bell or Indian club exercise on one of the many systems now in vogue, Sandow's for example. Regularity and system are essential for good results. A cold sponge and rough rub-down is by some considered even better than a complete tubbing; so far from being likely to give you colds, it will act as a preventative. I should not bother about my stature. Think of the useful men who have been inches less than you. **H. L. C.**—For the mile and half-mile you had better practise for the most part a third of each distance. Occasionally you should run quite short distances, say 300yds., in order to increase your pace. Do not do more than one bit of running a day, and do not run more than four days a week. For the long jump you must learn to run up to the mark at full pace and take off accurately. Jump as high in the air as you can, much higher than you feel inclined; never refuse. Four jumps three times a week are enough. You will find various hints in back numbers—articles, and answers to similar inquiries. Regular and gradual practice is the thing. **Bunny.**—Your case is a bit beyond me. I am no anatomist. Are you sure it is a bone that slips out? I expect it is a loose cartilage or something of that sort. You ought to submit your case to a surgeon. Probably you ought to wear some sort of strapping. You were correct about my best long jump. Yes, I know the Iffley Road running ground well; it is about the best in the country. Certainly it was most plucky of Mr. Corbett to play through the match as he did. **A. J. C.**—Your dimensions are right enough. You can get a good bat from any well-known maker. Those you mention are no doubt good, but I should prefer the second. You had better choose your own bat; let it weigh not more than 2lbs. 2ozs., and in height come just up to the wrinkles on your wrist as you stand upright with your arm hanging loose at your side. **Quinquefolium.**—I do not know enough of the finer points of the art of swimming to write an article upon the subject. No doubt, though, the Editor would be happy to hear your suggestion. You might address our friend, the "Old Fag," on the matter—he is most amenable, as you can judge from his portraits. **An Admirer of C. J. B. W.**—Much obliged for your sister's snap-shots. I recognise Mr. Wood and Mr. Perrin's back hair, also Mycroft and Mead; they seem amused. It is a good snap, very. In the other the batsmen are easily recognisable, and I even note the ball mid-way in the air. The Kent eleven are called "The men of Kent" because they are such, and also because cricket reporters are always in search of synonymous phrases. Palatine has something to do with the Duchy of Lancaster, I fancy. **Blackethespian.**—I do not know of any rowing club for girls near Richmond, nor do I know where to refer you for information. Have you no brothers whom you can compel to find you a club or perish in the attempt? **B. S. J.**—Perhaps 2lbs. is a little heavy; 1½lbs. would be better. Still, I daresay they will do all right. Two springs are quite enough, in my opinion, and I fancy you would do well to halve the amount of work prescribed. **L. Baker.**—If the goal-keeper pulled the cross-piece down and the ball went underneath where the piece ought to have been the referee would be entitled to award a goal. But the thing is altogether improbable. **L. Armstrong.**—Look up articles on athletics and training and "Answers to Correspondents" in back numbers. **T. B. Bagshaw.**—The information you require is given in "Running Recollections and How to Train," by A. R. Downer, published by Gale & Polden, 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London. The price is, I think, 2s. 6d. I do not know whether there is a colonial edition. **Jack.**—What terribly hard lines! I wish I could in any way help to give you pleasure. Please do not hesitate to let me know if I can. You need not apologise for the idiom of your letter. Would that all my correspondents could write as good English! Have you got "The Book of Cricket," published by Geo. Newnes? That, I think, would amuse you. I am afraid I wrote it, but still, I recommend it to you. "Cricket in Many Climes," by P. F. Warner, might also please you. But if you would write to me I would be glad to answer you through the post. Somehow, I think you will make a good job even of your misfortune.

C. B. Fry.

# Tales of the Trenches

THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE [redacted].

*From a snapshot by O. R. France, D.H.*

By John Mackie

[late of Brabant's Horse]

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The Man Who Forgot," &c

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

## II.—HOW THEY PUT 'EM UP.

THE Long 'Un finished his recitation from Kipling, and lay back in his chair of quartz with a look of satisfaction on his strong, kindly face. No one knew exactly who or what he was. People who belong to the Lost Legion have too much good sense to pry into their neighbours' affairs. There were men in Brabant's who came there for the sake of the five shillings a day (goodness knows they earned it!). There were those — mostly younger sons of good families—who came out to follow up soldiering as a profession; there was the born adventurer who came because he could not stay out of it; and last, but not least, the man who had given up much to come out and fight for love of his country. Either of the two last-named classes might have claimed the Long 'Un. He was cool headed, popular, and undoubtedly a man with a history. Some suspected him of having belonged to the Church, but why no one could rightly explain. He had been offered the stripes more than once, but preferred doing a trooper's work.

"Bravo, Long 'Un!" chorussed the men. "Now spin us a yarn."

"Well, that's cool!" he exclaimed, with a show of indignation; "and just after I've been running a little entertainment all on my own for the last half-hour! You don't ask much, some of you chaps!"

"Not where you're concerned, Long 'Un," answered the Kid, a bright-faced English youth fresh from a public school. "You know you like to yarn. Tell us something about the siege of Wepener. You know most of us here didn't take on till after the capture of Bethlehem. You've told us something very sad indeed. Now tell us a funny thing or two that you actually saw yourself—something not made up out of your head, you know."

The Long 'Un smiled. He liked to see youth retain its enthusiasms, and he saw to it that no bully in Brabant's interfered with them.

"Well, I saw lots of funny things in Wepener, as elsewhere," he answered musingly. "There is no truer saying in the world than that tragedy and comedy walk side by side. Some of the funniest stories I ever heard in my life I heard in the trenches at Wepener, where the water lay three inches deep, and was red with blood; when, above the rattle of the pom-poms, and the tick-tock of the Mausers, the Long Toms thundered and roared again till one was deaf; and at the word 'Down!' we wallowed in the horrible liquid mud while the shells burst within a few feet of us. Yes, I've seen our sides shake with laughing until they were sore, and they did shake, I can tell you, seeing there was nothing in our stomachs."

He paused, and laughed softly to himself as he thought of it.

"Tell us one of the funny things, Long 'Un,

tell us one of them," demanded the Kid impatiently.

"I will—some other time," he answered. "In the meantime I'll tell you something I saw myself at Rooi-krantz. It's a mixture of comedy and heroics. Some of you may have heard of it before, but most of you haven't, I know. It concerns a chap called Scott, a fussy little sailor chap—second mate of an ocean liner, too, by the way. He is now at Bethlehem in hospital with a bullet through his arm. The other chap's name was Cradock, a comical sort of fellow he was, too, from the back-blocks of Australia or somewhere—always getting off absurd little jokes, and always putting his foot in it. His face wore a perpetual grin; he was a sort of regimental clown. He's gone on to Pretoria ahead of us—a prisoner."

The Long 'Un paused to light his pipe, and the Kid, seeing him fumble aimlessly for his matches, hastily found and struck him one so as to expedite matters. The Long 'Un proceeded again.

"Well, Cradock and Scott couldn't hit it off anyhow. They generally rode in the same section, and as often as they did there was certain to be a row between them. Nothing irritated the fastidious Scott more than to hear Cradock letting off his pointless witticisms, and as soon as the fact became patent to Cradock he grew to be a greater nuisance than ever. Scott was a fiery little man, and Cradock, who was a great, good-natured, if empty-headed, galoot, was evidently amused to see the efforts which his comrade made to effectually bottle his rage. I knew that some day there would be a big bust up, and it came sure enough."

The Long 'Un paused again to pick up his Zeiss glasses, and gaze keenly down the great ravine, to where there was a long strip of open ground bordering the stream.

"See anything?" asked Reynolds, an ex-cavalry officer and the non-com. in charge.

"Must have made a mistake," was the laconic reply, and then he went on again with his story.

"It was at Rooi-krantz," he said, "which was simply a long, rocky, precipitous hill about a couple of miles out on the plain. It was opposite our position, and was held by a hundred or so of Boers, whose principal position was in the mountains beyond. Well, one day the general gave our squadron orders to ride towards it and seize a Kaffir kraal a little to the left, from which a good deal of desultory firing came. It was rather a senseless thing to do, seeing we could not hold it after we had taken it, for it would be an easy matter for the Boers—even if we could reach the frail shelter and dispose of the few inmates—to turn their big guns upon us, and blow the kraal and ourselves to smithereens.

"Anyhow, our squadron had to take the bally place, so it was 'say your prayers, boys, and look well to your girths, for it's ten chances to one you never come back.' A big gun was got into position so as to cover us; the order was given to mount, and off we went at a quick trot; as we went forward we extended and made straight for the kraal. Now, there had been a row in progress just before we started between Scott and Cradock, but the order to get ready had put a stop to it. As chance would have it they rode next to one another about five paces apart. On we rode, until we were about midway between our guns and the kraal, but not a shot had been fired. We broke into a gallop, and were wondering if the kraal had been vacated, when *ping! ping! ping! ping!* and a perfect hail of bullets was poured into us. It was a mad thing to send mounted men to storm an almost impregnable position.

"Luckily for us only a couple of horses and one man were brought down in that wild fusillade, and we were close to a little donga, which, if it could not shelter the horses, would at least do for us.

"'Dismount and take cover!' yelled our officer.

"We let our horses go, and jumped into the narrow water-course like rabbits into a warren, closing in upon the centre. Our horses—poor brutes—being left to themselves, stampeded under the hot fire, but most of them were shot down. At the same moment our big guns began to growl; shells began to screech and wail over our heads, and shrapnel to burst over the kraal. The Boer guns also began to pound away at ours, but our pom-pom, starting in, succeeded fairly well in keeping their gunners from working the guns.

"One would have thought that under such circumstances Scott and Cradock would have buried the hatchet for the time being. But no, familiarity with danger had bred contempt, and so in the comparative seclusion of the donga they began again. Our officers were a couple of hundred yards off, and about a dozen of us were bunched together in the only spot that was likely to afford us shelter just then. The racket between Scott and Cradock went from bad to worse. At last it resulted in the latter giving Scott the direct lie. This was more than Scott could stand, so he promptly plugged his enemy in the eye.

"'You can't fight here, you beggars, or you'll be dancing on our corns,' cried the sergeant.

"'Then let him jump out of the donga on to

the veldt, and have it out like a man!' cried Scott.

"'I'm with you!' yelled Cradock.

"'Keep down, you blooming idiots,' cried the sergeant, 'or you'll both be killed as dead as door-nails!'

"But before we could stop them they had jumped out of the donga, and were squaring up to each other on the veldt, in full view of both Boers and Britons. The sergeant swore, and we yelled at them to get down again before they were shot. But it was no use—they were already pegging away at it hammer and tongs.

"How it came about that they were not both killed is one of those mysteries that requires some explaining. Of course, the Boers, like our own officers and men, must have had a capital view of the whole affair, and what they thought about it I'd very much like to know. The chances are they were so tickled and taken aback by the absurdity and madness of it all, that they stopped firing at them, and took a sporting interest in the proceedings. We heard afterwards that the general and his staff watched the fight through their field-glasses, and bets were freely exchanged as to who would be victor. The favourite was the hot-headed little mate, who, after knocking his man down twice, succeeded in drawing first blood, and causing Cradock to turn aside. And all this time the shells were screeching over their heads, the pom-poms making the very deuce of a row.

"'Come on,' cried the little mate to Cradock, 'and toe the line, or they'll be wanting to have a go in, too!'

"But the Colonial wouldn't toe any line.

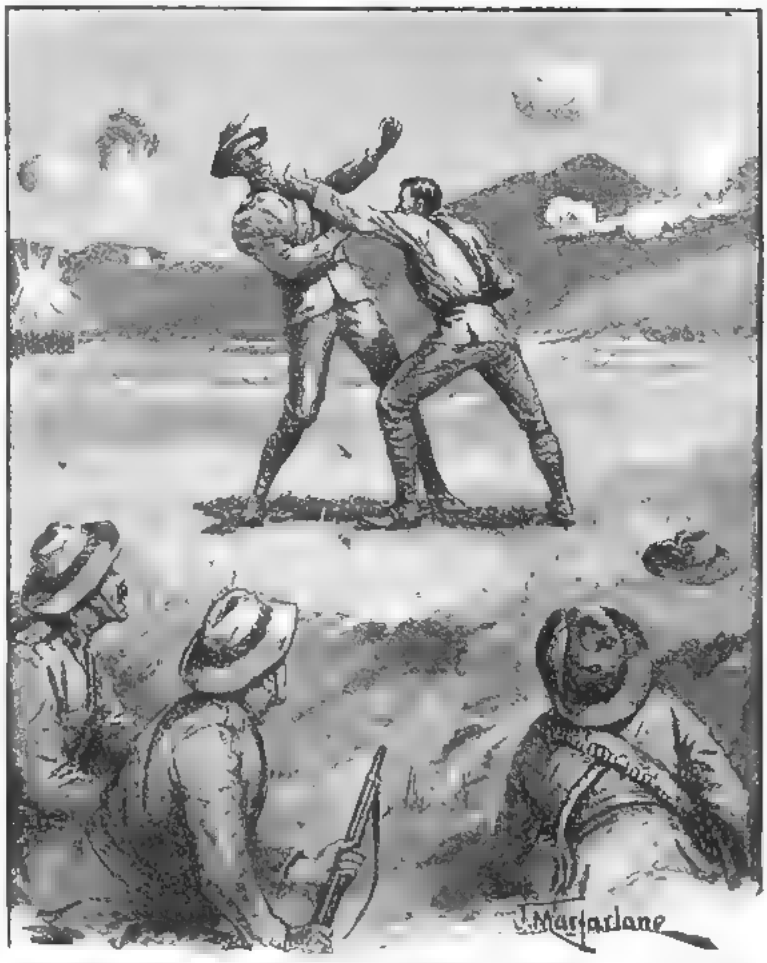
"'I give you best,' he said. 'I've had enough.'

"'Then, Cradock, you'll stow all slack in future. Now we'll be friends. We've got a large and select audience, so let's do the thing properly and in style. Come, shake hands.'

"But the Colonial's nose was bleeding, so either he did not notice his comrade's extended hand, or he did not want to see it. He merely stood by sheepishly in a stooping position.

"'Cradock,' again said the little broad-shouldered mate, 'I own up to being a quick-tempered sort of chap, and, I dare say, took you up just a trifle sharp this morning. I'm sorry we've had this racket. It's infernally silly of us, when one comes to think of it, to keep on chewing the rag as we're doing. Let's let up on it. I'm sorry I've damaged your figure-head—now, there!'

"Scott was terribly in earnest, and his round face glowed with virtuous resolution. He




THE BOERS, LIKE OURSELVES MUST HAVE HAD A CAPITAL VIEW OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

meant well, but at the same time he could not rid himself of a certain consciousness of having done the magnanimous towards his beaten adversary. Perhaps it would be unfair to him to say that he was fond of colouring his actions with a little bit of the dramatic now and again, and that to have shaken hands with Cradock, like two gladiators on the stage, and in the face of two armies, with the shells shrieking over their heads by way of music, would have gone not a little to satisfy the stagey vein that was in him as well as the man.

"Still Cradock made no sign, and a look of unmitigated disgust and annoyance was beginning to show upon the mate's face when there was an interruption.

"It was the sergeant who yelled to them, and he did so with such an apt use of forcible language that they both started at the sound of his voice. He was a Scotsman and not accustomed to mince matters.

"'You blethering eediots,' he said, 'if ye dinna get doun into this bit burnie, I'll come and kick ye my ainsel! Look out, there's a shell coming right fornenst you!'

"They heard it coming from the Boer Long Tom masked somewhere on the left spur of the mountain, about a mile and a half away. With their long-range glasses the gunners had detected the presence of the men in the donga, and had started in to try an enfilading movement.

"Nearer it came, whistling and wailing, like some grief-stricken banshee. There are few sounds in the world more uncanny than that of a great shell travelling through the air; one can hear it coming a couple of miles off. It travelled right in the direction of the two men, but still neither of them budged. Then suddenly Scott came behind the sulky Cradock, and, catching him by both elbows, ran him bodily into the donga.

"'You don't seem to hear,' explained the little mate, 'and as you're as pig-headed as it's possible for a human being to be, it's the disagreeable duty of your comrades to take you in hand to prevent you being wiped out altogether.'

"'Down with you all!' yelled the sergeant.

"There was a moment of breathless suspense, in the midst of which Cradock was moodily heard to remark that it would be just as well for some people to mind their own business. Then there was a report that deafened them, and when they raised their heads, with a suspicion of tightness over the temples, they found a big hole in the ground, two or three feet deep, in the very spot where the two gladiators had stood.

"Beyond a muttered expression of opinion by Scott that Cradock was a sulky brute, and that he was deuced sorry he had condescended to make a semi-apology, and had offered to make it up with him, there was no renewal of hostilities between the two. At intervals the men looked over the side of the donga, and took a shot at such Boers as happened to show themselves on the ridge or in the neighbourhood of the kraal, which was now being rapidly demolished, the unfortunates who had sought shelter in it having to run the gauntlet of the combined British fire.

"But unfortunately for the British, the Boers had posted a couple of Long Toms during the night on the spur of the mountain, to the left behind which lay that mysterious hemmed-in valley where Prinsloo and De Wet's men had their great laagers. The British officers—too many of whom, unfortunately, will hold their enemies too cheaply, until they find that brains, and not drill-books, with, of course, the qualifying attribute of courage, go to make soldiers—had not dreamt that the Boers would have the temerity to post guns within such easy range of theirs and where they might just possibly be captured; but then the Boers were always doing what they were not expected to do—they acted on their knowledge of the limitations of the enemy. These guns were now in such a position that they could enfilade the British lines, and when unexpectedly they opened fire, the first shell struck the limbers of one fifteen-pounder and put it out of action. The second fell amongst the mules standing just behind the rise, and killed ten of them and a Kaffir driver. The general and his staff realised that it would be madness to hold on to their present position, so gave orders to retire. The movement was carried out with all that coolness and orderliness for which, thank goodness, British troops can always be depended upon. They retired behind the shoulder of a high, precipitous hill to think out the destruction of the two guns which had so discreetly concealed themselves until they had walked into the trap. It was when the British had disappeared back over the brow of the rise that the non-com popped his head up over the banks of the donga, and remarked:—

"'I'm thinkin' them Imperial sodgers either think we Colonials are not of much account or else that we're gie weel able to tak' care of ourselves, for they've cleared out.'

"'They'll surely send some of Driscoll's scouts or the Cape Mounted Rifles to relieve us,' remarked someone.

"'Unless they get a rustle on,' remarked Pete, a Western frontiersman, 'they'll be a

trifle subsequent. I guess them Boers won't allow us to vegetate in this yere hole.'

"'The C.M.R. went out west before daybreak this morning, and the ither squadrons canna be back yet, so I dinna quite see how they can relieve us,' quietly remarked the sergeant. 'I suppose they think that it will be easy enough to wait till it gets dark and then slip out and back

"He popped up his head again and looked.

"'I can see a party of Boers gathering just round the shoulther of the ridge,' he said, 'and I jalouse they're gaun to roust us out o' this. Better slip along, McInroy, and call the captain's attention to the same if he hasna seen it. It's no use stoppin' here to be trapped like badgers.'

"McInroy slipped off to do what he was told.

"The men peered anxiously over the edge of the donga, and saw that what the keen-eyed sergeant had said was only too true. A large body of Boers on horseback were forming up, doubtless with the intention of making a charge as far as was advisable in the direction of the donga, and then dismounting, to take advantage of what cover there was, to outflank them. The rest would be comparatively easy work.

"Just then McInroy brought back a pencilled note from the officer to the sergeant. The latter did not at once communicate its contents to his comrades, but looked again over the side of the donga. There was a sober look on his face when he turned to them again, but he was cool as a cucumber.

"'See that your magazines are full,' he said, 'and prepare for a rough time, for here they come. We'll have to get out o' this and get back to the column. They'll likely send a squadron or two out to cover our retreat. Get ready and wait until the captain fires the first shot.'

"They had not long to wait. The Boers were coming in a great irregular body towards them. When they got within a few hundred yards of the kraal they separated, and spread out in the form of a crescent. Just as a few of the foremost horsemen disappeared in a fold of the ground, of the existence of which up till now our troops had been ignorant, the captain fired, and immediately a volley was poured into the approaching Boers. In another moment there were two or three riderless horses stampeding on the plain, and two were seen to plunge forward and come to earth, pitching their riders over their heads. The British had just been in time; another minute and it would not have been possible to get a shot at a Boer. Fortunately, within a few minutes of the volley two squadrons of mounted infantry reappeared on the crest of the rise just vacated by the guns, and opened fire so as to cover their retreat.

"And now the men by ones and twos began

WE GAVE A CHEER AS SCOTT KICKED UP HIS ENEMY AND STALKED TOWARDS OUR LINES.

to leave the donga and make their way back towards the rise. Luckily there were lots of ant-hills scattered o'er the veldt; these offered excellent cover, and to a very great extent saved the men. I wonder if the British nation realise what a vast debt of gratitude they owe to the ant in this great Boer war. From one ant-hill to another the men scuttled, then, getting down behind the friendly cone of mud, would watch for a Boer approaching in like manner, take a pot shot, and up again to find another few cubic feet of earth. It was wonderful to see how the dust rose and the chips of dirt flew from those ant-heaps. The fusillade the enemy kept up was a stiff one, and to make matters worse they turned on one of those infernal pom-poms. I don't think there is a more demoralising engine of destruction on God's earth than one of those rabid things with its *pom-pom-pom-pom-pom-pom-pom!* spouting from its steel lips, with death in every breath. Two or three of our fellows got wounded, but managed to crawl away. One poor fellow got shot through the head; we let him lie till it grew dark. You see, the stretcher-bearers and the dead-cart could seldom show up near a fight—the Boers seemed to take such a fiendish delight in potting at them. It was a case of every man acting on his own initiative, and looking out for himself; one had little time to look out for one's neighbour. At last most of us reached the friendly rise where the guns had stood, and mingled with those who had come out to cover our retreat with their fire. We lay down alongside them, and tried to get a bead on the Boers who now occupied the donga we had vacated. It was at this point that I heard one of our boys, pointing to the figure of a khaki-clad man lying some 240yds. out on the veldt, and only partially concealed behind an ant-hill, say:—

"'Yes, I believe that's Cradock; I saw him hit in the foot just about there, and wanted to help him, but he told me he could manage to crawl back all right, and to look out for myself. Gewhitaker! how the dust is flying round about him. I believe those brutes are still using him for a sort of target so's to find their range!'

"I looked, and it was only too true. Before I had made my mind up what to do, I was too late, for Scott, the little mate, had overheard his comrade's words, and was already on his way back to his late enemy. We might have shouted to him that it was akin to madness to attempt such a rescue, seeing that the Boers from the shelter of the donga were pouring in such a hail of bullets, but we did not. The man's action made our hearts too full for words. We had not thought that the quiet and somewhat retiring little mate was such a hero.

"'Keep on firing at the donga,' yelled the captain; 'it may ease them off a bit, but look out for Scott!'

"We watched him dart from ant-hill to ant-hill. Sometimes he had to lie down on his face for a minute or two, the fire was so brisk, but still he kept on.

"We saw him reach the prostrate man and pull him to one side. And then—for we could not help it, and our hearts were full to bursting—we gave a great cheer, as Scott picked up and placed his late enemy across his shoulders and stalked towards our lines again. And, borne on the faint breath of wind that came up from the south, there rose the sound of cheers from the Boer lines also. The firing on both sides actually ceased until that hero had got back safely with his burden.

"And that," said the Long 'Un, rubbing the bridge of his nose, "was the last of the racket between Scott and Cradock."

There was a pause for a moment or two, and then the Long 'Un said again:—

"Hand me those glasses for a minute, Watson. If there's not something going on down that valley, I'm a Dutchman!"

He took the glasses, and, steadying them on a rock, looked long at one particular spot.

"Get back a little bit farther, boys. You're just a trifle exposed where you are, and a sniper could pot you easily from the opposite side of the ravine."

The words were hardly out of the Long 'Un's mouth before the *tick-tock* of a Mauser was heard, and an explosive bullet struck the rock on which the Kid had been seated the minute before.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Reynolds. "I'll bet you it's that beggar whom we had mercy on the other day, and allowed to go back to his house down the valley. You, Long 'Un, and Pete, catch your horses and prepare for a little circular tour. You've got to catch that chap."

[*Another tale next month.*]

# THE SCOTTISH OXFORD.

By the Rev. G. T. Shettle.

St. Andrew's by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me!

SO sings Andrew Lang in melodious verse. And the old, grey, sea-girt city is so dear to him, he tells us, because once he was a red-gowned student there, attached to its university. There certainly is an indescribable charm about academic life in this, the oldest of all the Scottish universities. The number of students has never been large. It is now about 230, of whom a certain proportion belong to the gentler sex. But this comparative paucity of numbers has been a distinct advantage, for it has enabled the various professors to know more of the students, and to give them individual attention. The university is composed of two colleges, St. Salvador and St. Leonard's—or the United College, as it is termed—and St. Mary's. The latter is really a theological seminary, attached nominally to the Established Church of Scotland, but with lectures and degrees open virtually to all comers. The students at St. Andrew's live for the most part in rooms outside the college walls, but they dine in common, and the whole cost of living—board, lodgings, and incidental expenses—need not amount to more than one pound a week. The fees for lectures are on an average only £3 3s. the session for each separate set; and the whole cost of taking the M.A., or B.Sc. degree, can, without any undue pinching, be brought down to £130, and this sum would be spread over three academic years. Degrees in all the usual subjects are open to the St. Andrew's student, and there are an unusually large number of bursaries, or scholarships, available for deserving undergraduates. Unlike the English universities, attendance on the various professional lectures is compulsory for all wishing to graduate, and the lectures are always placed on the list of examination subjects. Socially, St. Andrew's University offers attractions in almost bewildering variety. There is a capital students' union, with every club requisite, and a first-rate debating hall. These have been largely secured through the munificence of the late Marquis of Bute, a former Lord Rector, and always a warm friend of the university and of the students. Football, golf, tennis, are well supported, and each session the Musical and Dramatic Society renders good programmes.

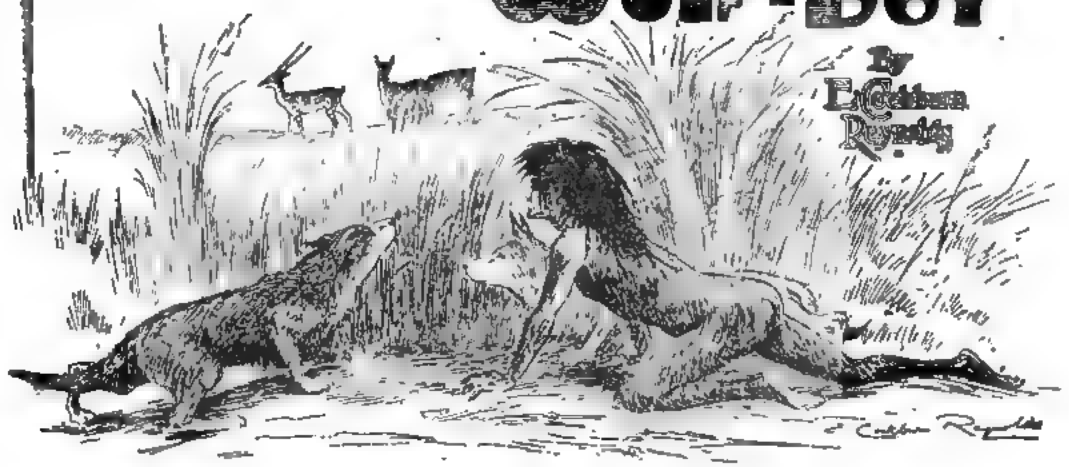
THE UNITED COLLEGE OF ST. SALVADOR AND ST. LEONARD'S, ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY.
*Photograph by Valentine, Dundee.*

But the old-world, historic charm of St. Andrew's is what attracts the most, and never a student becomes familiar with the ancient city, and grey, sea-swept college by the sea, who would exchange the actualities and associations of his *alma mater* for those of any other, though it may be one much more thronged and much better known. Long ago Dean Stanley eloquently said of St. Andrew's University, and his words ring with exact truth to-day: "For nearly a thousand years the island of Iona has ceased to be the luminary of the Caledonian regions. But this temple, as of another Minerva planted on another storm-vexed Cape of Sunium—this secluded sanctuary of ancient wisdom, with the foam-flakes of the Northern Ocean driving through its streets; with the skeleton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms to the sky—still carries on the tradition of its first beginnings. Its spiritual identity has never been altogether broken, its historical grandeur never wholly forfeited."

# THE WOLF-BOY

By E. Cobham Rendle

*Author of "Jungly," "The Tiger Tree," etc., etc.*



* Illustrated by the Author.

PART II.

THE problem now was how to keep our wolf-boy alive. We tried him with all kinds of food, cooked meat and raw, but he refused all alike. Water he consented to drink, and milk. This was poured into a shallow stone basin, into which he used to plunge his face as he sucked it up in long draughts. But this he seldom did before onlookers; in their presence he preferred crouching in one corner, either hiding his face against the stone wall or glaring ferociously at the observer.

Suk Khan, a stalwart policeman, had been told off to look after the wolf-boy's needs. Being naturally a fearless fellow, he took the chain off the iron-barred gate and entered the enclosure with a basin of milk. But the wolf-boy went for him with an expression of hungry anticipation in his eyes that it was impossible to mistake. Suk Khan fled for his life, and in future the bowl of milk was thrust in under the door.

Four days had gone by, and the wolf-boy had eaten nothing. Signs of starvation were visible in his very slow movements and hungry expression of face. Someone laughingly suggested giving him a kid or a rabbit to make a meal of, but we eventually let loose a large fowl in the courtyard, which ran about cackling and making a great to-do. Directly it touched the ground the wolf-boy was all attention and ready crouched for a spring, but motionless as a rock. He was far too good a hunter to alarm his prey by the smallest visible movement, as long as it was out of range. Yet, while the fowl's gaze was averted, he crept stealthily forward on his stomach, with a cat-like motion. At length the fowl turned and went aimlessly in his direction, filling the air with its silly cries. It was yet some twelve feet away when, with a rapid double bound, as agile as that of a panther (though he sprang from the knee), the wolf-boy seized his victim. I turned away from the bars to avoid observing what followed, but on my return a few minutes later the boy was back in his corner, and, beyond one or two feathers drifting about the yard, there was nothing else to be seen of the poor hen.

This, apparently, was the only way to keep our wolf-boy alive. Wean him from it we could never hope to.

Suk Khan used to try and teach this savage the names of things. When his basin was dry, Suk Khan would point to it and say "*Pani, pani!*" (*i.e.*, "Water, water"), and then used to bring a chattee full of the liquid and pour it in, repeating the name continuously. When every other day, at noon, he was about to throw in his fowl, he

* To those who have read Kipling's "Jungle Book," and been delighted with his beautiful ideal wolf-boy Mowgli, this description of a real wolf-boy will bring an unpleasant shock. The author would have shrunk from painting a picture of such a crude specimen of humanity merely to create a sensational tale, but the sad fact is that many such wolf-boys have existed, and do exist at the present day in India, the author having seen two reputed wolf-reared children himself. In this tale, which is founded on fact, he has omitted much which, though interesting from a scientific point of view, might hurt the more sensitive of his readers.—E. C. R.

THE WOLF-BOY WAS ALL ATTENTION, AND CROUCHED FOR A SPRING, BUT MOTIONLESS AS A ROCK.

would hold it behind the bars of the gate and say "*Murgi, murgi!*" (*i.e.*, "Fowl, fowl"), and try and make the thing comprehend, and in a very short time the boy used to grow quite impatient as the clock neared twelve on the alternate days. And when Suk Khan came and said, "*Murgi, murgi!*" he used to become most excited, showing he understood what the word meant. Time went by, and the three months had almost expired.

One day Suk Khan was sent on some service, which, instead of allowing of his return in a few hours, kept him away from town the whole day, and the night following. Next morning I went to peep at our wolf-boy through the bars of the gate. I found him in a great state of excitement, running rapidly up and down the yard. When he saw me near the bars, instead of retreating with a snarl into his corner, he came quite close up to the gate, and getting up on his knees, commenced making some guttural noises, something like "*Gi-gi-gi.*" It was plain he wanted me to understand something, but I could make neither head or tail of these proceedings. Just then Suk Khan arrived, and at sight of him the creature's excitement became tremendous.

He did not get savage, but just kept up a quick dance backwards and forwards, stopping every now and then to say "*Gi-gi-gi.*" When Suk Khan heard this he gave a joyful cry.

"What did I say, sahib? Here is the wolf-boy already speaking my talk. He is saying '*Gi-gi-gi,*' by which he means '*Murgi, murgi, murgi.*' I was away yesterday, and no one has given him his fowl, therefore he is anxious to tell you he has been forgotten."

This was indeed marvellous, and gave us a glimpse of hope, though a very faint one, that our wolf-boy might yet be rescued from his state of brutality.

The boy did not forget his self-acquired lesson, and often when the hour of noon drew nigh on the alternate days, he would run up and down the yard, excitedly exclaiming "*Gi-gi-gi.*"

The third month had ended when Monohur Dass, the money-lender, returned to town. We sent him a note asking him to call at the police quarters, and he, thinking it was one of his debtors in trouble, came in total ignorance of the surprise in store for him. We had let no outsiders know about our captive, so the secret had not leaked out.

Morrison conversed with the old man about the news of the city, the bathing festival he had been to, etc., and casually asked him if he had any children.

"No, sahib; Permashur has been good to me in all else but that one way. Yet wait, I will speak true talk. In the days previous to the Mutiny he did give me a little son, but before he reached his third year the boy was stolen for the jewellery with which I in my foolishness decked him. And you know, sahib, the way of those who steal babes for the jewels they

wear?" and the old man passed his finger across his throat with a significant expression.

"But have you heard nothing of the child since?"

"Never a word, sahib. I never hoped to hear. But my wife in her fond love ever hopes on and on."

"Do you recognise this bangle, Munohur Dass?"

The old man took the broken pieces in his hand and gazed on them with an idle abstraction. But slowly his gaze became riveted, he trembled like an aspen, and the bangle dropped from his nerveless fingers.

"What ails you, Munohur Dass?"

"My Khodah! It is his; my child lost this many years. Well I know this bangle, made by Hera Lall, the goldsmith. Where have you found it, sahib? Among the booty of thieves and murderers, or has the dead come to life again? Speak, sahib—know ye aught of him? Is he living well and strong, clever and handsome, as I knew he would grow?"

We were not prepared for this. The realisation that the long-lost child of this man was in the same house as he, and that instead of a son whom he could clasp to his bosom, the father must shrink from the sight of that awful thing in the courtyard—this sudden realisation, I say, was too great, and we could only gaze at each other helplessly.

"Ah! sahibs, you know of him. Tell me quickly, or my heart will burst. My brain swings like a wheel. Speak! Be your news good or bad?"

"He lives, Munohur Dass."

"*He lives!* Ah! great God! thanks for Thy mercy! A thousand rupees will I give to beggars this day before the sun goes down. By the Holy Ganges, I swear it!"

The old man was now in a fit of ecstasy.

"God's blessings be on you, sahibs, for this news of yours. It has healed a long aching wound in my heart. But where is my son? Take me to him quickly," cried the old money-lender, beside himself with joy.

None of us could utter a word. How to filch away the new-found joy of the old man we were undecided. But the native daroga of police, a callous man, took Munohur Dass by the arm and led him to the barred gate of the small courtyard, and pointing out the hideous creature crouching in a corner, all matted hair and dirt, said, "*There is your son!*"

"What!"

"Your son!"

"Why play foolish tricks upon an old man, daroga sahib? We are neither of us children to be thus amused. Where is my child?"

"That is he."

"What—that horror?"

"It is your son, I tell you," repeated the daroga, "reared by a she-wolf and living as a wolf till the sahibs captured him in the jungle scarce three moons since, with great difficulty and danger to themselves. See you not the red scar round his wrist from whence your bangle was cut away?"

Munohur Dass stared, and his jaw dropped

"WHAT—THAT HORROR?"

his eyes dimmed, his senses sickened, and he fell heavily to the ground. The old man's nerves could not stand so much—the mad joy and the awful revulsion.

Morrison kindly put the old man into an ekka — a one-horse trap — and he was driven slowly home.

He came again the next day, and brought his wife in a covered palanquin. He said his wife was mad to see her child again, and had given him no peace till he brought her. Could we arrange that she might peep at her boy unobserved by others, for she was a Purdah woman and had seen the face of no man but himself?

There was a small room, with a door that opened into the courtyard, in the upper part of which there was a small grated opening whence the mother would be able to peep at her son unobserved.

"Are you quite sure the door is fast locked?" asked the old man, "for such is the unreasoning love that Permashur hath planted in a mother, that I cannot make her understand that the boy is but a ferocious beast, and would rend her limb from limb if she went near him. She longs madly to fondle him again in her arms."

"The door is locked," answered Morrison, "and I am sure none would care to embrace so strange an offspring. Did you feel inclined that way yourself, Munohur Dass?"

"No, protector of the poor. My heart grew still at the sight of that animal, with the cunning of a serpent and the ferocity of a wolf written in his face."

"Then there can be no doubt as to what your wife will think."

"Let us hope it will be as you say, sahib; but I am thankful that the door is well secured, for I fear I cannot trust her reason in this matter."

The dooly was taken into the room, and, the bearers coming away, Munohur Dass closed the doors and was the only witness of the mother's emotions, strange and terrible as they must have been.

A couple of hours after, Munohur Dass came into Morrison's quarters. "It is as I said, sahib; though at first she was almost scared into a swoon, she is now talking to him through the bars, telling him she is his fond mother, calling him by old pet names, reminding him of his childhood, crooning the old lullabies to him; and of a surety, it is proving too much for her reason, for she declares he knows her voice, that she can see recollection in his eyes, where I can see nothing but the sullen glare of a wild beast. 'Woman,' I said, 'he understands no tongue but that of his wolf-mother; you must e'en howl as a wolf for him to comprehend you.' But words are of no avail. 'If I could but show him myself,' she answered, 'he would recollect me, and his love would bring reason and language back. Remember ye not how he used to pull the parrot's tail and say many words, "Tota, naughty Tota," and "Luchman wants sweetmeats. Luchman has been a good boy all day, since dinner." At which you used to laugh, and say the boy had business instincts. And all this must come back to him, husband mine, if I could but make myself known to him.'

"Thus she goes on," said Munohur Dass, "and I cannot tear her away from the grating, nor get her home. She begs to be allowed to stay a day and a night in that room near her son."

"Certainly she may," said Morrison. "The room is not being used, and I shall be very pleased to oblige you."

But it appears the mother was not so deceived as Munohur Dass imagined. She saw what could only be seen by an eye of intense affection, though invisible to all others besides—an expression of interest in the eyes of the boy as he listened to the seductive tones of her voice.

She was still a young woman, and of that rare and delicate beauty only found among the Purdah women of the Mahajun class.

All night long she stood by that grating singing the dear old lullaby, sung to every Indian baby, with which she had soothed him to sleep in days gone long ago:—

*Ah ra Koko, jah ra Koko,*
*Jungle puk ke bere*
*Mera lurka sona mangta*
*Dumree ka do sere*
*Aram kurro jee, Aram kurro jee*
*Mera lurka sona mangta*
*Aram kurro jee.*

*Come hither, crow, now fly away,*
*And to the jungle fly,*
*My babe would sleep, fetch him ripe plums,*
*A mite two pounds will buy.*
*Sleep, my dearest! rest, my dearest!*
*Slumber on, my child.*

It was about four o'clock in the morning when I, who could not sleep that hot night, arose and strolled out into the cool delicious air. The moon was shining beautifully. I could still hear the sweet, sleepy music of "Ah ra Koko," dreamily floating from the direction of the courtyard. I went to the barred gate and looked in. The wolf-boy was seated in the middle of the yard, with his back towards me. He was looking steadfastly upwards at the small window from which the soft and soothing

lullaby proceeded. Presently there was a pause in the music. The wolf-boy changed his intent attitude, and a deep sigh, like that which follows long suspended respiration, caused me to start, for it was clear he had been holding his breath to listen. There was also much that was sad in the sound, and as he turned towards me in the brilliant moonlight I was astonished to see moisture glistening in his eyes. There was evidently some chord of feeling touched by this long-forgotten cradle-song, but I was not prepared to believe it could be recollection which was stirring in that degraded thing.

Next day Munohur Dass again petitioned, on behalf of his wife, that she might remain a few days longer near her son. Permission was again given. So, having sent for her bed and box, she continued shut up in that little room, and apparently never ceased crooning "Ah ra Koko," or some other lullaby cradle-song of babyhood.

And the wolf-boy was wooed out of the corner he had hugged so tenaciously, and lingered near the door that separated him from her in whose arms he had once lain. He listened attentively all the time she sang, and when she stopped he wandered up and down restlessly, looking most distressed and unhappy.

On the third day I took my stand at the bars again, and there was this creature erect on his knees against the door of the small room, and answering the loving terms of endearment that his mother had never ceased to employ in the pauses of her songs, with a soft purring noise. This was miraculous, and showed that, if his recollection was not being stirred, at least his wolfish nature was being softened down wonderfully. The sweet voice of his mother seemed to have a powerful fascination for him.

The mother's joy at these signs knew no bounds.

"Look! Said I not he would recollect me?" she asked her husband. "See how he stands against the door and softly calls to me. And when I sing to him he will sigh and sigh again for pleasure, and sometimes the very tears are in his eyes. If you would but let me, I would go fearlessly and take him to my breast, and teach him that I was his mother."

But Munohur Dass would not hear of anything so suicidal.

However, the mother's love was not to be denied, and her prayers and entreaties, added to her firm conviction that there could be no danger, wrung at last a sort of consent from the foolish old man.

She found means to undo the lock, and in the stillness of the night, sweetly singing "Sleep, my dearest; rest, my dearest," she softly went towards the wolf-boy, looking in that moonlight wondrously beautiful. Brute as he was, he was fascinated by the apparition. She had flung her chuddar aside; her soft saree clung to her shapely limbs and displayed all the wonderful majesty of the human form. Her large luminous eyes were fixed on him, and her musical voice—for she ceased not singing—hypnotised him and held his savage nature in thrall. But the effect

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT, SWEETLY SINGING, SHE WENT SOFTLY TOWARDS THE WOLF-BOY.

went further; like the snake charmer's flute, it drew him, and with a meek purring sound he came forward a pace or two and laid himself submissively at her feet. She knelt down beside him, still slowly singing, and raised him tenderly to his knees, gently pushed back the stubborn tangled locks from his face, and gazed lovingly into his eyes, he giving every now and then a purr of satisfaction like some docile animal. Then she drew him closer and closer, wound those beauteous arms round his neck, and laid his head on her breast, pillowing that face and those lips once again on the satin-soft skin they had pressed as a babe. Then a flood of recollection overcame the poor mother, and she burst into tears as she held her long-lost boy to her breast. Alas, alas! A thousand pities that she should have done so! The music ceased—the spell was broken—the face pillowed on the soft, warm skin changed in expression. A contortion came over the features; the creature was once again a wolf thirsting for blood.

His breath came thick and rapid. Then with a sudden movement he tore himself away and glared, a murderous, bloodthirsty glare, upon the woman. But he could not return the steadfast look in those brave eyes, and his head fell lower and lower till his shaggy hair shut those fearless eyes from his view. And then only he found his voice and snarled, a long, angry snarl of fury, as ominous as the subterranean thunders of some volcano. And at the sound of his own voice his courage came back. The soft coaxing voice of his mother was unheeded now. Snarl followed snarl, and he edged sideways nearer and nearer with an averted head, like a dog about to destroy some helpless kitten will do, just to avoid the shining eyes or a scratch or two in the face. Then, as the blood-thirst in those snarls struck upon her ear, her courage ebbed away, and a cold, sickening fear took its place. She turned to fly, but too late. That shriek of despair would have been her last had not the old man dashed forward and thrust a flaming torch into the face of his demon son, who, with his animal dread of that mysterious thing fire, ran howling into a corner while his parents made their escape.

You would think that after this episode the mother, notwithstanding her love for her son, would prefer that he should be the inmate of a madhouse rather than near her person. But what love on earth can compare with the love of a mother for her offspring? For sixteen years had this woman looked forward to finding her son, and when she found him no tiger could be more fierce and intractable than he. And yet the mother clung to her child, in spite of all we could do or say to dissuade her.

She made him sweets of an aromatic kind, which our captive at first only sniffed at, but soon began to taste; then other food of a tempting nature followed. Our Hindoo friends never touched flesh of any kind, as it was against their caste and creed, but the mother, defying ex-communication and other penalties, secretly made soups and hashes for him, always of so tempting an odour that her wolf-boy, who had never eaten but meat freshly killed, was enticed into eating cooked food, and that from her own hands. For in the dusk of evening, when no one was near the place, she used to open her door a little, just enough to pass a dish out, and as the wolf-boy lapped up the contents, she caressed him through the opening without putting herself in danger.

It was a proud day in her life and that of the old man's when the wolf-boy for the first time refused his live fowl. Among ourselves we believed he was ill and required medical treatment, and it was not until he had repeated this behaviour several times that we were convinced he had taken an aversion to raw meat, as his palate had acquired a taste for prepared food.

The methods the mother employed in taming her savage son and winning him back to her and civilisation were many, and I cannot tell you what none but herself knew. Being a Purdah woman, she was always hidden from sight, but we could not help learning of these first steps, and we could well imagine the rest. Love, courage, and patience overcame all obstacles.

One day the old man came running into the office where Morrison and myself were seated, in a state of tremendous excitement, crying: "*She has tamed him! She has tamed him!*"

Not knowing exactly what had happened, we rushed to the gate of the courtyard, and, looking through the bars, found the courtyard was empty and the door opposite shut as usual.

"Where is the boy gone?" we shouted at Munohur Dass.

"You have not been so insane as to let him get near his mother a second time?" cried Morrison.

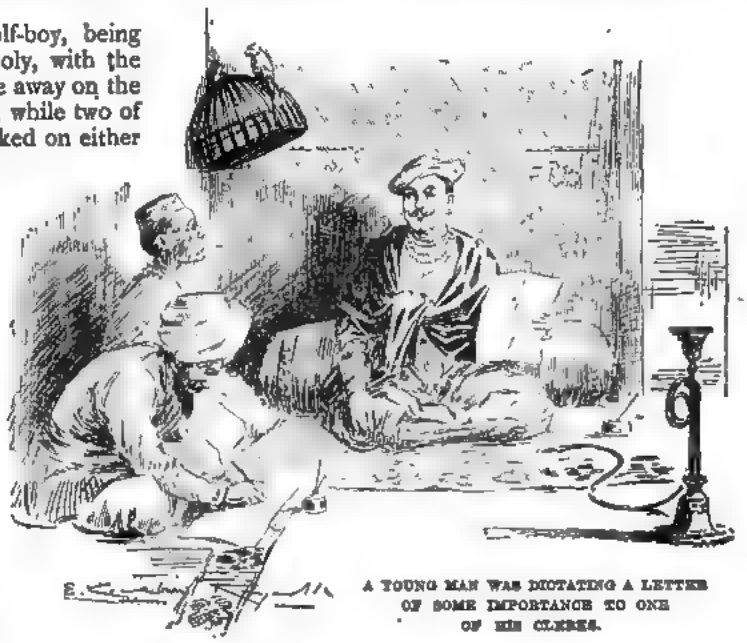
"He is with his mother," said Munohur Dass, "and there is no fear; he is as gentle as a lamb, and there is reason in his eye. But I—I am a coward, and he can see it; so I don't dare go near. But, sahibs, you can come and peep quietly—who will know you have seen a Purdah woman?"

Following the old man on tiptoe we went towards the room, and through a gap in the door we saw the wolf-boy at the feet of his

mother, who was fondling him as fearlessly as any mother would her child, and he was exhibiting all the pleased symptoms, coupled with fear, that you might see in a spaniel caressed by a new mistress.

The improvement in the wolf-boy was so rapid that in a week's time the father begged Morrison to be allowed to take him home. Morrison could no longer advance any reason for keeping him a prisoner, when his parents wanted him, except that if he was to find himself in the streets he might still prove a danger to the public. But this the old man said could never be, as he would be very carefully secluded in his house for some time to come, and always under the eye of his mother, till her magic ways had brought back his reason.

So they departed. The wolf-boy, being placed with his mother in a dooly, with the curtains tightly drawn, was borne away on the shoulders of four strong coolies, while two of Morrison's armed policemen walked on either side of it. And this was the last we saw of that strange creature, the wolf-boy.



A YOUNG MAN WAS DICTATING A LETTER OF SOME IMPORTANCE TO ONE OF HIS CLERKS.

More than ten years had elapsed since these events, when I found myself in Cawnpore again. Morrison, who had been transferred shortly afterwards, could give me no information in his letters concerning the wolf-boy. So, finding myself again in the city, I thought I would call on Munohur Dass and learn particulars. I fully expected to hear that, after a time, he had pined for the freedom of the jungles, refused food, and died, as any wild creature would, used to the boundless liberty that had been his.

I arrived at the house, the front verandah of which was used as an office by Munohur Dass. A dozen clerks, or more, dressed in spotless white, sat cross-legged on the floor in two rows, with their backs against the wall, silently making up accounts, or writing letters. At one end of the verandah sat a young man of a grave and thoughtful demeanour, but having a pleasant face withal, and an air of quiet superiority that at once pronounced him the master among his servants. He was dictating in measured tones a letter of some importance to one of his clerks. On my entrance he made me a graceful salutation, and rising, begged to know of what service he could be to me.

"Can I see Munohur Dass?" I asked.

"Here is your servant," cried the weak, quavering voice of an aged man, and, turning round, I beheld, at the opposite side of the verandah, the old man reclining on a comfortable pile of cushions, evidently taking the repose he had well earned after a long life of toil and industry.

"Arre Bhagwan!" cried he as he caught sight of my face. "It is the sahib, it is the sahib!" and he rose on trembling limbs and tottered towards me. "Little did I think my old eyes would have been gladdened with a sight of your face again. Now forgive the liberty, sahib," and he pressed the fingers of both hands over my temples, and as the joints cracked loudly, he blessed me in the name of the God of the Hindoo and the Englishman.

"Now deign to enter my poor abode and we will talk, for there is much that my heart desires to tell thee," and he led the way into an inner room, and, seating me on a comfortable divan, placed himself at my side.

"But first of all, Munohur Dass," I asked, "what of your son, your wolf-boy? Have you managed to keep him alive?"

The old man laughed.

"It was he you saw in the verandah, conducting my business. The joy of my life, the light of my eyes, the breath of my nostrils, my 'wolf-boy' you call him—ha! ha! ha!" The old man held his sides and laughed. "Yes, he that was a wolf is now a respected and important

citizen of the town, and were you to repeat the story of his life in the bazaar they would want to lock you up as a madman. No one knows of it, and you must promise not to let it get about, for the boy is very sensitive."

"But how did you teach him to speak, to read and write?"

"His mother—she managed all. To her alone every credit is due. And now she reaps the harvest, sahib, for a more affectionate son never lived."

At that moment the son entered the room, walking upright, but with a great inclination of the knees to bend forwards.

"See, Luchman," said the father, "this is your preserver—the sahib who took you from the wolf's den and brought you back to civilisation."

The young man's face lit up with a sudden rapture. He strove to speak, but emotion was too strong for him. Casting himself on his knees, he took my hands and placed them on his head, sobbing out: "Sahib—good sahib—I am your slave till death!"

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## "MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

By a curious dispensation of Providence the two greatest generals the world has ever seen were born in the same year — 1769. Arthur Wellesley and Napoleon Buonaparte are the generals I refer to. Both received their military education in the same country, Wellesley being educated at the military college of Angers.

His first campaign was in the Netherlands, where he distinguished himself in the retreat through Holland. In 1796 he received a command in India, and here, in the Mahratta War, he first displayed his genius and enterprise as a leader.

In 1809 he entered on the Peninsula campaign, where, with half-starved and badly equipped troops, he opposed and defeated the best soldiers of France, led by their most able commanders. As a direct result of this brilliant campaign, Napoleon was compelled to abdicate, and was imprisoned in Elba.

On June 15th, 1815, Wellington attained the height of his military career at Waterloo. Here the great decisive blow was struck; here, for the first and last time, the Emperor of France and Wellington met; here the power of the ambitious Napoleon was utterly and finally crushed. Wellington, in almost all his battles, was opposed to superior numbers, and yet that can be said of him which can be said of no other general—that he captured three thousand cannon from the enemy and never lost a single gun.

During the struggle for the freedom of Europe he fought no less than fifteen pitched battles, and won them all, in spite of the fact that he had to contend with distrust at home, poor supplies, and a feeble Government.

He created his army himself from undisciplined and raw troops, and when he had built up from this material a magnificent host, it was broken up a short time before the most important point of his career, and he entered the field of Waterloo with raw levies and discomfited allies.

Wellington as a general possessed great genius—genius which was not sullied and smirched by the overwhelming ambition of a Napoleon, but tempered by honesty, singleness and constancy of purpose, and devotion to duty.

He was honourable to the highest degree, just and considerate to all who served under him. What a beautiful side of his life is there portrayed in his weeping over the field of Waterloo after the slaughter was over!

He was essentially a cautious commander, yet when safety lay in daring he could be daring in the extreme, as, for example, at the Battle of Assaye, where, rather than wait for reinforcements, he attacked a force of forty thousand Mahrattas and completely defeated them with only four thousand men.

He was a good specimen of a thorough British gentleman.

On account of his tough constitution, his physical and moral intrepidity, he was known as the "Iron Duke."

As a politician he was not eloquent, but to the point, and his speeches always carried great weight. He was the greatest general in an age of great generals. He passed away amid the lamentations of a bereaved nation on September 14th, 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

P. R. PARKINSON.

# THE BITE of the MALMIGNATO

*By Marion Ward.*

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

"SAY, Rogers, heard the news? The professor's had a real live tarantula sent him all the way from Asia, or Timbuctoo, or somewhere or other."

"What's a tarantula?" said Rogers, looking up, "a spider, isn't it? One of those whackers? Does it bite?"

"Bite?" echoed Sedley with unction, "I should rather think so! Dead poison! Just looked it up in the 'dic.' Gives you violent convulsions, and whiff!—you're dead."

"Bully!" exclaimed Rogers eagerly. "Here, give us your 'Natural History,' will you? I just want to look over our chapter again."

Sedley laughed and handed over the desired volume.

"Wonderful how industrious the news of that tarantula has made all the chaps of the Nature class," he observed soberly.

Consequently, when the professor came to conduct his class, to his delight scarcely a boy in it but could almost say the lesson off word for word. He beamed with satisfaction. "Ah!" he said, "that is how I would like my lessons always said. Very good, indeed. Now supposing, as we have fifteen minutes to spare, I give you a short discussion on the larger and more formidable of spiders."

A sensation went through the class, and the keen eyes behind the great glasses noted it. A humorous twinkle came into them, and the corners of the professor's well-cut lips twitched.

"Oh!" he observed comprehendingly, "so the news of the latest arrival has gone forth?"

Some of the boys coloured and looked ashamed, but Sedley looked back at him unblushingly. "I told them, sir," he said modestly.

"Indeed?" said the professor, "and may I ask how the news came into your possession?"

"I read it on the box," confessed Sedley calmly. "When are you going to show it us, sir?" he added, with interest.

The professor laughed good-humouredly. "So that is the end of my little surprise, is it?" he said, a little ruefully. "Well, well, I am glad to see that the Dispensary offers sufficient attractions to make you letter-perfect, as you all are to-day. Now let me give you a short lecture, and then I will add up the week's marks, and see who are to be the favoured ones this week."

The professor was the doctor's brother, and one of the most popular masters in the college, despite his appalling "learnedness" and break-jaw Latin names. He was an ardent naturalist, and had travelled all over the globe collecting, classifying, dissecting, and discovering new wonders amongst Nature's unexplored and inexhaustible treasures. Now he had come to settle down in England for a while, and had turned the large waste attic at the top of the college into a veritable museum—a fairyland and unfailing El Dorado to the lucky boys who were at times allowed to explore its marvels. The museum was always kept strictly locked, but the professor was never happier than when he was explaining and discoursing upon its varied contents to the awed and delighted boys. He had at his own request instituted a natural history class, and had hit upon the brilliant plan of adding the marks weekly, and then admitting the favoured six who had gained the highest to one of the longed-for private views. The professor used to laugh, and warn them that they must expect a good-sized pill in their jam, however

(whence arose the jocular nick-name of the "Dispensary")—the jam being the entrancing exhibition of his collection, and the pill the short object-lesson thereon which he always delivered. That weekly visit was the hope and ambition of the whole class.

"You understand," remarked the professor at the conclusion of his lesson, "that though the name tarantula—*Tycosa Tarentula*—is popularly given to various large spiders all over the world, they are in reality quite a distinct and separate species in themselves, belonging almost exclusively to Italy; and I must tell you that the living specimen forwarded to me this morning is *not* correctly speaking a tarantula, but a malmignato, a still more dangerous species, also found in Italy chiefly —*Latro dictus malmignatus*. It is a very curious and supremely interesting spider. Its abdomen is marked by thirteen carmine-red spots; its bite is death. . . ."

He went on to instruct them as to this dangerous insect's life, food, and habits, and finally wound up by saying that he should be pleased to exhibit his newly arrived specimen, not only to the six highest, but to the entire class during morning recess.

"With one exception," he added, glancing down to the foot of the class. "I have not had *one* satisfactory lesson from Edward Leech this term, and I am sorry to say I do not see the slightest sign of any effort or interest. Until I see some attempt at improvement I cannot allow you, Leech, to enter the museum again."

Now, Leech was notoriously lazy and idle, nor did he take much, if any, interest in natural history for its own sake, but he liked the museum, and he had set his heart upon seeing the new malmignato. So he condescended to plead, promising amendment.

But the professor was firm. "Amendment first, reward afterward," he said, and refused to take back his decision.

Leech was not a nice boy; he was small minded and revengeful as well as idle. He watched the boys troop eagerly up after the professor with black jealousy and anger in his heart, which grew double-fold when they came down again, full of excitement and wonder over the new and formidable denizen of the museum. It was in a wonderful glass box, they told him, with air-holes round the side, and a funny little shutter through which the professor passed its food. Its size varied with one and another, but by evening time it had grown prodigious. The boys could talk of nothing else.

Leech listened sullenly, aching to see it, and nursing a deadly hatred against the professor for refusing to allow him. His one thought was to be revenged.

"Its bite's deadly poison," said small Bates Minor, a little nervously. "Wouldn't it be awful if it escaped?"

Leech inwardly registered a wish that it would, and would bite the professor.

One thing he was determined on. Professor or no professor, he was going to see that spider. But it was one thing to vow, and another to accomplish. The museum was kept strictly locked, except when the professor was there, and Leech racked his brain in vain.

But, as it happened, his opportunity came that very night. Prowling sulkily and watchfully about, he saw the professor suddenly come running down from the attic and descend to the lower regions with various bottles and basins in his hands, that he evidently intended cleansing. It was ten chances to one against his having locked the door again just for that short absence, especially at that time, when there was nobody about.

Leech flew up the stairs like a flash, and turned the handle. Then he gave a little chuckle of triumph and hurried inside.

He found the malmignato easily from the specific descriptions, and for a few seconds he gazed in repugnant awe at the hideous creature. Suddenly some of the things the boys had said came into his mind, and a brilliant revenge flashed across him. If only he dared!

He pulled a square tin box with a spring lid, indented with numerous air-holes, out of his pocket—the erstwhile home of an unfortunate dormouse—and looked nervously from it to the motionless spider.

He shuddered at the thought. Then he lashed his anger afresh by the remembrance of his public shame that morning. It would be such a splendid revenge!

For the moment his hate was stronger than his cowardice. With a practised skill, taught by the professor, he placed his box over the top of the other, unfastened its prison lid, and, with a snap, the malmignato lay secure in his tin box.

Then in a sudden overwhelming fit of terror and guilt, he flung the glass box over on its side, open, and fled from the room and down the stairs, never pausing or glancing behind him till he reached his own room. The thought of what he held in that tin box made him shudder all over, and he thrust it hurriedly at the very back of an empty drawer and shut it in.

Once down in the school-room again, amongst the light and noise, he felt better, and the thought of the state of mind the professor must be in made him secretly hug himself with delight.

He lay awake half the night bringing his revenge to perfection, and so perfect did it seem

to him that he lay awake another quarter revelling in it.

Next morning he went about showing the boys two queer little blue punctures just above his wrist. "Never knew a mouse do a thing like that before," he would remark airily. "You don't know how beastly it was! I was lying awake with my arm out, and all of a sudden I saw some little dark thing rushing about over my bed. It was not light enough to see plainly, but I took it for granted it was a mouse, and lay quite still. And then, quite suddenly, it made a pounce at my arm, and before I had time to move I felt as if two needles had been run into my wrist. Then I moved pretty quickly, I can tell you, but the mouse—if it was a mouse, and I can't think what else it could be—anyway, it was gone like a streak of lightning. Beastly little thing! It does smart, too."

"Sure it wasn't the tarantula?" suggested small Bates awedly.

Leech laughed. "It really did look exactly like that thing you described, now I come to think of it," he said amiably; "but, of course, it couldn't be. I suppose it was just a mouse," and he nursed his wounded wrist tenderly.

Natural history was the first class to be held that morning, and Leech was overjoyed to see that the professor looked pale and worried, and actually lost the thread of what he was saying three times. When the class was dismissed, Leech dawdled behind pretending to search for a book, and nursing his wrist so ostentatiously that the professor asked at last irritably what he was doing.

Leech regarded him with mild reproach.

"I've been bitten, sir," he said resignedly.

The professor started and dropped the book he was holding with a bang.

"*Bitten?* How — what do you mean?—by what?" he exclaimed with agitation.

Leech had hard work to keep from grinning right out. His revenge was working so beautifully. He assumed an expression of puzzled innocence.

"I don't know, sir," he replied ingenuously.

The professor grew very pale.

"Explain," he said curtly, leaning heavily on the table.

So Leech repeated his carefully concocted fabrication.

"Of course it must have been a mouse," he finished smilingly.

The professor came round and took hold of his arm with a grip that almost made him call out.

"Heaven forgive me!" he muttered with ashen lips. "Come with me, my boy," he said aloud, and rushed Leech off willy-nilly to the doctor's sanctum. "Royston," he groaned, "this boy's been bitten."

The doctor sprang from his seat and stared with horrified eyes from his brother's agitated face to Leech's—placid, almost complacent. Then he called the professor aside, and they spoke together hurriedly for a moment in low voices.

HE PLACED HIS BOX OVER THE TOP OF THE OTHER, AND UNFASTENED ITS PRISON LID.

Then the doctor came to Leech, his expression shocked and full of trouble.

"My boy," he said, with a tremble in his voice, "I think it would be wrong and wicked not to tell you. We are seriously afraid that that was no mouse that bit you this morning, but my brother's malmignato. It escaped last night. How, he does not know—he can only surmise that he accidentally left the lid of its box unfastened."

Leech tried to look properly stunned and overcome.

"The—spider?" he cried, in a choked voice.

"There is no certainty," said the doctor hurriedly. Then he stopped and sat down suddenly. "It's no good pretending," he added brokenly. "I am afraid there is *no* doubt."

Leech stole a covert glance at the professor's back as he stood looking blankly out of the window, and he put his hand hurriedly up to his mouth to hide his triumph.

"Then that means death?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

The doctor bowed his head without speaking.

Leech turned on the professor, his eyes gleaming with malice.

"Then he has murdered me?" he cried malevolently.

The doctor gave a startled glance at his triumphant expression, and a queer little look flitted across his face for a second. Then he stood up quickly.

"Don't be so ungenerous—unmanly!" he cried warmly.

The professor groaned.

"It's quite true, Royston," he said miserably. "If he dies——"

The doctor seemed a changed man.

"*If* he dies," he cried strenuously; "but we won't let him die. We won't think of such a ghastly thing. I am a doctor, and thoroughly skilled in antidotes. Even the malmignato's poison may be counteracted."

Leech began to whimper.

"It's all his fault," he reiterated. "If he'd have let me go up and see the thing yesterday I should have known directly that that wasn't a mouse."

Again that queer little expression flashed momentarily across the doctor's face.

"What do you mean? Did you not go up with the class?" he asked.

"No," replied Leech spitefully. "He wouldn't let me."

"He was too idle," broke in the professor impatiently. "What is the good of going over all that? It is my fault, mine entirely. Heaven knows I am well enough aware of that! Where are those antidotes, Royston? Don't you know there is not a moment to lose?"

"One minute," said the doctor quietly. "I must be fully convinced it *was* the malmignato before I act. What time did you say it occurred, Leech?"

"About six this morning, sir," replied Leech hollowly.

"But I thought you said it was too dusk to distinguish clearly?" said the doctor.

Leech coloured crimson.

"Why, the blind was down," he said confusedly.

Then he remembered that his room was blindless, and his confusion increased. But the doctor did not appear to notice. He got up hastily.

"I am afraid there is no doubt," he said in a low voice. "Will you wait here one moment, Leech, while I fetch the things from the next room? Harley, you come too, if you don't mind."

The professor followed his brother heavily out of the room, his face white and set.

Left alone, Leech executed a noiseless war dance, filled with vindictive exultation.

In a short time the doctor and his brother came back, armed with a formidable array of mats, bottles, basins, and various other implements.

"You must expect to be horribly sick," said the doctor gravely, carefully mixing some powder into a glass of water.

Leech's face fell involuntarily; he had not expected this. But he smoothed it instantly into its former chastened expression. Surely his revenge was sweet enough to more than compensate for a little sickness, and he swallowed the noxious compound like a lamb.

Over the next half hour I will draw a veil. The doctor's warning was fully justified. At the end of that time Leech lay, an inanimate, white rag on the sofa, feeling that death itself would be welcome; and yet, with it all, as firmly determined as ever not to confess the truth and spare his victim further anguish.

The doctor came and bent over him, and felt his pulse.

"Here, drink this off quickly," he commanded.

Leech's whole body heaved.

"I can't," he wailed.

"You must," said the doctor, sternly. "It is the last hope. You needn't be afraid—this is not an emetic."

Leech swallowed it with a sob, and shut his eyes. He felt horribly ill—iller than he had ever felt in his life before.

The doctor bent over him commiseratingly.

"Poor boy!" he said. "If that doesn't do it, we must give up hope." He turned to his brother, and went on, speaking in a low voice: "Strange, Harley, is it not, and very wonderful, that that

deadliest of poisons I have just given him, although certain death under ordinary circumstances, should yet be quite harmless, and indeed the one almost positive antidote in a case of malmignato bite?"

Leech's eyes were wide open, and fixed on the doctor with a petrified glare of absolute horror. His white face turned livid green. "*W—what!*" he gasped.

"Hush!" said the doctor, soothingly. "You need not fear. I would not have given it to you had there been the slightest doubt as to your having really been bitten by that insect. My dear boy, don't look so awful. I assure you that, deadly though it ordinarily is, it is perfectly harmless in such a case."

Leech rolled in agony, and the sweat poured down his face. His eyes were awful, and he clawed blindly and wildly at the air. "I'm dying — I'm dying!" he shrieked.

"Alas," murmured the doctor, "the convulsions are beginning! The antidote has failed, I am afraid."

Leech shrieked aloud.

"And all the fault of that malmignato," went on the doctor. "Poor boy, poor boy!"

Leech was dying—he knew he was dying—he felt awful.

"It wasn't the malmignato," he shrieked, "it wasn't! It's your poison that's killing me!"

The doctor leant over quickly.

"What do you mean?" he said sharply. "Of course it is the malmignato——"

"Oh, you've killed me—you've killed me!" moaned Leech. "The spider didn't bite me—I made it all up. Oh, oh, oh!"

The doctor gripped his wrists hard.

"Where is that malmignato?" he said distinctly.

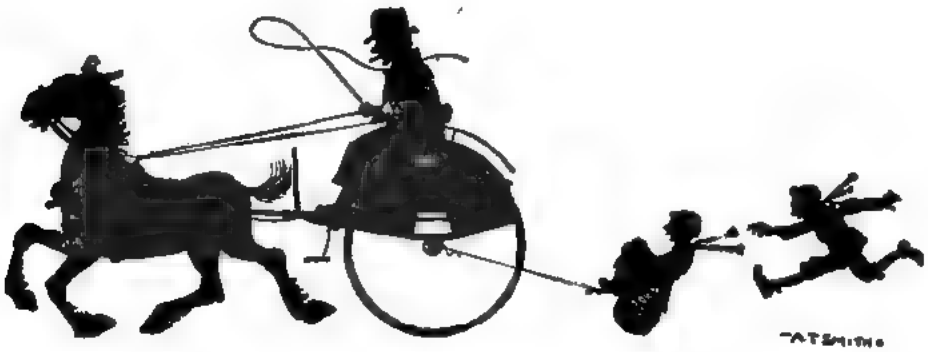
"In my drawer—in a box. Oh, I'm dying, and I only—did it—to pay him back! Oh, I'm dead!"

"HERE, DRINK THIS OFF QUICKLY," HE COMMANDED.

The doctor leant back and wiped his brow.

"You'll soon feel better," he said cheerfully.

Then he smiled broadly. "I thought that would do it," he remarked contentedly.



# THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD J. NANKIVELL, *Editor of the "Philatelic Record."*

## HOW GREAT COLLECTIONS ARE FORMED.

THE story of the formation of the great stamp collections of the world is full of a romance of its own. It has been told in various forms, and at various times, but it will bear repetition for the benefit of the readers of THE CAPTAIN.

In the early days great stamp collections were few and far between. To-day there are many collections that rank among the "greats." But in the formation of all of them, past as well as present, unstinted expenditure of money, considerable philatelic knowledge, and business shrewdness at bargains, have played a conspicuous part.

The famous Tapling collection is, of course, the best known in this country. As every stamp collector is aware, it was bequeathed to the British Museum by its owner, and is now a national possession. It is rich in the rarest stamps of all countries, and years ago its value was placed by experienced authorities at £100,000.

### THE TAPLING COLLECTION.

It was got together by the late Thomas K. Tapling, M.P., by a liberal expenditure of money and a matchless display of philatelic industry. From the age of ten Tapling was a stamp collector, almost without a break, to the day of his early death in April, 1891, at the age of thirty-six. He was born to wealth, and stamp collecting was his lifelong hobby. He stuck to his stamps from the first, as every boy should do, and later on he developed into a scientific philatelist, and a recognised authority in all that appertained to the rarity and rank of a postage stamp.

His friend and co-worker, Mr. E. D. Bacon, tells us that his collection was already a fine one in 1882, when he purchased and added to it the well-known collection of Mr. W. E. Image for £3,000. Later on the splendid collection of Mr W. A. S. Westoby, rich in unused Europeans, was added, at a price which must have been a large one, but which has not been disclosed.

Major Evans's grand collection of the early stamps of Mauritius, including a perfect specimen of the 1d. "Post Office" on the original envelope, was also annexed. The fine general collection formed by the Brothers Caillebotte, two well-known French collectors, was acquired for £5,000. Other special purchases were Captain Weare's early issues of Afghanistan, Portuguese India, and British India; Mr. Cameron's Cashmeres; and Mr. E. B. Luard's British Guianas. Many other collections, large and small, helped to swell the Tapling albums. As a liberal and wealthy buyer, Tapling had the pick of all rarities that came upon the market. Leading dealers kept a special note of anything inquired for by Mr. Tapling, or known to be wanted for his collection. With so many interested helpers, and an unlimited purse to drawn upon, it is no wonder that the Tapling collection assumed an international importance. Other wealthy collectors were often made extremely jealous, for, obviously, if Tapling had the first choice of everything, they had to play second fiddle. This feeling grew the more the supplies of the market were monopolised for the great collection, and was largely responsible for the inauguration of the stamp auctions which are now so popular.

Judge Philbrick, in his day, made one of the finest collections of his time. Before Tapling's day he had the pick of the market, and he gathered together all the great rarities, such as the two "Post Office" Mauritius, the rare Hawaiians and Reunions, and the now priceless rarities of British Guiana. In fact, according to Mr. Bacon, he attained such completeness that, shortly before he disposed of his treasures, he began to make up complete sheets of those stamps which differ in type, and was thus one of the imitators of the more scientific schools of philately.

The Earl of Kingston, Mr. W. A. S. Westoby, and other well-known collectors of the past, made great collections, but the greatest of all is, no doubt, that of the eccentric Italian who has for the greater part of his life been resident in Paris.

### THE GREAT PARIS COLLECTION.

M. la Renotiere, as he now chooses to be called, but more popularly known as Herr P. von Ferrary, is the son of an Italian nobleman, whose title he renounced, and whose immense fortune he refused to accept because, in his opinion, the

money had not been accumulated in the most honourable manner by his father. It was indeed with difficulty that the son was persuaded to accept the separate fortune left by his mother, which rumour places at a million sterling.

Stamp collecting has been M. la Renotiere's hobby; some say his mania. Certain it is that he has spent almost fabulous sums of money on stamps. He has been by far the most important pillar of the stamp trade. For years he was the mainstay of the leading dealers of Europe. But latterly his expenditure has been severely restricted. In *la belle France* there is a law which gives the next heirs of a wealthy man the right to appeal to the courts to restrict his expenditure on the ground that he is wasting his, and ultimately their, inheritance much too lavishly. This law has been brought into operation in the case of M. la Renotiere. It has, however, left him what most of us would be content to regard as a very handsome allowance.

Formerly this philatelic Crœsus periodically went the rounds of the dealers of this country and Europe, sweeping up the rarities as he went. His visits were angel's visits, that made glad the heart of the stamp dealer, for the prices asked and cheerfully paid were the prices of a golden age. One gloomy day false rumour recorded his death. Consternation paled the faces of the leading stamp dealers of London, and one fainted right away on hearing the report, and had to be taken home in a cab. But the false rumour was quickly contradicted, and terrified traders once more breathed the breath of life and hope.

M. la Renotiere still pursues his hobby, still pays big prices, and spends his fortune in stamps. His visits still bring a golden sunshine into stamp trade circles, though the sales are not so large nor so certain as they were.

But the collection? Ah, that collection must be a sight worth seeing. I have met one or two who profess to have been allowed to see just a small portion, but no more. We all speak of it with bated breath. Our fancy pictures the gems it must include. We have all seen with longing eyes great rarities destined for it that we would fain possess. One cynic has dubbed the great collection the philatelic cemetery of Paris. He was no doubt a disappointed sinner. Yet there is no denying the fact that stamps that are gathered into the great Paris collection are never again available for reference or comparison.

It is known to contain no less than four copies of the "Post Office" Mauritius, the only known copy of the 1c. British Guiana of 1856, three of the first issued 2c. of that colony, and many of the rarest Hawaiian Islands.

The collection was started in 1864, and Mr. Bacon tells us that the owner seeks to include at least a used and unused specimen of each stamp, and "the most minute difference in shade of paper or ink, water-mark, or perforation, is deemed admissible." It is housed in a special room to itself, and a well-paid secretary is employed in looking after it and dealing with the very large correspondence it entails, for offers of stamps crowd in upon M. la Renotiere every day from dealers in all directions. If a dealer gets a variety that he imagines has not been chronicled or met with before, it is at once "priced for Ferrary," and posted off to Paris.

### MR. CASTLE AS A COLLECTOR.

Amongst our best known English collectors of the first rank each has his own way of working up his collection. Mr. M. P. Castle, J.P., of Brighton, the vice-president of the Philatelic Society of London, generally starts as an accumulator, *i.e.*, he gathers together as many fine specimens as possible of all the best stamps of a country, and when he has a satisfactorily representative lot, he selects the best, and arranges them in his albums. He is one of the most fastidious of English collectors. Consequently, a stamp that passes muster for the Castle collection must be the pick of fine copies. Hence the high price which he always obtains when he sells any portion of his collection. An old saying says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Mr. Castle reverses this in stamp collecting. He says, "Look after the rarities, and the common stamps will look after themselves," *i.e.*, from the start go for the rarities of a country—you can fill in the common stamps at any time. But most collectors have to begin at the other end, and leave blanks for the rarities to be filled in as the money can be spared.

When a wealthy and scientific collector starts on a fresh country he generally writes to the largest dealers for their stock books of that country, and in this way he has before him very often from three to half a dozen books, containing selections running into thousands of pounds. From these he picks the best copies, and his cheque to a single dealer will frequently run into three figures.

Others, not having the time to spare for laborious personal selection, will get a dealer to make him up a representative lot as a beginning. Recently a well-known peer of the realm gave a Strand dealer an unlimited order to make him up the best obtainable collection of early Transvaals. The dealer scoured Europe for fine copies, and got together a collection for which the little bill totalled up to £1,470, still leaving plenty of room for further expenditure.

### SCOURING OTHER LANDS FOR STAMPS.

Another leading specialist, who is an omnivorous buyer, when he starts on a special country, writes about a hundred dealers for selections on approval. The hundred letters are all despatched on the same day, so that selections may be posted to him before the news leaks out that Mr. So-and-so is going in for so-and-so, for the moment that news becomes known to the trade up go prices of fine copies of that country in preparation for expected sales. Indeed, it is no secret that collectors follow each other like geese. If a well known leading specialist takes up a fresh country, others take what they regard as a hint and open out in the same direction. Consequently, specialists say as little as possible about their favourite country until they have had their pick of the market. When the collector to whom I have just been referring goes stamp hunting in Paris or any of the continental stamp cities, he engages a cab and flies around, post haste, from one dealer to another, stripping their best stocks of the finest copies before anyone can communicate with the others that Mr. So-and-so is scouting for copies of such-and-such a rarity. Leading stamp dealers are very shrewd men of business, but some collectors run them close for a like reputation.

### ROBBED BY BEDOUINS.

This same collector once conceived the idea of scouring the country towns of Spain for old Spanish, and a most successful hunt he made of it. He secured most valuable and unsuspected hauls of unused and used blocks, and pairs of rare Spanish, but before returning home he decided to treat himself to a trip to Morocco, and during that ill-fated extension of his tour he lost nearly the whole of his garnerings of rare Spanish, for during an inland trip some very unphilatelic Bedouins swooped down on his escort in the desert, and carried off the whole of his baggage. He, being some distance ahead of his escort, escaped, and brought home only a few samples of the grand things he had found and lost.

The readers of THE CAPTAIN may not all have long purses and unlimited time at their disposal, but whether they draw the line for a single stamp at a penny, a shilling, a sovereign, or a five pound note, they will learn by their own and others' experience that great collections are built up, it may be from very small beginnings, but always as the result of a studious accumulation of philatelic knowledge and business methods of expenditure. Later on I may have something to say on the all important question of how to build up a great collection.

### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

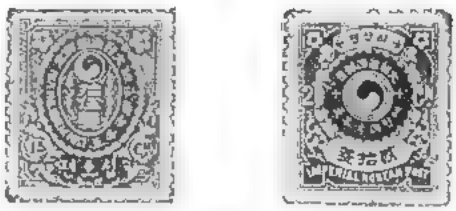
There is a surprising lull in the production of new issues just now. It is only the calm before the storm, for we shall have before very long the new King's Head on our English stamps, and then, one after another in rapid succession, the Colonials will follow suit.

Meanwhile, let us be thankful for the lull, and quietly fill our blanks of Queen's Head issues while they may be had as current stamps. But there need be no sensational rush or hurry, for dealers will stock the current issues in anticipation of the abnormal demand which the King's Head issue is certain to create. Still, the collector who fills up gaps at the low rates of current issues will be on the safe side of the hedge.

CHILL.

CHILL.—We illustrate a fiscal stamp which this country has authorised for use as a postage stamp during the temporary shortage of the regular 5c. stamps.

COREA.—Here are a couple of new values and designs to be added to the current set.



COREA.

NEW ZEALAND.—Already we have the Colonial print of the Universal Penny Postage Stamp. It is of a much darker carmine shade than the London print, and is on paper watermarked N.Z. and star. Of the Waterlow, or London print, two millions were sent out to the colony with the plates. These were so rapidly sold out that many dealers at home who were waiting for supplies of the London print have had to be content with the colonial prints. The London print may still be had at 2d. or 3d., and should be secured early.

THE TRANSVAAL has the honour of issuing the first stamp of Edward VII., for it has already overprinted a fresh supply of the 1d. value with the initials "E.R.I."

VICTORIA.—This colony, like other Australian members of the new Commonwealth, has to keep separate accounts of postal and fiscal revenue. Consequently the stamps which have been labelled "Stamp Duty," and which have done

for both postage and revenue, have had to be discarded, and instead of going to the expense of new plates for stamps, which must before long be superseded by Commonwealth stamps, have brought into use some old plates.

*Halfpenny.*—This is a re-issue in dark emerald green of the small label of 1873. The only change is in the colour—from red to the Postal Union green.

*One Penny.*—The plate of the 1d. of 1883 has been used for this value. The bust has been shortened to make room for the addition of a curved label with the word "Postage" underneath. The re-issue is printed in the Postal Union colour, red.

*Twopence.*—Type of 1881, unaltered, but printed in a more pronounced mauve, with a cream-tinted gum which may serve to distinguish unused copies, as the gum of the older print was a pure white. The lines of the engraving have apparently been deepened and strengthened throughout.

*Twopence-Halfpenny.*—This is the current design, with the "Stamp Duty" scroll in the left margin changed into "Postage."

*Threepence.*—Type of 1866, printed in orange brown, with lines of engraving deepened and strengthened.

*Fivepence.*—Current stamp with the words "Stamp Duty" at the base of the bust changed into "Postage." Otherwise unaltered in colour or design.

*Sixpence.*—Type of 1865, printed in bright emerald green.

*One Shilling.*—Type of 1873, printed in orange on white paper, otherwise unchanged.

*Two Shillings.*—Type of 1881, printed in blue on rose paper, otherwise unchanged.

*Five Shillings.*—Type of 1668 with colours transposed, the lettering and crown being printed in blue, and the framework and centre in vermilion.

TURKEY.—We have received full sets of the long-talked-of new Turkish stamps from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. There are three sets: one for international postage, one for internal, and a third for unpaid letters. The internal and unpaid series are of the same design. The design of the international series is somewhat similar to the others. The international and internal stamps are printed on a very thin white wove paper. The unpaids are printed in black on a magenta-coloured paper of ordinary substance. We append the values and colours. Perf. 13½.

*Adhesives.*

FOR INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5 paras, brown. | | 2 piastres, blue. | |
| 10 " | green. | 5 " | yellow. |
| 20 " | magenta. | 25 " | green. |
| 1 piastre, blue. | | 50 " | lemon |

FOR INTERNAL POSTAGE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5 paras, purple. | | 5 piastres, pale magenta. | |
| 20 " | red. | 25 " | chocolate. |
| 1 piastre, dark blue. | | 50 " | pale brown. |
| 2 piastres, orange. | | | |

FOR UNPAID LETTERS.

10 paras, black on magenta paper.
20 " " " " "
1 piastre, " " " "
2 piastres, " " "

SPAIN (Fernando Po).—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the first of a new set dated 1900. The design is unchanged. We take the colours from the *Monthly Journal*:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 centavos, mauve. | | 15 centavos, deep violet. | |
| 3 " | bright pink. | 20 " | brown. |
| 4 " | deep chocolate. | 40 " | orange brown. |
| 5 " | bright blue. | 50 " | bright green. |
| 6 " | orange. | 80 " | deep blue. |
| 8 " | bronze green. | 1 peso, red brown. | |
| 10 " | lake. | 2 pesos, orange vermilion. | |

The high values are in *pesos*, not *pesetas*.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Clifton.**—Telegraph stamps and locals are, of course, collected, but are by no means ranked with postage stamps, as fewer collect them. Post-cards and envelopes may be collected cut or uncut. They are naturally of less value in the mutilated form. Bill stamps, if collected, should be kept separate. Few collect them. They vary in value just as postage stamps do. **Philatelist.**—Numbers of countries besides French colonies have "new values surcharged on their stamps." In fact, most countries at some time or another have issued such provisionals. The firms you refer to are, so far as we know, thoroughly reliable. **Elgin.**—Thanks for the new Spanish, which, however, we have already seen and chronicled. It is one of a full set just issued. **X.Y.Z.**—Newfoundland 1857 issue, 1s. bisected, if separated from envelope will be of no value, but if on original envelope, or on piece of it showing cancellation over stamp and envelope, should be worth from £10 to £15, or even more according to condition. The *Philatelic Record* is a fourpenny monthly. It is published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Amen Corner, London, and may be ordered through any bookseller. Subscription 5s., post free.

# A MAN'S LIFE MUST PAY

By Alfred T. Story.

Illustrated by Geo. Hawley.

"WELL, yes," said Sandy Bickerton, "I confess I was once mightily frightened—frightened almost out of my wits. Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge the fact; for braver men than I pretend to be were just as much scared as I was. However, I will tell you the story, and you shall judge for yourselves whether it was an occasion to shake one's nerve or not."

Sandy Bickerton was a lighthouse-keeper, who had been in the employ of the Northern Commissioners for some years. But before he received his present appointment he had made more voyages to the Arctic seas in pursuit of whales, and to Labrador in quest of seal, than you could count by fingers upon your two hands; moreover, being a man of quiet observation and retentive memory, he had a good many yarns to tell that were well worth the hearing.

We, who were seated with him in his little cottage, beneath the shadow of a lighthouse overlooking the estuary of the Tay, knew this quality in Sandy of old, and had walked over from the military camp on the scrubby flat near by with the double purpose of enjoying a crack with an old friend, and, if possible, of drawing from him the narration of one of the many stirring episodes of which his earlier life had been so full. He was not easily "tapped," as Sinclair called the operation, and it was perhaps for that reason that, when he was "on," the treat was such a great and rare one.

As it happened, however, we had been listening the night before to some pretty stiff yarns of Tommies' in the camp, turning for the most part on instances of utter and inexplicable funk, either for no reason whatever, or else arising from causes so paltry that they made the resulting panic the more bewildering. One of the tales was of a seasoned man of an Irish regiment who, standing sentinel one night at his commanding officer's quarters, was suddenly startled by a parrot belonging to one of the married officers' women fluttering down on to the top of the sentry-box, and whispering in his ear: "Man, don't ye see them there, eyeing ye in the dark?" Although Pat, turning quickly, saw the bird, he dropped his bayonet like a toad and ran for his life, followed by others who, marking his ghastly face and eyes of abject terror, were instantly seized with the self-same fit, and scuttled like him.

"I can quite believe it," said Sandy. "I've known a whole ship's company taken like that—I won't say for no reason whatever, but for the stupidest possible of reasons. For instance, I was once in a ship bound from Galatz, on the Danube, to Wilmington, in the States, with bones. All went as smooth as a greased wheel until we had got half-way across the Atlantic, when we were so bothered with head winds that we could not make our westing. Then it was that a fool of a Maltese cook whispered to the Scandinavian carpenter that it was all on account of the bones in the hold, which, said he, were human remains from the Russo-Turkish battle-fields; and that, because they were disturbed from their rest, their souls

had come to haunt the ship. It was soon all over the vessel, and, do what he would, the captain couldn't instil a pennyweight of reason into the crowd, which, I must say, was made up for the most part of foreign tag-rag. The upshot of it all was that the only men amongst us who were British—four in all—were left to ourselves, the others going off with our biggest boat and best food. I think, however, we had the marrow, after all. The next day we dropped in with an American vessel, and when we told them our fix the captain asked if any of his men would volunteer to help us on to our destination, which two very readily did. As to the poor fools who were afraid of the old bones, I never heard what became of them."

It was at this point that Sinclair put the question to friend Bickerton which brought out the confession that stands above, followed by the yarn which is now to be told, as nearly as may be, in the old whaler's own words, though one despairs from the outset of being able to get into it one-twentieth part of the tang of the salt and taste of the tar with which Sandy so naturally flavoured it.

"You must know," said he, "that we were detained later than usual at the seal fishing, and so when we got back to Dundee we had to hurry over our refitting, so as to start on the first of May for the whaling grounds. We put in at Lerwick to complete our complement of men, and, unfortunately, in going ashore damaged one of our whale-boats, so that we were obliged to have her patched up with a clamp of iron along the keel.

"The job was done cleverly enough, but I must tell you that two of our hands were very ill-pleased about it. They were Stornaway men, brothers, named McLeod—two such specimens that it will be necessary to give you a few particulars about them. The elder, Kenneth, was a dark, fierce-looking man, with a broad-set, herculean frame; while Alister, the younger, was his opposite both in colour and build, being tall and fair. He had a soft voice, too, more like a woman's than a man's, with something of a woman-like bloom on his cheek.

"Well, these men, superstitious beyond the ordinary run of seafaring folk, were uncommonly put out about the strengthening of the keel with the iron clamp. Their faces darkened on hearing of it, and they asked the skipper to let them go ashore. Captain Yule, however, was not the man to put up with any nonsense of that kind, and the only answer he vouchsafed was to bid them go about their work, and not make fools of themselves.

"I for one wished then, as I certainly wished after, that he had listened to them, for I never saw men who suffered so terribly from what they considered an evil influence which had fallen upon the ship. It was their first voyage in the *Narwhal*, though both of them had been to the fishing before, and Kenny in especial was a first-class specksioneer.

"You must not go away, however, with the idea that the McLeods showed fear. Two braver men never rove a buntline, and when the excitement was on them they were as fearless as the chivied wind—especially Kenny, who would have dared the very deil in his den when his dander was up. But it was in the cool of the blood, sitting in the fo'c'sle at night, or listening, on a tingling nerve, to the mutterings of the dark, that the skeeriness came on them. At such times they seemed to shrink and quail like women. I never saw anything like it before; but since then I have noticed the same sort of thing in others, especially among Hebrideans, who have a belief in spirits, wraiths, and demons, and the like uncanny beings generally, that at times, after hearing them, you are tempted to doubt your own corporeality.

"Everybody in the ship was aware of this peculiarity of the McLeods. Some scoffed at it, some made fun of it, but probably none of us would have taken much after-thought of the matter if it had not been for the dreadful event that was so soon to take place.

"As I said, we reached Melville Bay early in June. Everything seemed propitious for a run of luck—the weather fine, the water open, the whales' food in abundance. But one week, two weeks, then three weeks dragged along, and not a 'blow' did we see. You may imagine how depressing it was, and some of the crew, I know, began to feel very disheartened, not a little on account of the croakings of the McLeods, who talked about an evil iron fiend being under the ship instead of a beneficent wood spirit.

"The wind so far had been from the sou'-west; but one day—it was, as I remember, a Sunday—just after the captain had read prayers, for he was a decent, thoughtful body, the wind went round to the nor'ard, which was considered by some old whalers as a favourable one for fish, and Captain Yule, rubbing his hands, said to the elder McLeod, who was standing by him:—

"'Well, Kenny, when are we going to have a fall?'

"'It is small fishing we will be having this trip, Captain Yule,' said Blacker, as we called the elder McLeod, on account of his black hair and beard.

"'I fear you're a prophet of evil, McLeod,' said the captain. 'I don't think it will be so bad as that. What say you, Sandy?'

"I had not time to put in my oar before 'A fall! A fall!' sounded from the look-out at the mast-head.

"'Where away?' cried the captain.

"'Starboard bow, sir—about two miles away.'

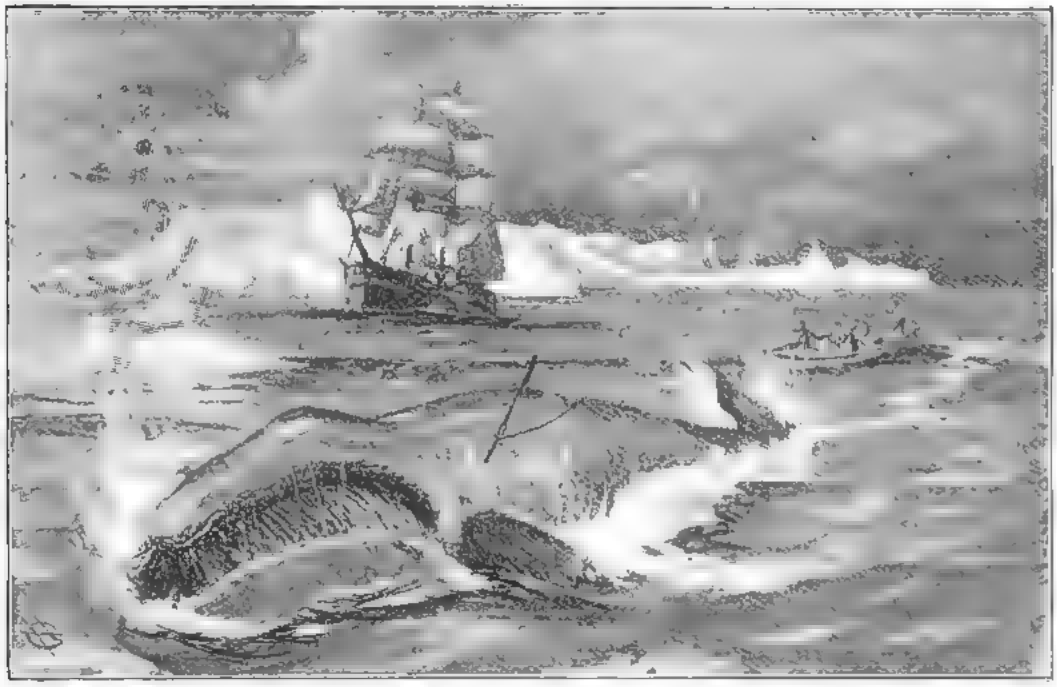
"Captain Yule ran up to the bridge and turned his glasses in the direction indicated, but before he could get them properly focussed, the mate, who had skipped up to the main top, holloaed out:—

"'Right it is, sir! There she spouts! And another—and another!'

"'Why, there's a whole school of them!' cried the captain, who had now hit the spot. 'Away boats!

tune; for, you know, we all got our little share of the catch, besides our screw, and you bet if we did not work with a will. Until the whole five were cut up and stowed in the hold not a man Jack of us had a wink of sleep—no, nor so much as a five minutes' stretch on the horizontal, and that was well on to forty hours. While the excitement lasts you have no feeling of fatigue, but when it is over—My stars, how you sleep! And your nerves will sometimes tingle to the music for a week.

"The McLeods? They just went in like the rest, and there was no more grumbling while the tussle lasted. Blacker had his harpoon first into two of the fish. Both he and his brother were



IT PROVED TO BE AN ENORMOUS BULL WHALE

"Every man was at his post, and before you could say 'dickory-dock' the boats were manned and in the water, and then you saw thirty-two men straining at the oars, every mother's son of them doing his mightiest to send his boat to the front. Captain Yule had a voice that sounded like a siren when he cared to exert it, and you may imagine if he did not exert it now encouraging the crew to do their utmost.

"Well, of that school we took five, all big fish—three thousand pounders, as we called them, for both blubber and bone were then fetching top prices.

"It was a splendid haul, and put us in fine

in our boat, which was No. 1, and they were the life of the party.

"A week after the capture of the five we had another 'fall.' It proved to be an enormous bull whale, which led us a tremendous dance, then gave us the slip, or at least, compelled us to cut the line and let him go. It was a terrible disappointment, but we had our revenge the next day, when we took two as easily as tickling for trout. Our boat again drew the first blood, and the captain complimented Kenny McLeod. Says he, 'Why, Blacker, you'll be so rich by the time you get back to Lewis that you'll be able to buy your croft.'

"'Ay, ay!' returned Blacker, with a laugh, 'and Alister there to wed his *gaolach*,' for, you know, there's an extra premium for the boat that gets in the first harpoon.

"We had now won seven fish, which was a fine take, as things went, and the captain would have been well content to put about, and run straight home. So would we all. But on second thoughts the skipper decided, as the weather continued open, and we were in luck, it would be best to stay on a bit, and see if we could not fill a few more of our casks. So we steered away for Lancaster Sound. We had not gone far before we came upon pack ice; it was pretty loose, however, and as there was open water beyond, the captain resolved to push through. But it was a risky thing to do; at least some of us thought so, and in the end it proved unfortunate.

"We had no sooner reached clear water than the look-out announced whales in sight Every boat was instantly lowered, and away we went, helter-skelter, each boat singling out the biggest fish it could see. Ours proved to be an uncommonly fine one, and Blacker was about to let fly his harpoon as we came alongside, when, to our surprise, his arm suddenly dropped, and with a muttered oath, he stood staring at the whale as though he had been suddenly mesmerised. Garnish dashed in with his lance; but the blow missed, the brute diving just as he made his lunge. He went clean under the boat, and the whole crew of us had a very narrow escape. His back actually scraped the keel, giving it such a bunt with his hump as almost to capsize us. The wonder is that he did not send us flying into the air with a smack of his fluke; but as a matter of fact, he did us a worse service.

"When we asked McLeod what it was that made him flinch his stroke, he said it was because he was so startled to recognise the old bull whale that he had harpooned in the bay, and that had given us such a run for nothing.

"We said it could not be the same.

"'It was,' said he; 'I saw the shaft of the harpoon with the line attached, sticking out of his off side. Will you be thinking I do not know where I struck him?'

"We presently caught sight of our quarry about a quarter of a mile away, and determined to make another try for his fat, though both Kenny and his brother were hard against it. They had very curiously got another of their superstitious fits on. But we others would not listen to their talk, which was to the effect that the creature was not a real whale at all, but some uncanny monster—some *rag-bhalach deamhan*—that could take any shape it willed, to the end that it might bring about its mischief.

"'Haud yer silly clash, mon!" cried Job Caudwell, at length. 'Ye're fair bedeevil'd wi' yer cursed speerits an' yer fiends of like shape an' colour. I'll wager the whole skin and soul o' me that we'll find nathing worse than good blubber and bone in the beast, an' that's what we're out here for, an' not to listen ta sic ungodly chammer as we've bin a-hearing a gosht deal too mich o'.'

"At this there was a general cry of 'Hear, hear!' and, as Kenny and Alister said no more, either for or against, we gave way with a will in pursuit of the whale, which we still saw spouting well ahead of us. But I must say, so far as I was concerned, that my heart was no longer in the business. The uncanny talk of the McLeods about spirits an' spooks and such eldrich gaup had chilled me to the marrow, and the spell was heightened by the falling of a heavy mist, which seemed to have stolen upon us unawares. The result was that we soon found the whale had dodged us, and that, with the fog thickening every minute, it would take us all our time to grope our way back to the ship.

"Indeed, we very soon saw it was not to be done. The mist fell upon us like a wet blanket, and it was so black that we could not see from one end of the boat to the other. By general consent we came to a stand, and decided to remain as nearly as we could where we were until the fog lifted. By the time of day it was about eight o'clock, and as we had been out since early morning, with but little to eat, you may lay odds we were tired. However, pipes were lighted up, and the smell of the tobacco helped to liven our spirits; although you would have been amused to hear how the grumbling and repining was now on the side of those who had been loudest against the Stornoway men, who on their part, to make the turning of the tables complete, seemed to have completely recovered from their panicky fears and to look upon the undoubted dangers with which we were surrounded with calm and even cheerful minds.

"Blacker began to tell us a yarn of how Art McTavish did the deil. It was an amusing story, and he was just narrating how Mac proved one too many for the auld'un for the second time, when a dunt on the under-side of the boat made him suddenly haul his wind and go of a ghastly colour.

"We all felt the thud. Garnish, who was the coolest head in the boat, immediately said, 'It's on'y a bit of ice knocking up against her,' and I think we all took the explanation as reasonable and sufficient, except our two Gaelic friends, who both shook their heads ominously.

"'Come now,' exclaimed Garnish, 'let's have

your explanation. I say it *could be* nothing but a piece of ice.'

"'Could be?' repeated Alister. 'And all the black depths below us and around us filled with life that we know is not holy or human—soulless life, if one must say the truth—that exists only for evil, and destruction, and——'

"The man spoke in a low, vibrant tone that sent the creeps down our backs. What else he was going to say, Heaven only knows for at the last word he stopped suddenly short, his jaw fell, and he looked for all the world like one suddenly mummified with cold. I was so taken up with the appearance of the poor wretch that I noticed nothing else until Kenneth, who was sitting on the thwart by me, muttered in a low, sepulchral voice:—

"'She moves! *A beothalas-cronail!*'

"It was true, the boat moved—moved against the set of the tide, stern foremost. I cannot put into words the amazement, the horror, that froze on every face, the cold shudder that ran through every frame. We seemed to cower together under the abysmal horror of the thing.

"For my own part, I confess to a feeling of the most abject terror, which seemed to freeze the very pith of my bones. It may have lasted a second or two—it may have been longer—I don't know; it felt like an eternity. I crouched down as though under the apprehension of an impending grip, while, at the same time, I felt that profundity of black water and peopled space beneath us only separated by a thin inch plank which, it seemed, must shrivel up and let us through the next instant into the monster-haunted depths.

"Such were my sensations, and I believe the others felt much the same. Meanwhile we were sliding slowly backward into deeper fog, and blacker darkness.

"It was then Eli Sandiman, in an awesome voice, cried:—

"'What, in the name of all that's holy, can it be?'

"The words called us a little to ourselves, and, by a common impulse, we seized our oars, and began to pull as though for dear life—of course, the contrary way to the one we were being carried. But our united strength was as nothing against the fiendish force, or devilish enchantment, that was dragging us to destruction. Despite our most frantic efforts, we slid backward and backward—every moment with increasing speed.

"Human nature could not stand it! My oar broke in my hands with a crash that, in the unnatural silence, seemed like the crack of doom. At that most of the others stopped rowing in sheer fright, while big Peter Davis dropped into the bottom of the boat, groaning, 'Lord, have mercy upon us!'

"Garnish peered, with bulging eyes, into the darkness behind the boat, to see if any explanation were visible. But there was nothing but

HE PLUNGED HEAD FOREMOST INTO THE SEA, AND INSTANTLY DISAPPEARED.

what one's fears might shape out of the dark.

"Then a thing happened that redoubled our horror. All at once we felt the pace slacken, and we began to breathe more freely. For myself, I felt a sudden lightness of heart, and a joy, like nothing so much as what you experience when nearing home. But then! On the top of it, like the crash following the levin flare, came a groan from someone in the stern of the boat:—

"'*She's pulling us down!*'

"It was the truth! We were being pulled under by the stern, and at that end of the boat the black, oily looking water was already within an inch of the boat's gun'l.

"I can't tell you precisely what followed. There was a rush forward, I know, and a scramble amidships that greatly heightened the danger of the situation. There were voices, too, raised in terror and altercation. But what was said and done appears to me now more like the confused memory of a dream, in view of the startling thing that happened by my side.

"During all this time the McLeods had sat like men from whom all fear had gone, and who simply abided their fate. I especially noticed Blacker's preternatural calm, and the marble composure of his face. But when the whisper came that we were being dragged under, and the panic occurred, he rose from his seat, muttering '*A beothas-cronail—fear-marbh—tabharnas*,' or words like that, which I took to mean 'A man's life must pay,' and without another word he plunged head-foremost into the sea and instantly disappeared.

"The act did not surprise me; in such a condition of strain nothing does; I simply watched for his re-appearance. He could not have been down more than a minute or a minute and a half, but it seemed an age before someone shouted 'There he is!' and I caught sight of him on the other side of the boat, near the stern, but some yards away.

"Garnish cried 'Pull!' But before anyone could get a grip of the water, he disappeared again with a wild, heart-rending shriek. I shall never forget the sight of him—his broad pale face streaked with clinging hair, the white of his eyes only showing, and his hands raised above his head—barely the time you could count two, and then he was gone. And scarcely had he disappeared before his brother, rising from the thwart in front of me, plunged after him with a wild cry of 'Kenneth, Kenneth, *mo-ghaol*!'

"While this was happening, no one noticed that the strain was taken off the boat. Every thought was turned to the rescue of the two men. But though we rowed to and fro and called aloud for a long time we saw no trace of the poor fellows. Then, when all hope was gone, the awe and mystery of the thing overwhelmed us, and we were presently pulling away as for our very lives. It did not matter to us that we did not know in the least the way we were going; to be away, anywhere, out of such a conclave of horrors—that was all we thought of.

"I do not know how long we had been bending thus to our oars—perhaps the better part of an hour—when, easing off a little in our fears, we began to question each other as to where we might possibly be, laying on our oars the while, and listening. Suddenly we heard a noise as of some huge creature going through the water, with seething wash and snort, while a swell, such as we had not perceived before, began to lap the side of the boat. Consternation and dismay again leapt into every face; nor can you greatly wonder, seeing the agitation and strain of nerve we had gone through. There was no time to think or reason ere Big Davis made our hearts leap into our mouths by pointing to some dark object looming above us in the mist, close at hand, and yelling in a way to knock all sense out of you, 'The *Cuis-nabhais!*'

"He seemed, too, as though he would have followed the lead of our poor shipmates and gone overboard, had not Caudwell seized him roughly by the breast of his jersey and bellowed at him:—

"'You great thundering, blubber-headed son of a sea cat, can't you see it's the ship, the blessed *Narwhal?*'

"And sure enough it was. Never did mortal men hail a ship with more glee than we did, and received the welcome reply:—

"'Boat ahoy there! Are you No. 1?'

"It was Captain Yule's voice. 'Ay, ay, sir!' we cried.

"Lend a hand here, men," he sang out.

"We were soon aboard, telling our tale, which the captain listened to with amazement, and, as it seemed to me, only half belief. However, as we were nearly starved, he bade us go below and get something to eat, and asked the second mate to see to the getting in of our boat.

"We had barely started before we heard the mate's voice calling out at the fo'c'sle hatch, 'Here, you, Bickerton, Cauldwell, Garnish, tumble up here!'

"We ran as if the ship were on fire, and what d'ye think? As I'm a living man—there was the captain, the mate, and half the crew crowding round the whale-boat, which was swung up on the davits, and staring at her underside. I gave one look, and there was the solution of the whole mystery. The iron clamp we had had put

on the keel at Lerwick had sprung at the bow end, and tightly fixed in it was a coil of rope, about a couple of yards in length. It was all as plain as the nose on your face. The old bull whale that had got away with the harpoon in his side, and the line attached, had, when he dived under us, somehow loosened the clamp; and it was he who, when we felt what we thought was a dunt from a piece of ice, had touched us, and, in doing so, had got a bight of the line over the loose end of the iron, and thus towed us along at such a speed, and would most likely have pulled us under, had not Blacker, when he dived, cut the rope with his knife. As for Blacker's death, that was, no doubt, due to cramp.

"Such a painful turn to an otherwise successful voyage determined the captain to go home at once, and we began to head away south the very next day. However, we were destined to have one more catch before we finally parted, and that was a whale that rose right across our bows, almost touching the forefoot. We took him after a smart spin, and, as our luck would have it, he proved to be the cause of all our troubles, the old bull whale, with Blacker's harpoon and line still fixed in his side."

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# "MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

## *OLIVER CROMWELL.*

OLIVER CROMWELL, although one of the greatest of English statesmen, is the one who has been most blamed and hated as being a cruel, hard tyrant; a man who —by means of an iron will and hand—rose from the position of an unimportant country gentleman to that of Protector.

Most people, referring to the execution of Charles I., or the massacres in Ireland, speak of Cromwell as an inhuman monster, deserving of the greatest punishments. Those who criticise him so are evidently people who know little about his life, or who have confined themselves to bigoted and hostile writers.

Cromwell came of a family having a reputation for its loyalty and chivalry dating from the times of Henry IV. In his youth Cromwell was taught by a Puritan, his chief source of reading being the New Version of the Bible. He was thus brought up in an atmosphere of religion; and it became a habit with him to refer to the Bible in all doubts, and to quote from it was his delight.

Cromwell was always acutely conscious of the presence of God, and in a manner people nowadays cannot realise.

When married he was a tender, loving husband, an earnest, kind father, who was always anxious to guide his children and relations to that same respect for God and His commandments as he himself felt.

His public life was as just and admirable as his private life was pure and blameless. The iron will with which he is credited he certainly possessed; how otherwise could he have organised those renowned Ironsides? But a hard or a cruel man he never was: he was firm when it was necessary. Take, for instance, the execution of Charles. Cromwell believed himself responsible to God for the death of Charles; he thought of all the evils which had been caused by those seven years of civil war. Charles had caused this war by his stubbornness and obstinacy in refusing the just demands of Parliament, and his one life, however valuable, could never atone for all he had lost by his faults.

Again, Cromwell was most reluctant to assume the title of Protector, a post he is said to have plotted and schemed for; but here, as before, he saw the course of his duty before him, and he resolutely followed it; he saw that he was the only man capable of saving the country from ruin, and he saved it.

There is, however, one great blot on Cromwell's life, which no admiration for him can excuse or efface. It is the campaign in Ireland. In England such a terrible deed as the massacre of Drogheda would never have taken place; nor would it in Ireland but that the Irish were Catholics fighting for their faith. They were considered by the Puritans as being without the pale. It is an act for which the rabid Puritan fanaticism will be responsible. Cromwell was nobler and better than the Puritans or English of the time, and yet he must bear the blame and curse of those wrongs in which he was the instrument o the English, and at the same time was responsible for them.

W. VAUGHAN.

# THE YOUNG IDEA.

By R. B. Townshend.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

IN 1876 I spent some time with a tribe of Red Indians in the Far West. They had just returned from their annual buffalo hunt, which they made every fall on the great Plains, and the elders of the tribe pointed out to me with pride one of their boys, a handsome lad of sixteen or seventeen, who stood there blushing, with his eyes modestly cast down, while they told me what he had done. He had ridden his swift pony right up to a mighty bull, and he had driven his slender spear right into the animal's heart as he galloped beside him.

To spear a big buffalo bull on horseback is a splendid feat of nerve and skill, and the tribe did well to be proud of so gallant a youth. Boys like him had grown up to be the salvation of the tribe in the past; the first need of a wild tribe is to have warriors who can fight, and this boy had proved himself, what every boy should aim at being, a master of arms.

Fifteen years later the day of the redmen and the buffalo was over, and the American settler with his flocks and herds had taken their place. The bow and arrow and spear had vanished for ever, and the rifle was the arm of the frontiersman. But the American boy was bound to become as thoroughly master of his rifle as the Indian had been of his primitive weapons. His own life and that of his family might one day depend on his skill, and his father would send him out with three bullets and three charges of powder, and if he did not bring back three squirrels, or three rabbits, shot through the head—well, he had good reason to regret it.

When I came back from the Far West I felt sorry to see how helpless our active, high-spirited English boys were when a gun was put into their hands. Of course, in a thickly populated country like ours you cannot turn a boy loose with a rifle and tell him to go off and shoot squirrels. He would probably return in charge of a policeman. That was my own fate, when, fired by ambition at the age of twelve, I surreptitiously borrowed my big brother's Enfield rifle and sallied forth to make myself a worthy successor of Fenimore Cooper's "Deerslayer" on Durdham Down. My grandmother paid the fine. Considering that I was within easy range of Bristol, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, perhaps it was as well that my ambition received a check.

But though shooting at large, with long-range rifles, has to be discouraged, a great deal may be learned by the humble means of an air-gun, and I know of more than one man who is now serving his country in South Africa who learned the "A B C" of his rifle shooting in this manner.

One of them, when he fired with a Lee-Enfield for the first time in his life, made a bull with his sighting shot, and six more bulls out of the next ten. With an air gun as with the rifle the three great elementary lessons can be learnt: To focus properly, that is, to practise your eye in taking in at once the front sight, the back sight, and the target; to hold your weapon absolutely steady; and to squeeze the trigger smoothly without jerk or pull.

SHOOTING AT A MOVING TARGET, SWINGING AS A PENDULUM.

Our first illustration shows a party of boys at work with the air-guns. They shoot lying down, kneeling, or standing. The one sitting at the table has before him a Lee-Enfield rifle which rests on sand-bags and is laid so that the sights bear exactly on one of the targets. We do *not* shoot with the Lee-Enfield in the back garden, but it is used for practising the art of sighting.

The air-gun in the hands of the little boy who is kneeling has been in use for nineteen years. All it has required has been a new spring occasionally. Its weight was a little over 5lbs., but it has been raised to 7lbs. by wrapping a piece of sheet lead three-quarters round the barrel where the left hand grasps it, and lashing it there firmly with a wrapping of waxed twine. This gives a good grip to the hand, and brings the air-gun up to the weight of an ordinary carbine.

The targets we use are old grocery boxes, and measure about 8ins. by 14ins. They are stuffed full of shavings and old newspapers, and a sheet of cardboard is tacked on in front instead of the wooden top.

If you fire at anything hard, like a board or a brick wall, the air-gun slugs rebound all about the place and may do mischief. But they pass freely through the cardboard, and find a safe billet in the mass of shavings behind. Fresh targets are pasted on to the cardboard after a few shots, and every boy shoots at a separate target, so that he can see exactly where every one of his shots strikes.

At ten yards you can generally see the bullet-hole with the naked eye, but in the illustration the boy standing behind is looking at the target with an opera glass. After a dozen shots apiece or so have been fired we walk up together to paste on the fresh targets and compare performances.

We have two absolute rules: no gun is ever to be left loaded, and no gun, loaded or unloaded, is to be pointed at anyone. Boys soon take a sportsmanlike pride in following these rules, and in nineteen years I have never had an accident.

But, of course, we cannot be too careful. Air-guns are not things to fool with.

I know of a man who was desirous that his two boys should learn to shoot, so he bought them an air-gun. But being anxious that they should run no risk, he gave it to them only upon one condition—the two boys and the air-gun were never under any circumstances to be all in the garden together at one and the same time. The boys joyfully gave the required promise, and practice began. But my friend heard an unwonted amount of running up and down stairs, which after a while aroused his suspicions, and he slipped out to see what was going on.

The boys had kept their promise to the letter. In the garden there was only one boy and the air-gun; the other boy was in the house. But the system they had with misapplied ingenuity invented in order to avoid monotony was this: They were to take it turn about to have the gun to shoot with; but, in order that the boy in the house might have his share of the fun, he padded his person with an armour of copy-books and presented himself at an open upstairs window as a target for the boy in the garden to take pot shots at.

That form of practice came to a sudden stop. I didn't hear whether the boys' copy-book armour came in useful in another capacity.

But it is quite true that shooting can get monotonous, especially at a target which remains fixed. Here, in illustration No. 2, is a variation with which we amuse ourselves in another part of the garden.

We erected a thing like a football goal made of an old scaffolding pole, and swung a 7ft. wooden pendulum from the middle of it. The pendulum bob is an empty cheese-box with a brick in the bottom of it to give it weight, the rest of the space being filled up with shavings to absorb the bullets. If a slug does sometimes miss the target it goes harmlessly into the little haystack behind. The trick for hitting the swinging target is to aim at it exactly at the moment shown in the picture, when it is on the turn at the end of the swing. The white bull's-eye, which is the size of a penny piece, is not very often struck at ten yards, but a fair number of shots find their way into the black ring round it.

The third illustration shows a boy mounted on a bicycle and shooting with an air-pistol at a martial figure, which represents an invader from anywhere you please—Mars, let us say, or Jupiter. The invader gets well peppered, though he is also frequently missed, a fact betrayed by the target, where the white spots visible on and around his person are bits of paper stuck on over old shot-holes. The target is made rather large to allow for a margin of error. To shoot accurately with a pistol from the saddle, whether on horseback or on a bicycle, is a very difficult art, and not to be learned in a moment.

FIRING WITH AN AIR PISTOL MOUNTED ON A BICYCLE.

In the old days of buffalo-hunting on the Great Plains, beginners who were carried away by the ardour of the chase had some curious experiences.

There was a very dashing soldier in the United States army—General Custer, a splendid rider and shot and a keen sportsman. After the war closed in '65 he was sent to occupy Texas, and finally he was sent out on the Plains to fight Indians. To-day the West thinks that a better Indian-fighter than Custer was would be hard to find. But when Custer first struck the great buffalo range he took his Kentucky thoroughbred and a .45 calibre pistol and started to find out for himself what running buffalo was like. He returned some hours later on foot, carrying his saddle. He had succeeded in finding the buffalo herd, and had started to run them. There was a tremendous race before he caught up with them, for it takes a first-class horse to overtake a buffalo on the prairie. However, the Kentucky thoroughbred was equal to the task, and carried his master up to the heels of the flying herd. Without waiting until he got right alongside them the impatient rider raised his pistol and opened fire, and the next thing he knew he was hurled heavily to the ground. Aiming forward at the buffalo in front of him he had shot his own noble charger dead, the bullet entering the back of the head and lodging in the brain.

Custer was a splendid rider and shot, and if he could make a mistake like that in the excitement of his first buffalo chase, what is to be expected of the ordinary greenhorn? As a matter of fact, nothing was commoner than for greenhorns to begin by braining their own horses in attempting to run buffalo, exactly as General Custer did.

I had a horse once, "Jack," which I bought from a Texas outfit that had come up through the Pan Handle, the men having been engaged in buffalo hunting on the way. I soon found out that if you wanted a little fun, all you had to do was to get on Jack, pull out your pistol, and

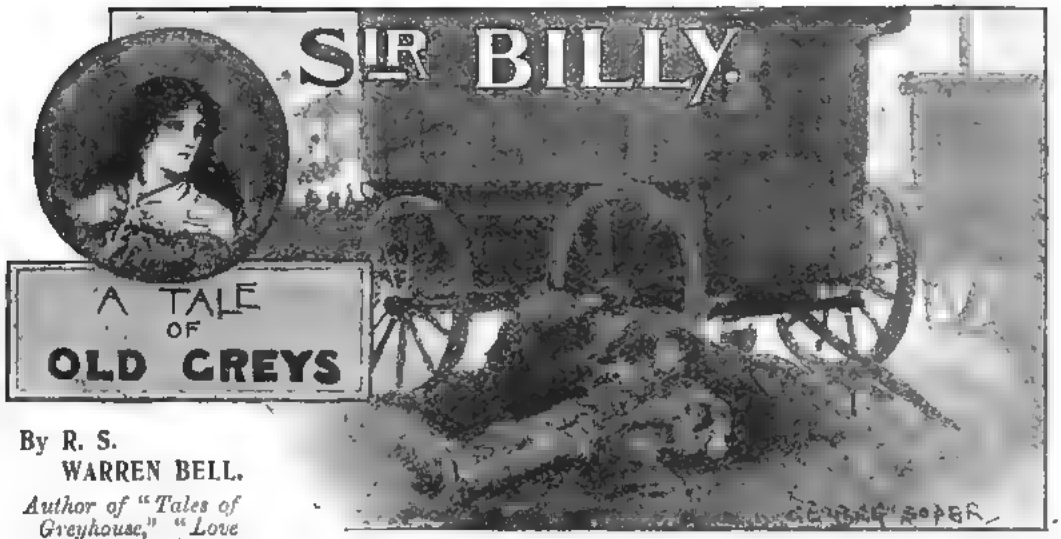
click the cylinder round. The moment you began Jack would whirl from right to left, and as long as you kept clicking the pistol he would keep on whirling leftwards like a waltzer reversing. The cause was simple enough. The man who had run buffalo on Jack had come so near blowing his unlucky steed's brains out that he had repeatedly burnt Jack's ears with the powder, so close by them had his pistol-shots whizzed. "Burnt-ear Jack" the boys very appropriately named the horse, and it was hardly to be wondered at that he was so desperately nervous about his ears after what he had gone through.

In our air-gun practice we have used various makes, not one of which, I am sorry to say, is of English manufacture. Several of the German and Belgian guns shoot very fairly, but they are all smooth-bores, and greater accuracy can be obtained with an American weapon which has its barrel rifled and shoots a felted slug. This, however, costs rather more than those imported from the Continent, but to my mind it is well worth the extra price.

Rifle ranges for Lee-Enfields are expensive matters to provide; the service arm, with its ammunition, can never be a cheap plaything Yet if our country is to be safe every man and every boy ought to be able to handle a rifle properly. You do not find a soldier or a sportsman fooling with a loaded weapon, or playfully pointing it at people "just for fun." They have learned better. If our boys were taught with the air-gun they would learn the proper sensible way to handle a weapon, we should have fewer accidents in peace, and fewer "regrettable incidents" when an unexpected war is forced upon us.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR, ARE YOU AWARE YOU'VE BEEN SHOOTING ALL THE MORNING WITH BLANK CARTRIDGES?"

*Drawn by Starr Wood.*




By R. S. WARREN BELL.

*Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc., etc.*

Illustrated by George Soper.

SIR CLAUDE TRAVERS, an impoverished baronet, dying in Egypt, Mr. Soames, his solicitor, takes charge of his only child, William. "Sir Billy"—as he was nicknamed at Greyhouse School—on arriving at man's estate, continues to regard Mr. Soames's house at Petershall as his home, though he spends the greater part of the year in London, where he practises as a barrister. Sir Billy and his friend Carew (otherwise "Parsnip"), whilst staying at Petershall one October, are instrumental in stopping a fight between a tramp and a showman. On the following day the showman is found dead, the tramp having disappeared in the night. Mrs. Soames having taken a strong fancy to Josie, the tramp's daughter, the girl becomes her "companion." At Christmas-time Sir Billy and Carew, going down to Petershall for a short holiday, observe that Josie has "improved" out of all recognition—in fact, they find it hard to believe that she and the tramp girl of the previous October are one and the same person.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MAN IN THE LANE.

AFTER dinner, while the young men were chatting aimlessly about football and theatres, Mr. Soames dozed off. Presently he awoke with a start and challenged Mr. Carew to chess. Of course, Parsnip had to express himself most pleased to play, and they fell to. When they had fairly settled down, Sir Billy stole out of the room, Mr. Carew watching him sideways with a suppressed chuckle.

"Gone to see her," he thought. "Doesn't waste much time, by George!"

Parsnip and Mr. Soames went at it hammer and tongs until the night's play ended honourably in a win each and one drawn battle. Then they put their men away, and, mutually pleased, sailed off to bed.

Parsnip's room communicated with Sir Billy's. There was a bright fire in each apartment—a little luxury which neither man disagreed with, for it was a night of that raw kind which makes a blaze welcome. Not that these two were the sort to huddle over hot coals and tell each other at intervals how cold it was. They were made of good stuff, both of them, and could play hard tennis in midsummer and ice-hockey in the winter with equal zest. However, a fire's a fire, and when it is making cosy light and shadow in a bedroom, there's a temptation to sit by it instead of getting sharp off the mark into bed.

Sir Billy had not slipped out, as Parsnip supposed, to "see her." On leaving the chess combatants he had simply repaired to Mr. Soames's study to write some letters. This done, he sat by the fire smoking and reading until he heard the other two go upstairs, when he turned out the gas and followed them.

He found Parsnip airing himself in front of his—Billy's—fire.

"Well, old man, was she very nice?" was Mr. Carew's greeting.

"I've been in the study," returned Billy shortly.

"Oh!" said Parsnip, not encouraged by the look on Billy's face to seek for further information. Wandering round the room, Mr. Carew's eyes noted, with some surprise, certain alterations for the better. He had often stayed with Billy before, and Billy's room had never been anything but an ordinary, every-day bedroom. But lately improvements had been effected, it appeared.

"Say, Billy, for a mere bachelor you've got

some very pretty knick-knacks. This mantelpiece is a triumph—and the pink bows on the looking-glass! Not quite the sort of thing you have in the Temple."

Billy surveyed the room with a new interest. It was certainly, as Parsnip suggested, a little different to the cupboard-like and dingy apartment he occupied when in town.

However, he made no comment, but fell into an easy chair and lit a cigarette.

"There's more in this than meets the eye," said Parsnip, knowingly, "although I must confess that what does meet the eye is very nice. Somebody's been preparing a Christmas surprise for you, Billy, my boy."

"So it seems," said Billy.

"I'll go and have a look at my room and see if that's ditto," added Parsnip. "And, as you don't seem talkative, I'll turn in. Really, old man," concluded Mr. Carew, pleasantly, "I think this vacation should prove very interesting. Well, good night—with all these charming attentions round you, you ought to have sweet dreams. Good night!"

"Good night, old chap!" returned Billy, who was not sorry to see the door close on his chum.

For some time after Parsnip had lounged off to bed, Sir Billy sat staring into the fire. Although matters connected with his bar work, with his life in chambers, with all the odds and ends that constitute a young man's existence in London, floated disconnectedly through his brain, his thoughts insisted on reverting to Parsnip's chaff on the subject of Miss Josie O'Malley. It annoyed Billy when he found himself unable to disassociate his mind from that trivial talk of his friend Carew's—idle stuff, quite unworthy of remembrance. A year ago, come Christmas Eve, what would he have done? He would have roamed light-heartedly round the house, giving a kindly word to the buxom maids, a shake of the hand to honest cook; he would have paid sundry cheery visits to Mrs. Soames's room, bringing soft smiles of affectionate welcome to the white face of the invalid. In fact, he would have behaved like a light-hearted school-boy home for the holidays.

But now——

"*What* is the matter with me?" he exclaimed, starting up from his chair with an impetuous movement.

He went over to his dressing-table. Now, Billy wasn't vain, but he studied his countenance attentively in the glass.

"Quite clean—that's about all I can say for it," was his comment. After this he turned away impatiently, flung himself on his bed, and gazed at the ceiling.

But for a few seconds only, for of a sudden he sat bolt upright and listened with his mouth open. A handful of gravel, or some substance of that nature, had rattled against the panes of his window.

He sat still, and in the course of another minute or so a second handful splashed like hail against the panes. Now Billy was in the mood for an adventure—for action of any sort. A couple of hard rounds with Parsnip would have done him all the good in the world, and would probably have made them both much better friends; but Parsnip was already snoring—Billy could hear him. If, therefore, some louts of the town were taking liberties with him, he was their man. His window opened on to the lane which divided Mr. Soames's house from the church. The back door of the house also opened on to this lane. Billy determined to give these jokers a lesson.

Getting off his bed—he had not begun to undress yet—he quietly opened his bedroom door, stole out into the passage, and descended the wide oaken staircase to the hall below.

Here the tiny jet of an incandescent burner afforded dim illumination. By its aid Sir Billy made his way down the hall to the door which gave entrance to the servants' quarters, and, softly passing through the kitchen, stole into the pantry, where, for purposes of ventilation, a perforated zinc blind served in lieu of a window. By peering through this blind one could get a view of the lane for ten yards or so either way—in fact, Billy had often heard Mrs. Soames remark that the maids held conversations through this blind with lovers lingering without—after cook had locked the back door for the night, that was.

Stealthily observing the lane by this means, Sir Billy presently descried the figure of a man stooping down barely a couple of yards from the pantry itself. The man's back was turned. As he raised himself to an erect position Sir Billy ducked his head and listened breathlessly.

Again a rattle of gravel on a window—not on his window though, for that was further away to the left. The window the gentleman was favouring with his attentions was the window of the guest-room, which was as a rule unoccupied, as Mr. and Mrs. Soames rarely had visitors in the house.

Who, then, was sleeping in the guest-room proper? In a flash of inspiration Billy answered the question correctly: the girl Josie was. When Billy ran over in his mind the rooms which the house contained, he saw that his conclusion must be correct. She, and she only, could be the occupant of the guest-chamber.

Stay! Of course! Now he understood the unusual appearance of his own room and the evidences of dainty fingers decoratively employed.

Since October Josie had slept there, so as to be near Mrs. Soames, whose room was just across the passage, but for Christmas she had turned out to make place for him—Billy—which was (thought Billy) a beastly shame, but very nice of her, as otherwise Parsnip and he would have had to share the guest-chamber, and that, as they did not happen to be on the best of terms, would have made things somewhat awkward for both of them.

Now, about this fellow who had chucked the gravel at his window. Sir Billy—for a reason which he did not care to inquire too closely into—went cold all over at the thought. Could Josie already have a lover in Petershall with whom she would deign to converse from an upstairs window? Had she been a silly schoolgirl with romantic tendencies, this would have been possible; under existing circumstances, however, it was highly improbable.

Then who was the man? Could he be a person who, overcome by good Christmas cheer, was displaying his joviality in this eccentric manner? If this were so, Sir Billy decided that he would promptly put a stop to the continuance of such dubious pleasantries.

Try as he would to shape a satisfactory explanation of this nature, Sir Billy intuitively felt that here was no Christmas roysterer; that, on the contrary, it must be a man who had come there with a set purpose—that of communicating with Josie O'Malley. Else why had he first tried to attract her attention by throwing gravel at the window of the room she *usually* occupied, and then, discovering his mistake, pass on to the window of the guest-chamber?

Evidently some mischief was afoot; honest men call in the full light of day; only rogues and love-stricken idiots lurk in by-lanes at midnight.

*Listen!* She had pushed her window up in answer to his summons. Ought he to listen? Was it fair? What should he do?

The erstwhile tramp-girl decided the matter for him, for presently he heard her voice, and what she said filled him with surprise mixed with other feelings.

"Is that you again?" she demanded.

("Then," murmured Billy, "this is not his first visit. I was right about the rooms.")

"Don't talk so loud," came the man's reply. "Yes, it's me. Are you going to attend to what I say, or not?"

A few moments' silence. Billy didn't know whether to go away or stop where he was. He would be no eavesdropper; but then, who was this man? Josie's tone was not friendly to him, Sir Billy noted with satisfaction.

Presently she spoke.

"You say you know where my father is?"

"Not so loud—yes."

"And you want me to go to him?"

"Yes."

Another silence.

"Then take my answer. I do not trust you, and I will not go with you. If my father wishes to see me he must write to me. That is all I have to say. Now go!"

"Stop!" answered the other voice. "One moment!"

"Go!—that is all!" said Josie, and closed her window with decision.

Overcome by an insatiable curiosity to study this midnight visitor more closely, Sir Billy again peered through the zinc blind. At the moment he looked out the man was standing immediately beneath the lamp-post, and the light was on his face.

Sir Billy started violently. The man—that face, where had he seen it? Back to his brain flashed the night of the fair and a strangely familiar countenance that he had gazed upon during his dream-sleep in the loft. That was the face! He knew now who its possessor was, and made up his mind on the instant as to the course he would adopt.

Slipping out of the pantry, he quickly and silently turned the key of the back door. Then, opening the door noiselessly, he peeped out. The fellow's back was turned to him. Here was his opportunity.

Sir Billy stepped out into the lane. Still the man remained in the same position. Sir Billy crept forward until he was close to him. The man did not hear him. The dream-memory surged up again in Billy's mind—Egypt—the mean little hotel by the Nile—his ailing father, and the man who had robbed him.

"*Dipper!*"

The name came fiercely from between his teeth as he seized the man by the shoulder and swung him round, so that the pale gleam of the lamp above fell full upon the sallow features, the long, lean jaw, the slight black moustache, and shifty eyes.

Dipper—the Cairo gambler, and the fortune-teller at the Mop, were one and the same!

"Who are you? What do you want? Leave go!"

"Do you remember the 'Hotel de l'Universe,' and a dead man that you robbed?"

Dipper did. He went white to the lips.

"Because I am that man's son. I was a little boy then, but now——"

So far, and no farther. Dipper had not been adventuring round the world all these years for nothing. With a sudden twist he released his

shoulder from Sir Billy's grasp and simultaneously shot out his right foot, catching his assailant on the shins. Billy stumbled forward, and as his head came within the other's reach, Dipper hit him savagely behind the ear.

Momentarily stunned by the blow, Sir Billy fell to the ground. When he struggled to his feet Dipper was gone; there was no trace of him to be seen. He had vanished.

Only the yellow light of the lamp gleamed coldly down upon Sir Billy.

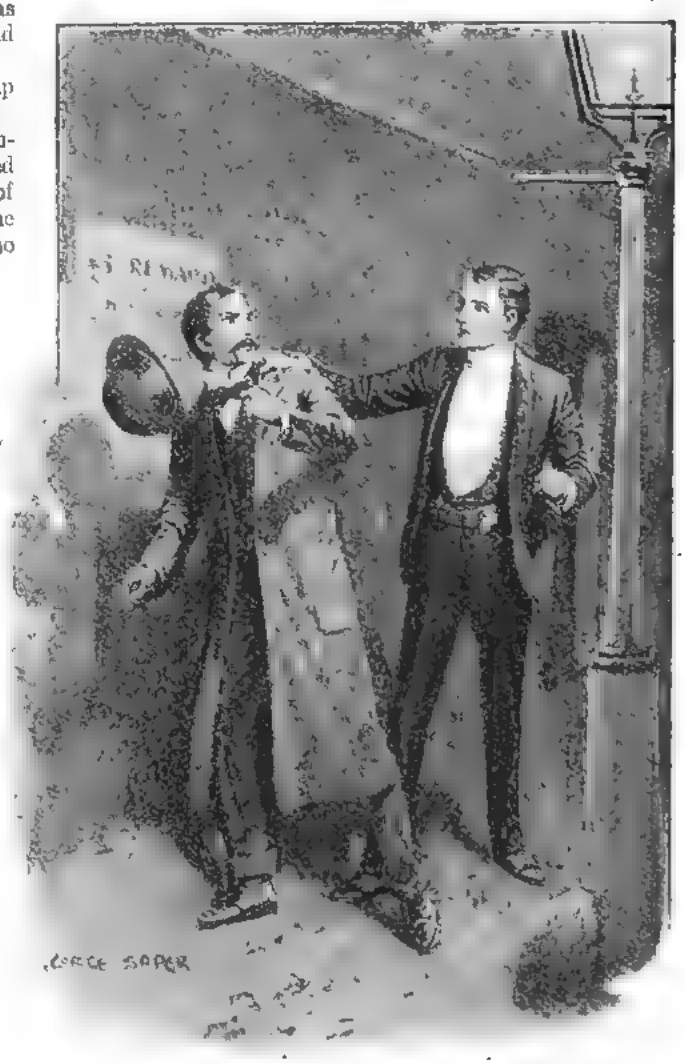
He shivered. It was Christmas morning, and he was without a hat, and clothed only in the flimsy evening clothes of modern fashion. The blow behind the ear had turned him sick, and he had no heart to hunt about for Dipper.

Slowly and unsteadily he turned and went back into the house, bolting and locking the door again ere he sought his room, flung off his clothes, and got into bed.

When all was quiet a figure emerged from a dark corner in the passage leading to the pantry.

"A happy thought of mine," murmured Mr. Dipper, quietly undoing the fastenings of the back door, "to nip in here. The last place he would have thought of looking for me! The next time I meet that young gentleman I will hit him a little harder. And to think — to think, that he should have remembered me! Wonders will never cease."

So saying, Mr. Dipper let himself out into the lane and walked rapidly away.



HE SEIZED THE MAN BY THE SHOULDER AND SWUNG HIM ROUND, SO THAT THE PALE GLEAM OF THE LAMP ABOVE FELL FULL UPON HIM.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A SIGN OF GRACE.

Blissfully unconscious of the mysterious proceedings in the lane, Mr. Carew slept the sleep of the healthy bodied and minded. He did not dream, nor did he turn till eight in the morning.

He was awakened by a tap at the door, and in answer to Parsnip's "Come in!" there entered a maid in spotless and rustling print. Much to Parsnip's astonishment—he had never been treated thus before when staying with the Soames's—she deposited a cup of tea and some slices of thin bread and butter on the little table by his side, and then, having drawn up the blind, whisked out as neatly as she had whisked in.

"This is all right," muttered Parsnip, heaving himself on to his elbow, and groping for the teaspoon. "I appreciate such attentions."

He negotiated the three pieces of bread and butter in three gulps.

"Puts a man into a good temper," he added, after he had swallowed his tea.

He lay back then for a quarter of an hour in a state of dreamy contentment. The tea was excellent, the bread and butter was first-rate—the whole thing was a surprise, indicating that a thoughtful head was now controlling matters domestic in Mr. Soames's residence.

"There's some sport in store for me," ejaculated Parsnip, as he shuddered into his cold tub; "good sport," he gurgled, as he applied his sponge briskly. "Old Billy blushed like a girl when he spoke to her last night. Ha, ha!"—(*shudder—gurgle—splash*)—"Who's the goat now? I'll take it out of him," concluded Parsnip, as he hopped out of the bath and grabbed a leviathan towel, "for all the nice things he's said to me on the subject of Love!"

"Breakfast nearly ready!" observed Mr. Soames, putting his knuckles to the bath-room door.

"Christopher Ko-lumbus!" exclaimed Parsnip, and thought no more about Billy or the heart of Billy till he appeared at the breakfast-room ten minutes late and with a cut on his chin—the result of record shaving.

Mr. Carew shook hands with Josie, who was presiding over the table in much the same way as one of Parsnip's sisters would have done—"only," thought Parsnip, "she's a lot handsomer than any of our crowd."

Mr. Soames and Billy were both busy with respective piles of letters. A few sedate cards from old friends had come for Mr. Soames. After looking at them himself he handed them to Josie, for whom the postman had brought nothing at all. She had made no acquaintances in Petershall, and it was not probable that she had informed any of her relatives or friends of her present whereabouts. And so, this Christmas-time, nobody sent greetings to this lonely maid.

Sir Billy followed his guardian's lead, and passed on to Josie for criticism a number of cards of all sizes and shapes from a large variety of friends. Feminine caligraphy was manifest on many of the envelopes—as Josie was not slow to note—for Billy knew a host of girls, and, while some of the cards were from portionless ones who liked Billy for his own honest self, others were from well-dowered maidens who would not have sent cards to plain William Travers, perhaps. For even Christmas Day gives the sour cynic food for thought—for Christmas, you see, gives ladies, as well as gentlemen, a chance of reviving memories of August house-boats and September house parties—and certain soft exchanges that may have taken place in the mellowing of the year.

"Perhaps you would like to see mine, Miss O'Malley," said Parsnip, handing over an assortment of cards from sisters and cousins, and possibly from people who were neither sisters or cousins.

"Oh, Mr. Carew!" said Josie, "they all seem to think you prefer comic ones."

Parsnip didn't quite like this remark; but it was true. To look at his cards you could not fail to observe the low comedian element that prevailed in the pictorial designs thereupon.

"But this is exquisite," added Josie, indicating a really artistic effort of a scriptural character.

"That's from an aunt," explained Carew.

"Such a relief after the stupid niggers, and the fat men falling down on slides."

"Yes," said Parsnip, a little shortly, as he noticed a slight smile hovering round her lips. It seemed to him that he wasn't getting much sport of the kind he had anticipated. Sir Billy and Josie chatted easily, as friends would chat, but there was nothing of the lovesick cub about Sir Billy. He was looking a bit paler than usual, Parsnip thought—that was the only thing he could "spot" in the shape of a "symptom." But then, Parsnip knew nothing of the episode in the lane, or that nasty hit behind the ear.

Mr. Soames presently gathered together his correspondence and went upstairs to see his wife.

"It must be very nice," said Josie, handing Parsnip his budget, "to have such a lot of friends."

"Women seem to like this sort of thing," returned Parsnip. "I don't send any myself—well, only one or two, you know," he added, recollecting that he had not forgotten the vicar's second daughter's existence; in fact, he had spent twenty minutes (aided by a sympathetic school-girl sister) in choosing a card for her at a shop in Regent Street, doing much execution among other purchasers with his elbows and feet while thus employed.

"Going to church, Billy?" inquired Parsnip, as he crushed his cards and letters into a pocket not nearly large enough to receive them comfortably.

"Yes," said Billy.

Then, turning to Josie, Billy said:—

"I suppose you will be going too, Miss O'Malley?"

"No," she replied without hesitation. "I never go to church."

"Our sort of church you mean?"

"I never go to any sort of church."

She could not fail to note the slight expression of surprise which came into the face of each young man.

"As far as I know," she explained, "I have never been to any place of worship in my life. I fear you will now consider me a very dreadful person, as Mrs. Soames does."

"By no means," said Sir Billy quietly. "I have

no right to do anything of the sort, because it is not my business."

And with this he turned the conversation into an impersonal channel.

Billy and Parsnip went to church with Mr. Soames. Whilst the familiar Christmas psalms and hymns were sung, Sir Billy's thoughts insisted on stealing out of church and back to The Yews, where, as Billy knew, Josie was sitting with Mrs. Soames, possibly reading to that lady out of the "good" books which Mrs. Soames, like many another invalid, found so comforting in her affliction. Josie would do this as a matter of custom, as a matter of duty. But she was intelligent, and could she read so many great and holy things without considering the truth and the worth of them for herself?

Sir Billy found nothing charming in the type of girl who advertised her neglect of religious duties; though other young men might laugh, he did not. Such an admission lowered a woman in his estimation, for he, in his simple way, served God, just as he honoured his King, and did by all men as he would have them do by him.

But Josie had made her confession in no loud or idle way. Her lack of religion was probably due to the effect of early training—to constant association with a father who had never said a prayer since he attained to manhood, and had consequently never taught his child to.

As for Parsnip, his thoughts, too, were busy with Josie's undeniably interesting personality. Regarding the vicar's second daughter, he experienced no thrill when her eyes happened to meet his—for Josie's eyes seemed to come between them, with a discounting effect on the eyes of the vicar's second daughter. And her figure, which had seemed to Parsnip, away back in the summer, to be so trim and neat—why, now it appeared positively lumpy—compared with Josie's.

Parsnip met her after church. With a woman's quick instinct the girl knew at once that the attentive Mr. Carew of July was not the same gentleman now—in his attitude towards her—as he had been then.

She stiffened at once, and cut her conversation with Parsnip very short indeed. When she got home she took Mr. Carew's Christmas card off her bedroom mantelpiece and tore it into very little bits, and then went down to the homely vicarage dinner-table with an ominous little flush in her cheeks and with lips pressed tightly together.

Now behaviour of this sort boded well for Mr. Carew's suit, the pity of the thing being that Mr. Carew had other fish to fry. It was indeed a pity, as she was a very nice girl and a very sensible one—quite too good a girl, indeed, as you and I are saying to ourselves, for such a wayward courtier as Charles Henry Carew.

All the same, it was a pity, for nobody likes to think of a pretty girl—for she *was* pretty, and her figure was *very* trim—crying herself to sleep on Christmas night.

Billy and Parsnip remained at The Yews until the New Year was several days old. Parsnip, on Boxing Day, did not take his tub in boisterous expectation of great "sport" to come. And thereafter he experienced no pleasure at all in watching Billy and Josie together. Indeed, it made him very savage when Billy's moderate musical ability enabled him to play duets with Josie; it made him more savage still when he found that Josie and Billy had very similar tastes—that they could discuss music and pictures very happily, and without a sign of flirting.

The frost turned to rain, and much of the Christmas vacation had necessarily to be spent indoors. Thus the young men and Josie were thrown much in each other's company. Josie was always very nice and polite and friendly with Parsnip, but Parsnip, his intelligence whipped into activity by growing jealousy, could not fail to see that the sympathy which underlay the girl's talks with Billy was entirely absent from her intercourse with *him*.

And all this made Parsnip exceeding bitter. *Sport!* Not an atom. He didn't enjoy himself at all. He wished he had never come.

Once he went off desperately to the Vicarage, where, he told himself, there was at any rate a girl who understood him. But his reception at the hands of the second daughter of the house was so very frigid that Mr. Carew went away feeling cold all over.

At length the short holiday approached its climax.

They were to catch an early train on the Monday. This was Sunday evening, and the great bells in the tower close by were clanging out their sonorous summons to prayer and praise.

Service was at half-past six—it was now a quarter past. Parsnip was in the study—smoking. He intended to let Billy go to church by himself, so that he (Parsnip) could get Josie by herself for an hour.

Billy and Josie were in the drawing-room.

"Well, church time," said Billy.

"Oh, yes," she said, with a little start, "so it is."

"And I must go."

"Of course you must go."

And now Billy was very daring

"Miss Josie, don't you think you would like

to go to church—by way of an experiment, shall we say?"

She did not reply.

"I beg your pardon," he added. "I should not have asked you."

And with this he went out of the room.

When, five minutes before the half hour, he descended to the hall, he found Josie in her coat and hat.

"What—going for a walk?" he asked.

"No," said Josie gently. "I am coming to church with you."

"To see what it is like?"

"Yes, just to see—what it is like."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### TWO CAN SMILE AT ONE TIME.

A big market waggon, drawn by a pair of powerful horses, was lumbering heavily along a country road. The waggon was empty, having discharged its cargo of vegetables at Covent Garden early in the morning.

Its driver—a broad-shouldered, gaunt, elderly fellow—had a rather more refined face than one generally sees on a waggon-seat. Excepting the interval during which the market porters had been unloading his waggon, he had been holding the reins since ten o'clock on the previous night. It had taken him five hours to convey his vegetables from the gardens at Noahbury, in Kent, to the place of sale. Arriving at the market about three, he had left with his empty waggon at six. It was now about ten in the morning, and he had only one long hill to negotiate before he would again find himself at Noahbury.

In spite of the day's youth the sun was beating hotly down, inducing a drowsiness which the waggon's custodian, having delivered his goods and being now close home again, allowed to grow upon him. The horses knew their way so well that he could trust them, unguided and uncontrolled by rein or whip, to find their way safely into the stable-yard of the market gardener who employed him. His chin fell forward upon his chest, his fingers relaxed without entirely releasing their grip of the reins, and very soon he was sound asleep.

The two good horses, perfectly aware that their master had entrusted the safety of himself and his waggon to their keeping, went steadily forward, breasting the hill with stout hearts and sure hoofs, keeping well to their own side of the white highway, and stepping briskly out in cheerful anticipation of a substantial meal, a long drink, and a sound sleep at the end of their journey.

All, no doubt, would have gone well had it not been for a frog which, possibly on a wooing expedition—more possibly in search of a spot where flies were plentiful—came hopping across the road just as the horses were approaching the one sharp curve of the hill, situated some fifty yards from its summit.

The horses were startled by this strange leaping thing which had so suddenly appeared beneath their noses. The near side animal shied violently, and his companion following suit, they so muddled matters as to entirely block up the thoroughfare from hedge to hedge with their bodies and the waggon.

Hardly had they disposed themselves in this absurd manner when there came the sharply-repeated ting of a bell immediately ahead of them. Scenting danger, the horses snorted an alarm to each other as they made violent efforts to get back to their own side of the road. But the waggon was fixed at an awkward angle, and the cyclist, flying unsuspectingly round the corner, charged full tilt into the vehicle. His machine met one of the wheels with a resounding crash, while he himself sailed gaily over the hedge and fell amid a sea of turnip-tops on the other side. It was as neat and as complete a break-up as anyone could have wished to behold.

The gaunt driver awoke with a start. A glance sufficed to show him the mischief that had been wrought as a result of his negligence. He was palpably in the wrong, and his heart sank within him as he thought of his stern employer, and the view that gentleman would take of the accident.

The face of the cyclist now appeared at the other side of the hedge, and a very angry face it was.

"Of all the blind loons ever hired to murder honest people," he cried, "you are the blindest. It's a wonder I wasn't killed on the spot."

"Very sorry," said the driver.

"Being sorry won't mend my bike!" cried the cyclist, surveying the mangled and sorry wreck of what, a few minutes previously, had been a tip-top machine. "I believe you were asleep," he concluded most irately.

"I was," said the driver, "and so would you have been if you'd been tooling this pair since ten o'clock last night, bar the unlonding."

"It was your business to keep your confounded cart on its own side of the road," retorted the cyclist, "and I'll make you pay for this smash. You'd better get down and help me sort out the bits. It's the least you can do under the circumstances."

"I'll help you, certainly," said the driver, promptly leaving his perch.

Together they picked up the ruin—the handle, wheels, and brake doubled up in most fantastic

fashion, the spokes splintered about in all directions, the mud-guards twisted and torn in a manner pitiable to behold. They hoisted the poor corpse into the waggon.

"I'll take you to Noahbury, if you like," said the driver.

"Noahbury! Is that where you live?" inquired the cyclist, glancing keenly at the driver.

"Yes, that's where I live."

"What's your name?"

"Smith."

"Has it always been Smith?"

A dull flush o'erspread the countryman's countenance as he returned his interrogator's scrutiny. He saw a slim, pale man, with a dark, waxed moustache, and hair beginning to turn grey.

"No," he said, "it's not always been Smith; but it's Smith now, and that's good enough for you, isn't it? Why do you ask?"

"Because I see the letters 'O'M.' tattooed on your left forearm—that's why."

The driver hastily drew his shirt-sleeve down.

"That's nothing," he said; "done when I was a school-boy. A friend of mine's name began that way. He tattooed it."

"I see. Well, I'll hop into the waggon, Mr.—ah—Smith. Your employer will doubtless make the value of my machine good to me."

"Yes, you'd better see him about it," replied the driver, in a dull voice. "The luck's been against me from the start, and always will be."

And with this he whipped up his horses, and proceeded on his way to Noahbury.

The cyclist, squatting on the floor of the waggon, stole several sly glances at the driver. The cyclist smiled craftily as he lit a cigarette.

"The luck has been *with* me, lately," he murmured, "for here's a bit of it—the very man I've been looking for. Tracked him down to this county, heard he'd got employment in these parts, and then couldn't get any nearer. Dipper, my boy," he concluded, "this is a very good day's work."

Mr. Dipper—for he it was, and no other—presently rose to his feet and approached the driver's back.

"Say, Smith——"

"Well?"

"It would do you no good to report this business to your boss, eh?"

"He'd stop the damage out of my wages—so much a week," returned the driver.

"H'm, shouldn't like him to do that. After all, you couldn't help falling asleep. Well now, Smith, I'm disposed to be lenient. I'm a well-to-do man myself, and I can easily afford the twenty guineas this thing cost me," giving the mangled bicycle a careless kick as he spoke.

"I'm willing to pay for it," said the driver, shortly; "besides, why should you let me off?"

"Reasons of my own, Smith—well, I'll tell you. I'm down here on business, and you may be useful to me. I'm thinking of running a market garden myself, and as you are an experienced man——"

"I'm a waggoner," said Smith. "I know nothing at all about vegetables, but most that there is to know about horses."

"Well, I shall want horses. Anyhow, I should like to have a talk with you. What are you going to do when you reach Noahbury?"

"After I've seen to the horses I'm going to bed."

"You'll be up in the evening?"

"I shall—by six."

"Then you'll have a meal. Well, now, say you meet me at eight. What's the 'pub' here called?"

"There are several. The 'Duke of Wellington' is the best."

"You'll meet me at the 'Duke of Wellington' at eight. Is that agreed?"

"Aye, that will do," was the reply, given in the same listless tone as before.

Mr. Dipper had intimated to the landlord of the "Duke of Wellington" that he would like the little parlour of the inn to himself for an hour that evening, as he was expecting a friend. The landlord said that would be all right. When Smith arrived, he found that his cyclist acquaintance of the morning had ordered refreshments for two, and was inclined to be very sociable.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," said Mr. Dipper, pointing to a chair.

Smith sat down.

"Help yourself," said Dipper, pushing a jug over to the waggoner. "Now"—when the latter had done so—"I'll get to business. I've been looking out for a market gardener's business for some time, as that sort of thing is a good spec. if worked properly. I want to know some of your employer's men—they might come to me if I offered them more money."

"I daresay," said the driver.

"And I'll put you in charge of my stables. What are you paid now?"

"Eighteen shillings a week."

"What a scandalous wage! Married?"

"No. I lodge with another of our chaps."

He spoke in a sullen, slow way, as if he took no interest in himself or his work.

"By the way," said Dipper, "how did you get your present job?"

"Went and asked for it."

"And got it at once?"

"I showed the boss there wasn't much anybody could teach me about horses. He wanted a waggoner, so he took me on right away."

"What were you doing down this way?"

The waggoner paused a moment ere he replied: "I was on the tramp."

He raised his glass and drank greedily. Dipper pushed the jug over to him again, and the waggoner helped himself liberally.

"I now see," murmured Dipper to himself, "what our friend's failing is—or has been. It's my man right enough, and the girl now playing the lady at Petershall is his daughter."

He knocked the ash off his cigar very thoughtfully as he mentally retraced his steps for the past twelve months. He—Dipper—after many ups and downs in various quarters of the globe, had found it necessary to throw in his lot with a troupe of fair-people. He was an adept conjuror and a discreet fortune-teller, while his card tricks were marvels of sleight of hand. At first his appearance among the van-dwellers was hotly resented, but he had gradually won his way with a plausible tongue and a never-failing liberality in the matter of "standing" drinks. Thus he worked himself into the little travelling community; though he never really became one of it, he was tolerated, and that was enough for his purposes. He did well with his own particular little show, but when business was slack with him he was never averse to lending a hand elsewhere, cheerfully beating a drum, driving in a tent-peg, or taking the money at the whirligigs—as occasion demanded.

A week before the Petershall fair the tramp and his daughter Josie fell in with the vans, and travelled in their wake, earning stray meals by the performance of odd jobs. The girl had a shawl given to her for minding a baby, and the man received an old coat as payment for grooming horses. But the boss of the fair, who owned the whirligigs, objected to these hangers-on, and told them so very plainly. However, some women interceded for them, and they were allowed to follow as far as Petershall. Mr. Dipper had a good deal of time to waste, and one idle morning he noticed that the tramp girl possessed looks far above the average. Mr. Dipper thereupon paid her a rough compliment or two, but the girl turned her back on him. He renewed his attentions on the following day, but the girl repulsed him as coldly as any great dame of the land could have done. Such conduct incensed the fortune-teller, but the women of the fair—honest souls, mostly—laughed at him, and applauded the girl for the proper spirit she had displayed. The more Mr. Dipper saw of her, the more he felt attracted by this waif of a woman in rags and tatters. He had been in many countries, and had lived a life of such variety as it is the privilege of few men to experience, but never had a woman's face possessed such fascination for him as this poor tramp girl's. Inflamed and enraged by her coolness, he set his brain to work to revenge himself on her, and soon found an opportunity of doing so. Jeremiah Hopkins, the recognised chief of the van-dwellers, had, as I have said, "got his knife" into the ragged couple. Taking this fact into consideration, when the Petershall fair was at its height Dipper played the spy on the man and girl, and, to his joy, found them snatching a brief sleep on some of the boss's sacks. He conveyed this information to Jeremiah, with the result which has already been described.

When the show left Petershall, Dipper disappeared. Without a word he quitted the fair, not even troubling to dispose of his paraphernalia. The others wondered where he had gone to, reminded each other that they had never liked him, decided that his room was preferable to his company, and thought no more about him.

How he managed it only he himself knew, but within a very short time Mr. Dipper turned up in London with a good suit on his back and an apparently full purse. After treating himself royally to the best of hotels and the best of entertainments, he glided out of the West End as quietly as he had glided into it, and reappeared in Petershall. Before he left the town, in October, Mr. Dipper had ascertained that the handsome tramp girl had been housed by Mr. Soames, the well-known solicitor of those parts. When, therefore, Mr. Dipper found himself in affluent circumstances again, the memory of the face which had fascinated him came back to him with redoubled intensity. So Mr. Dipper decided to lay in wait for Josie, and accordingly put up at the best hotel in Petershall, where it was not likely that anyone would recognise him as the erstwhile seedy conjuror and fortune-teller of the October Mop.

One person, however, did recognise him, and that was Josie herself, when walking out alone one day. Dipper did not hesitate to remind her of their former acquaintance, but she shook him off and hurried home. Nor did she venture forth again unless in the company of Mr. or Mrs. Soames.

How Dipper's attempt to speak with Josie at midnight on Christmas Eve was frustrated by Sir Billy—that, too, has been told. Mr. Dipper lost no time in quitting the town, determined now to find the girl's father. He had plenty of time and plenty of money. He inquired ceaselessly at wayside cottages and workhouses, used his gold liberally, and at last got on to the right scent.

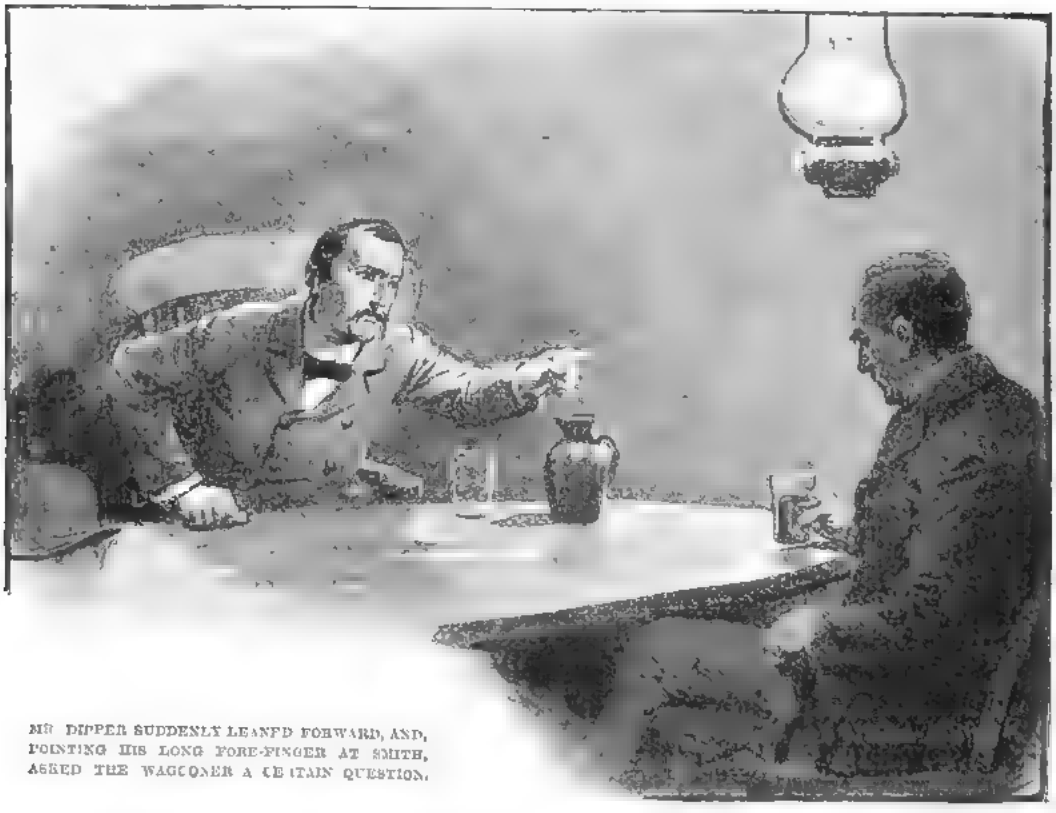
He tracked his man to a workhouse in Kent, but after that he lost sight of him. Had it not been for that lucky bicycle accident, Mr. Dipper's search might have proved fruitless. As it was, Mr. Dipper spoilt a twenty-guinea machine, but found his man, and that man was now sitting opposite to him in the parlour of the "Duke of Wellington."

Dipper now saw his way very clearly. The man calling himself Smith was still wanted by the Petershall police. How he had eluded them, Heaven only knew—probably by walking innocently along in broad daylight, calling at workhouses and other places of a kind that a really guilty man would have avoided. Anyhow, here he was, free and unfettered, but he—Dipper—held his liberty in the palm of his hand. Therefore, he could make Smith his very obedient, humble servant. And would not influence with Smith give him influence with Smith's daughter? Assuredly, if he worked out his plans carefully.

So Mr. Dipper suddenly leaned forward, and, pointing his long fore-finger at Smith, asked the waggoner a certain question. The reply to this question led to another question, and the conversation which followed proved so engrossing that the two men did not leave the little parlour of the "Duke of Wellington" until closing time arrived.

Mr. Dipper went to bed with a satisfied smile on his face, but he would have been greatly surprised had he seen the smile which the waggoner's face wore as that gentleman trudged down the road to his cottage.

For Mr. Dipper—the astute Mr. Dipper—made a very common mistake in that, being a clever man himself, he took the majority of other men to be fools.



MR. DIPPER SUDDENLY LEANED FORWARD, AND, POINTING HIS LONG FORE-FINGER AT SMITH, ASKED THE WAGGONER A CERTAIN QUESTION.

So the waggoner, as well as Mr. Dipper, went to bed smiling.

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## CHAPTER X.

### AN INTERRUPTION.

Mrs. Pix, the worthy lady who looked after Sir Billy's rooms in the Temple, had finished her work, and was now on her way home. It was a warm day, and Mrs. Pix felt wearied after her labours, so she sat down on one of the seats by the fountain to enjoy a little rest and meditation.

Presently, while Mrs. Pix was thoughtfully gazing at nothing in particular, a familiar form loomed up before her. It was the form of Martha Vavasour, who also happened to be homeward bound.

"Why, Harriet!" exclaimed Mrs. Vavasour.

The two regarded each other with a crafty smile. Each carried a fat bundle.

"And who would have thought of finding *you* here, Martha!" exclaimed Mrs. Pix.

"Well, we've both got a holiday now," said Mrs. Vavasour, "my gentleman and yours bein' gone to the country for Whitsing."

"And 'ow do you like that Mr. Carew who's come to live in the Temple—left 'is 'ome, didn't he?" demanded Mrs. Pix.

"Mr. Carew is a very nice free-'anded gentleman," was Mrs. Vavasour's reply. "I've nothing to grumble at. Though why a gentleman should leave a nice 'ome and come to live at the top of one of these dark stairkisses beats me 'oller, it do."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pix, with a shake of her head, "there's always reasons—fell out with 'is pa, most likely. Young gentlemen are often 'ot-tempered."

"There's one thing makes me anxious," explained Mrs. Vavasour, "and that is—*'e don't eat!* A big, fine-made man like 'im ought to eat, and eat a lot—but 'e don't. It's my private, 'umble opinion, Harriet Pix, that Mr. Carew is *broodin'!* Else why don't 'e eat his eggs an' baking of a mornin'? Makes it so orkard for me, too, because good food ought never to be wasted, an' so I 'ave to bring it away with me—as it's not likely 'e'd like it cold for 'is supper; and folks who didn't know the circumstances might suppose I was takin' away that wot didn't belong to me."

"It certainly," agreed Mrs. Pix a little drily, "places you in a delikit situation, Harriet; but you must try an' bear up. Did he leave much this morning?" she concluded, with a sly glance at her friend's capacious burden.

"Well, you see," replied Mrs. Vavasour, "I've been tryin' to tempt 'im lately. But no—not even quails on toast fetched 'im; so, naterally, I'm takin' 'em 'ome for my little dorter with the 'ooping-corf. But 'ow's *your* gentleman's appetite, Harriet?"

"Not wot it might be," returned Mrs. Pix, vehemently—"not at all wot it might be. Sir William is a well-growed, 'earty young man, same as Mr. Carew, an' 'e ought to eat twice wot he do."

At this juncture Mrs. Vavasour took the liberty of examining Mrs. Pix's bundle.

"Hem! 'Arf a loaf, bit o' game pie, cold steak, pot of honey—Well, I never, Harriet! you've tried earnestly to tempt Sir William——"

"An' failed," rejoined Mrs. Pix hastily—"failed disastrous. I do believe, Martha, that both of these young gentlemen are in love, same as you an' I were a long time ago."

"Not so very long ago," said Mrs. Vavasour, sharply. "Speak for yourself, my dear."

"I do speak for myself," returned Mrs. Pix, who had not forgiven Mrs. Vavasour for peering into her bundle in that over-curious way, "and at the same time I speak for you, Martha Vavasour. It's no use women of our years purtendin' to be chickings, for we ain't."

"You have a vulgar way of talking, Harriet Pix," retorted Mrs. Vavasour superciliously, "but I will not take offence, although you do seem always, Harriet, to try to make me lose my temper, which is neither friendly nor righteous."

"If people," said Mrs. Pix, apparently addressing the gold-fish in the fountain, "are so foolish as to take to 'eart every little word ever said, then those people 'ad better live on a desert island where there's nobody to talk to them but savages which they don't understand. If there's one woman more than another in this world," she concluded, wrathfully, "with a nasty suspicious mind in 'er 'ead, it is you, Martha Vavasour, and that I mean!"

"And that," exclaimed Mrs. Vavasour, rising from the seat in her stateliest manner, "is the last word I wish to 'ear addressed by your lips to me, Harriet Pix. I say nothing about your mind, nor yet about your honesty, because I have nothing good to say about either of them, except that a little more of each would do you no 'arm."

"When you are in a temper, Martha," returned Mrs. Pix, sweetly, "your looks do not flatter your face, my dear."

"Whatever *my* looks is," returned Mrs. Vavasour, hotly, "it's quite certing you can't afford to lend me any." And with this Parthian shot she grasped her bundle and walked rapidly away.

The smile and blush of May—in her most winning mood—were upon the garden at the back of The Yews this Whitsuntide. Hither came Sir Billy, and hither came Parsnip, and here they found Mrs. Soames, still weak and wan, basking in the genial warmth of the early summer sun; here they found Mr. Soames, pacing to and fro with his hands under the tails of his coat; and here was Josie, as sweet as any flower that bloomed in the old garden.

Some of us, denizens of cities, cannot boast of more than a beggarly bit of lawn behind our houses; some have but a prim patch in front, kept in order by contract with the local florist; some have no garden at all; and some, living where land is plenteous, the tide of over-

population not having reached so far, glory in leafy wildernesses or miniature jungles, in which one may wander and wander at will, up and down paths that are very lanes in length, or roam in and out of shrubbery nooks and tree-shaded lawns.

Although Mr. Soames lived "in the street," his garden extended far back towards that Mount whereon the scared cattle congregated when the flood invaded the low-lying meadowland. There was ample room in this huge garden for the taking of walks without fear of monotony, but, did one desire pastures new, he had but to go into the lane and round the Mount, and lo! he was in a glade as sylvan as that wherein Puck played his pranks on a certain mid-summer night when four young persons lay a-dreaming.

"DON'T BE SO RIDICULOUS, MR. CAREW," CRIED JOSIE. "PLEASE—PLEASE GET UP!"

Now, Whitsun Eve and Whit-Sunday passed off very serenely, for both Sir Billy and Parsnip enjoyed a stroll in this sylvan glade with Miss Josie, and both, at the end of the stroll, found themselves more deeply in love with her than ever. I will be quite frank with you about these two young men, who were, I am sorry to relate, both jealous of each other, for since the beginning of this holiday Josie had appeared to prefer the society of Parsnip to that of Sir Billy, whereas, during the Christmas and Easter vacations, the contrary had been the case—much to the pain of Parsnip

On Whit-Monday morning Parsnip communed with himself as he shaved, and decided that he had better take the bull by the horns, and without any further delay *propose* to Miss Josie.

That afternoon he and Sir Billy were going to a tea and tennis party. In the evening they and Mr. Soames were to dine with a whist-loving neighbour of the solicitor's. It behoved Parsnip, therefore, to be speedy over his proposal, since he and Sir Billy were returning to town on the following day.

Dressed up to the nines—perhaps it would be more correct to say that he was dressed up to the nineties, so elaborately had he decked himself out for the benefit of the Petershall young ladies—Parsnip strolled into the garden about an hour after lunch. He had seen Josie saunter forth, parasol in hand, and it struck him forcibly—though why, I know not—that if it was not "now" it would be "never."

Josie's back was turned when he approached her. He uttered her name softly:—

"Miss Josie!"

She turned, and her face fell ever so slightly when she saw that the disturber of her thoughts was Mr. Carew. But she smiled pleasantly upon Parsnip, and Parsnip mistook her greeting for encouragement. He had never yet proposed to a girl, but he had read in books and papers—comic ones, most of them—that it was usual to propose on one's knees. So he did so on his.

"Don't be so ridiculous, Mr. Carew," cried Josie. "Please—please get up!"

Parsnip got up.

"I did not mean to be ridiculous," he said, somewhat coldly. "I simply wanted to ask you to marry me."

"*Marry you!*"

"Yes; I daresay it seems a laughable matter to you, but I assure you it isn't to me," Parsnip replied. "I love you, and I want you to marry me. *Will you?*" he concluded desperately.

"Mr. Carew," said Josie, "although I wear a pretty dress, and look like—like——"

"A lady," said Parsnip. "Yes, and you *are* a lady! Anybody can see that!"

"I am really only a tramp," she cried bitterly, "dependent on Mr. Soames's charity."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" returned Parsnip bluntly. "You're as good as Billy or myself any day, and we're not tramps. Please put me out of my misery, and say whether you will marry me or not."

"Do you really want me to give you a definite answer—to treat your proposal as a serious one?"

"If you please."

"Then my answer must be, 'No.'"

"You won't marry me?"

"I am afraid I cannot, Mr. Carew."

What arguments Parsnip would have used in order to prevail upon her to alter her mind can only be guessed at, for at that moment Sir Billy appeared, looking, as it at once struck the other two, strangely pale and excited.

"Hullo, Billy! What's up?" inquired Parsnip.

Sir Billy, however, disregarded him.

"Miss Josie," he said, turning to the girl, "Mr. Soames wishes to see you in his study at once."

"Why, whatever is the matter?" she inquired lightly.

Sir Billy's lips were white and dry as he forced out an answer.

"Your father is here! He wishes you to go away with him."

R. S. Warren Bell

*(To be continued.)*

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# "WHAT WE EAT OUT HERE."

By F. A. Rogers, Grahamstown, Cape Colony.

With barely an exception, our meals are as follows: At 6 or 7 a.m. a native girl strolls into your room (often without any warning) and brings you a cup of disgusting coffee. All colonial coffee tastes strongly of sticking plaster, and it can be as revolting a draught as you could wish to poison a Boer with. At eight o'clock breakfast you get a choice of eggs and bacon or mutton, always preceded by porridge, which, however, is often spoilt by sweetened condensed milk. Bread and butter, with tea or coffee, complete the meal.

At 1 and 6.30 you have dinner and tea, which usually bear a strong family resemblance. Soup, mutton, vegetables of various kinds (usually tinned), and a milk pudding form the framework of the menu. Tea and coffee always appear also. The vegetables comprise all ordinary English ones, and, in addition, rice mealies (Indian corn) and pumpkin. To get an idea of the taste of pumpkin, pick an over-ripe vegetable marrow, with no flavour, and boil it with enormous quantities of sugar. Of course, the more enterprising hotels attempt something more, as do also private individuals. For instance, I once complimented a railway foreman, with whom I was dining, on the tenderness of his beef. When I had finished my meal he explained that a cow had been run over by a train three weeks before, and he had salted some of the meat. Most of it had gone bad, and this was the only bit which had not done so! Of course, in season buck provide us with venison, but hares, though plentiful, are seldom eaten.

# THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

## SPECIALITIES AND NOVELTIES.

THAT enterprising firm the Cycle Components Company have hit upon a clever way of advertising their cross frame. It illustrates admirably what I recently said about the rigidity of the five-barred gate and of triangular forms generally. The company have made a number of small models of ordinary and cross frames, and I have no doubt will be willing to send a pair to any of my readers who will write to them at Componentsville, Birmingham, and mention THE CAPTAIN. They are only little tin models of frames, lacquered black, and measuring but 5ins. over all. But the one that is of the ordinary pattern can have its fore part bent in all sorts of ways, while the hinder part, or what makers call the "A," cannot be altered in shape with any fair usage. On the other hand the X frame cannot be altered in shape at all with fair usage, although all the bits of tin of which it is composed are hinged together just in the same way as is the case in the other design. The little frames are very instructive as illustrating the point I explained in the article referred to.

"HUMBER" CROSS FRAME.

While speaking of cross frames I should like to draw attention to the one the Humber Company have just brought out. The double stay on the right-hand or driving side of the back fork, between the two chain wheels, as shown in the illustration, is no novelty, the firm having been partial to this variation for some years past. But an examination of the whole design will reveal several interesting novelties. The top tube entirely disappears, as it does in several other forms of cross frame, and a substitute passes from the seat-pillar lug to the fork crown. Then, from the head to the bottom bracket there pass two small and slightly divergent tubes, which splay sufficiently to allow of the large tube just described passing between them. The design is very strong, and, like everything the Humber firm turn out, is also pleasing to the eye. Provisional protection for the idea has been obtained from the Patent Office. An excellent booklet has recently been issued, entitled "Humber Cycles and How to Use Them." It explains in detail the construction of Humber machines, and teaches by means of clearly drawn diagrams the names of nearly four hundred parts of the frame and mechanism. Every fellow ought to know how his bicycle is built up, and should be able to use the right term about any part of the machine. I am happy to say that anyone who will take the trouble to write to the Humber people at Coventry, mentioning THE CAPTAIN, and asking for one of these little booklets, will receive one by return post free to any address. There is other matter of interest contained in its

REFEREE TANDEM.

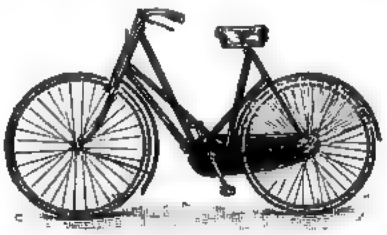
pages—instructions about oiling, cleaning, tyre repairing, and so forth, and tables for finding gear and for determining lamp-time in the neighbourhood of London.

The Referee cycles which are here illustrated afford good examples of triangulation. The tandem, it will be noticed, is so constructed that the rear part of the frame is low enough to take the skirts of a girl rider. I will try to find an opportunity of saying more upon that subject another time, but briefly, the principles that should decide the choice of a type of mixed tandem are these: It looks better to have the girl rider in front; on every other ground it is advisable that she should occupy the rear seat. Of

REFEREE.

the single Referee safeties the girl's pattern shows strong triangulation near the bottom bracket, where, of course, the principal strains have to be resisted. Of the two other frames, one is modelled very much on the same lines as the Cycle Components Company's frame, while the other has a long stiffening tube running right from the rear axle to the top of the head and crossed by a tube from the seat-lug to the fork crown. The top tube proper disappears as in the Humber, but the back stays—that is the pair of compression forks passing backwards and downwards from the seat-lug to the rear wheel hub—disappear also, giving the machine a singular appearance, and suggesting insufficient support of the saddle, for any fear of which, however, there is not the slightest foundation.

Before leaving the subject of whole machines for a while, I should like to remark upon the current season's enterprise of the Rudge-Whitworth firm. Their title is, as many riders of the younger generation may not know, the relic of a great amalgamation: Rudge machines were famous away back in the seventies, and their reputation was justly earned. Not quite simultaneously the Whitworth firm built up an independent and



GIRL'S REFEREE.

separate reputation, and the amalgamation of the two concerns in their mutual interests took place at a much later date. The illustration of their No. 20 machine shows a fifteen-guinea mount of high quality, to which they are willing to add their free-wheel device and suitable extra brake power, free of extra charge. Nos. 53 and 54 are boys' and girls' mounts at the very attractive price of seven guineas each. In these cases the free wheel and extra brake power are given at a slightly increased charge. The illustration of the 1901 New Premier, which is my last of entire machines this month, represents a thoroughly high-class mount—one that has earned, and that well maintains an enviable reputation. It will be noticed that the lines of the frame are similar to those of one of the Referees, the optional top struts, or back stays of the latter being, in this case, built in place.

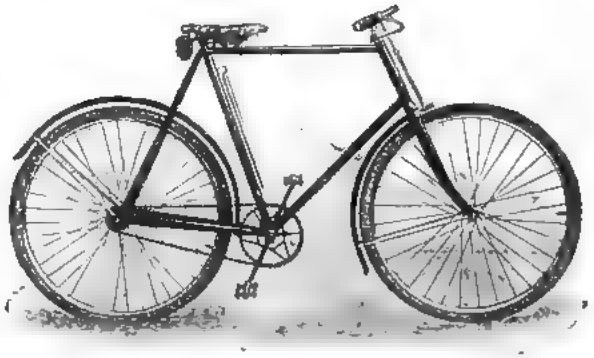
I shall now, for a moment, revert to the

REFEREE.

question of tyres, concerning which I have had several inquiries. One of my pictures shows the patent fastening of the "Scottish" tyre. The tyre, with wires and lever, is manufactured by the Preston Davies Tyre and Valve Company, Ltd., of Glasgow, and it possesses the advantage of easy detachability, which is not a common feature of all wired-on tyres. You see, the wires of a wired-on tyre must not be made large enough for there to be any danger of their mounting over the rim when in use—say, when the degree of inflation has been allowed to become very low, so that the air chamber is soft. Far from this, the well-made wired-on tyre is so closely fitted to the rim that it can only be got off after complete deflation, and then generally only after a little judicious coaxing. Some riders, especially girls, find this hard

BUDGE-WHITWORTH, NO. 53.

work for the fingers. Now, the lever of the "Scottish" tyre does away with any possible trouble of this kind. This desirable result is achieved by making the wire extensible; that is to say, it is like the ordinary close-fitting wire when in use, but for purposes of tyre removing it is by a touch of the lever made a trifle larger, so that it slips over the rim with the greatest of ease. Similarly, it is quite easily replaced, after which a reversal of the lever makes it a tight and secure fit once more. The lever, when not required, lies snugly under the outer cover, but springs into sight as soon as the cover is pulled aside. The tyre is made in all sizes and all weights, to suit the great variety of cycles and other vehicles to which pneumatic tyres are now fitted, and those of my readers who live near London can see the ease of manipulation demonstrated by calling at the company's new depot, at No. 58A, Hatton Garden, E.C.

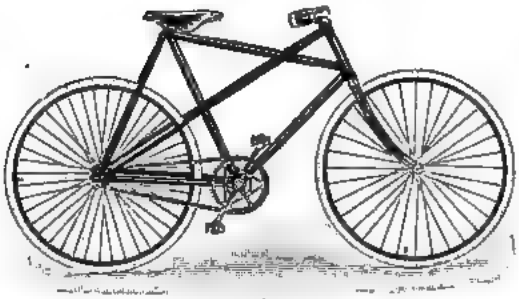


BUDGE-WHITWORTH, NO. 20, SPECIAL LIGHT ROADSTER.

The other tyre of which a cut is given is the latest pattern of the Palmer. My high opinion of this tyre has been fully stated on a previous occasion. The fabric of which it is composed is singularly durable in proportion to its lightness and speed, and provided too thin a variety of this tyre is not employed for the work required of it, none but satisfactory results may be anticipated from its use.

In my article on cyclometers I mentioned the Veeder as being an interesting and accurate little instrument for the task required of it. It is manufactured at an extensive works at Hartford, in Connecticut, where no fewer than twenty-four different kinds of the cyclometer are continually being turned out; for you can buy Veeders to register the trip or the grand total only, or to count kilometres or versts instead of miles, and to do any of these things for all sizes of wheels from 24ins. to 30ins. diameter. In addition to this very varied array of counting machines, the company now make cyclometers to register distances traversed by motor and other vehicles, and I believe they are prepared

BUDGE-WHITWORTH, NO. 54.



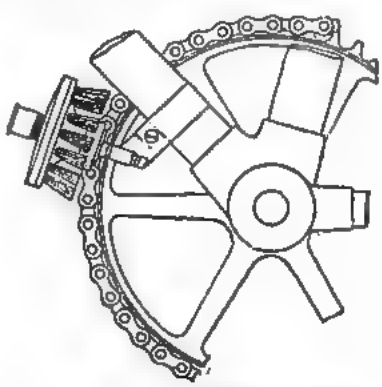
1901 NEW PREMIER.

to make a counting machine for any purpose whatsoever, provided the thing to be counted is the number of revolutions of some part of some machine. All the cyclometers they turn out are "assembled" to read 9,900 miles, and are then given a test run of one hundred miles to see that they are working properly. This run is conducted mechanically at the high speed of eight miles a minute, but trial runs at the amazing rate of one hundred miles per minute have succeeded. This statement will dispose of the fear that some novices experience that if they ride too fast the cyclometer will be hit round more than the normal fifth of a revolution of the star wheel which the makers intended. By the by, I have a cyclometer from which one of the gear wheels has been omitted, the defect causing it to multiply all distances by eight. As it is quite consistent in its aberrations, exaggerating with perfect regularity at all speeds, I am keeping it on my machine for fun. It is amusing to turn out for one's before-breakfast spin, and to find on returning that one has ridden thirty miles in sixteen minutes; or to go for an afternoon's trip and discover the distance to be about 250 miles. What my season's riding will amount to I don't know, but I shall be disappointed if it does not reach something like 25,000. It will in any case be a record for me, for it is nearly that after six weeks' trial! If any reader with a mechanical turn will undo a Veeder cyclometer he will see as pretty a bit of watchwork as he may ever wish to. The motions are most of them what are called "differential," a number of toothed wheels being geared alternately to annular wheels toothed internally, and, of course, large enough to allow of the others rolling within them. I would warn all and sundry, however, that it is much easier to pull a cyclometer to pieces than it is to put it together again, and only the skilful should make the attempt. The machines are shipped to this country by Messrs. Markt & Co., of 25 and 26, Shoe Lane, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

SCOTTISH TYRE LEVER.

Here is an exceedingly useful and recently patented device for keeping clean a chain that is unprotected by a gear-case. I am a confirmed believer in the virtues of a thoroughly well-made case for the chain, but of course there are many machines that are not equipped with one, and to fit a good case is a costly matter. The "Perfect" cycle chain cleaner, of which a picture is given, costs only a few shillings, and it will look after the chain automatically without the rider troubling to give it the slightest attention. It is attached at right angles to the plane of the chain wheel, and is driven in rapid rotation by contact with that wheel. Its circumference is shod with little groups of bristles, and these sweep every link of the chain with a light, swift, overtaking stroke, at all times during which the machine is in motion. Thus, any dirt that may attack the chain is removed at the moment

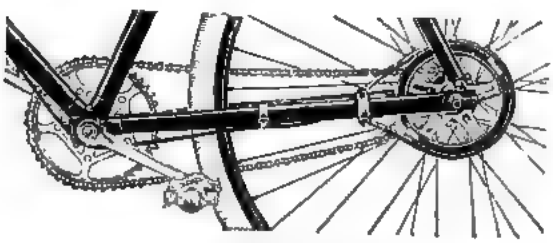
NEW PATTERN PALMER TYRE.



THE "PERFECT" CYCLE CHAIN CLEANER.

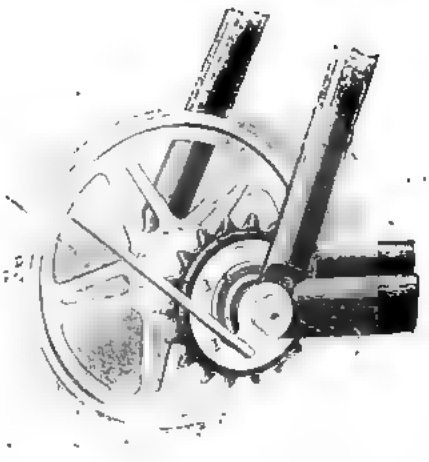
of attack, and the links are all kept bright and clean. I would not urge that the device is better than a gear-case, because I am convinced that it is not, but, as a cheap and effective contrivance for keeping a naked chain in good order, it deserves all praise.

My two last pictures illustrate the band-brake of the Triumph Company. It is actuated by the Bowden wire, or, rather, bundle of wires, for if you were to see a Bowden wire undone you would discover that it is almost as complex in construction as a submarine cable. This method of making it gives it enormous durability. The drum on which the Triumph brake acts is grooved, and the whole arrangement so adjusted that there can be no mounting over the flanges, although the band, when normally at rest, is held clear of contact. There is, of course, more power in a rim-brake than in a band-brake, but the former has sometimes disadvantages which the latter escapes. I was riding with an American friend recently, when I noticed that his chain was dangerously loose. It was an unprotected chain, and such are almost sure to wear loose sooner or later. He explained that he could not adjust it, since if he were to do so the two shoes of a pedal-actuated rim-brake would come permanently into action. On examination I found this to be



TRIUMPH-BOWDEN BAND-BRAKE.

the case. No such trouble could have arisen had he been furnished with the brake here shown instead of the one he had. It must not be supposed that the band-brake is a weak brake. It is much more powerful than the ordinary forms of plunger brake, and, when properly adjusted, is strong enough for almost any emergency. Free-wheel riders should, of course, have another brake as well. I pointed out the necessity of having two in such a case in the course of a previous article.



ENLARGEMENT SHOWING DRUM FOR BAND-BRAKE.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

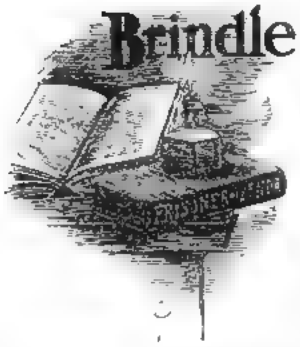
**"Arlington"** (HULL).—(1) A very wise precaution. (2) Yes; and try to keep it so that it may long look so. (3) They are expensive at present, and perhaps, with only twelve guineas to spend, you would be wiser in waiting, but I most certainly approve of the new device. (4) Yes; it is all right in appearance, and has some advantages of its own, but it is by no means so powerful as some other varieties of brake. I will speak next month upon the particular one you name, but in dealing with such a firm you are in very good hands, and you will be well treated whatever you buy. **"P. S."** (SHADWELL, E.).—I do not know, but will endeavour to ascertain for you. **"F. J. T."** (NOTTINGHAM).—You have suppressed your name and address, so are disentitled to any reply. You had better write to Messrs. Brown Brothers, of Great Eastern Street, London, E.C. **"C. H."** (CLIFTON).—Am much obliged for information on the subject of Cingalese roads. **W. H. S.** (SOUTHAMPTON).—I not only don't resent, but am very grateful for the suggestion. You'd be surprised, though, how very much there is to be said, and how long it would take to entirely exhaust the subject. It is not unlikely that something of the kind you outline will ultimately be done. At any rate, I should like to get to that branch of the subject. In the meantime, however, I hope I shall continue to interest you. **Lady B.** (CHIPPING SODBURY).—H. B. Sale, letter cutter and engraver, of Constitution Hill, Birmingham, supplies excellent name-plates. You are obliged to have one (or a less tidy equivalent) if you take the machine by rail, and in many Continental countries a name-plate is required to be in a conspicuous position at all times, and those not having one may get into trouble. **"Lame"** (BEDFORD).—The symptom of which you complain can be removed by "Sanitas," which is an excellent thing for you to have in your kit while touring. Bathe the feet night and morning. The embrocation form of "Sanitas" is even better, and will also serve as a stand-by in case you should have any wayside wounds to dress—let us hope only as a good Samaritan!

H. P.

# THE INGENUITY OF BRINDLE.

By Brindle's Chum.

Illustrated by A. T. Smith.




was generally called "The Cow," or "Cow" for short, because some cows are "brindled," whatever that means. He was a year older than me, and bigger and stronger; but we were great pals all the same. He used to lick me sometimes, not very often—just as often as was good for me, he said, and I reckon he was about right. Besides, he wouldn't let anyone else lick me, if he could help it, so it was worth while having a few lickings from the Cow instead of a lot from other fellows. I missed him a good deal, in spite of the lickings, when he left, and we wrote to each other once a week for nearly half a term.

The great point about Brindle was his ingenuity. It was Denner himself (our housemaster) that called it "ingenuity." He put another word in front of it—I can't quite remember what—but it began with a "d," and ended with "cal." That was when the Cow had lain under his bed all night with a candle, and rugs hanging down all round, so that no light could get out, reading "Lorna Doone." You see, he wanted to finish the book badly—I've felt that way about some books myself—and he wasn't going to let a trifle stop him. Denner had seen him taking it out of the library in the evening at eight, and at breakfast he happened to ask him how he liked it. Brindle never thought that Denner would be sharp enough to twig anything, so he said:—

"I've finished it, sir."

Denner said something about a chap called Macaulay, the same man as wrote the "Lays," I expect, who must have been a jolly quick reader, and let the thing drop, though I saw him looking pretty closely at the Cow, who was rather red about the eyes. But after breakfast he called him into his study, and asked him straight how he had managed to read a book of six hundred pages between supper and breakfast. Of course Brindle told him—he never lied—and it was then that Denner said that about the ingenuity. He was jolly decent about it though, and only made him promise never to do such a thing again. And then he lent him a book called "The Prisoner of Zenda," which the Cow said beat even "Lorna Doone" into fits. You see, it wasn't as if Denner had caught him himself; and Denner's straight enough, though rather a trial at times.

The Cow was awfully keen on reading, even history, and stuff like that; and he used to write poetry as well, jolly good poetry too—just like Tennyson some of it was. I remember once how there was a comet, and we all got up in the middle of the night to see it. The Cow wrote a poem about it, but I can't remember any of it except three lines about a great big chap whom we called "Jumbo" and another called Atkinson, who was very particular about his dress and such like.

E'en Jumbo rises early now;
And Atkinson, the all-sublime,
Jumps out of bed another time.

Altogether, it was the most beautiful poem I ever read.

Well, as I was saying, Brindle liked reading, and once he got quite excited when we were doing that place in Greek history where a king called Darius heard that the Athenians had burnt one of his towns, and got so shirty that he made a slave say every day to him, "Sire, remember the Athenians." I know jolly well that if anybody burnt anything of mine, I'd remember it quick enough without a slave telling me to. But the Cow said it was splendid, and that Darius was a fine chap, and that I should have to remind him of something every day.

It happened that there was a fair in the village that day; so, in the break, the Cow and me went down to see if there was any fun going. There was a cocoanut shy, and Brindle had six shots, and knocked off five cocoanuts. The man who kept the show said he'd be ruined if there was many young gents like Brindle about. The Cow was bursting with pride as we walked up to the house, and said he was afraid of forgetting what he'd done—his "prowess," he called it—and that I must say, "Sire, remember the cocoanuts," every morning after breakfast, or else get licked. No matter what I was doing, I was to stop, and go up to him and say it; and I knew the Cow meant what he said. It was a lark to see how

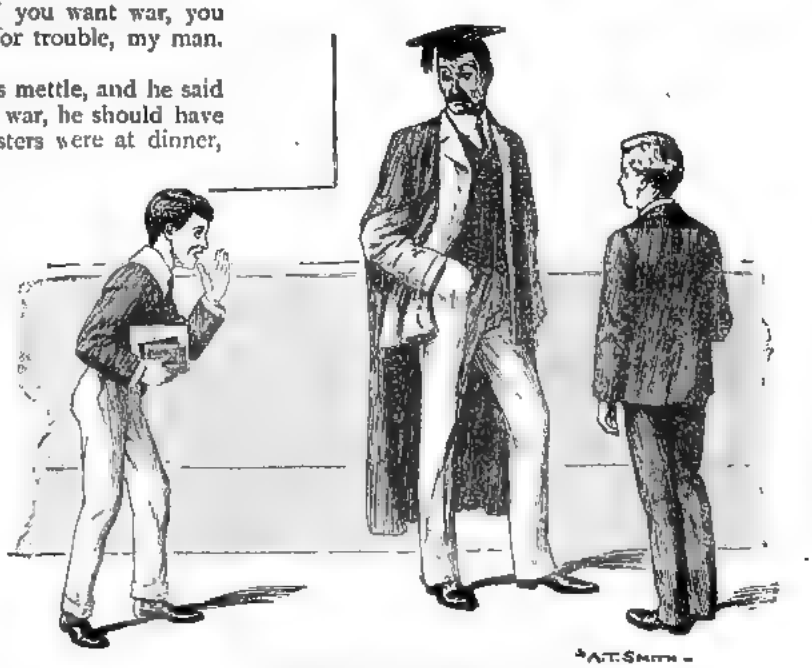
surprised Denner was one morning when he was talking to Brindle in the passage, and I came up and shouted quite loud (I had to shout or I got licked), "Sire, remember the cocoanuts."

But the time when the Cow showed most ingenuity was after he had declared war against Denner, which he did in regular form—he always liked to do things properly. He said that the string was stretched to breaking point, that the situation had come to a crisis, and that, as Denner had delivered his ultératum, there was no alternative. He often talked rot like that out of the books he was always reading. This was when Brindle had been in one of his queer humours in school, and Denner had said:—

"Look here, Brindle, if you want war, you shall have it. Look out for trouble, my man. That's my ulteratum."

This put the Cow on his mettle, and he said that since Denner wanted war, he should have it. It was while the masters were at dinner, and he said he must declare war in the regular way. He hesitated a long time whether he should do it like the Romans did it, or like they do now, but at last he said that, as there was plenty of time, he would do it both ways. He said it was rather a pity that he hadn't an ambassador at Denner's Court, so that he could withdraw him, because that was the proper thing to do when war is declared; but then he remembered that Denner had sometimes sent me to find him, so that I might fairly be called his ambassador. He made me go up to Denner's room, which was quite safe, as all the masters were in the Common Room, and then sent a "special messenger"—Bates Secundus—with a despatch ordering me to leave within twenty-four hours. I left within twenty-four seconds, because, after all, there was no knowing when Denner might come back. Then the Cow declared war in the regular Roman form. He got a wicket and dipped it in blood—we had to kill Cockerton's rabbit, but he gave Cockerton 6d. for it—and threw it over the threshold of Denner's room, because that was the way the Romans did when they declared war, and a jolly rotten way too, I think. I sneaked in before Denner came back—I thought it safer—and bagged the wicket. There was some blood on the floor, but I expect Denner thought it was only red ink.

Then the Cow said that he would use the modern method, so he gathered all the House nearly together on the steps outside, and made me read a "Proclamation," which said that Peter Thomas Brindle, commonly called the Cow, was in a state of war with John Edward Denner, Master of Arts, and warned all friendly states to observe a strict neutrality. When I had left off being his "herald," as he called it, he said that I was his "offensive and defensive ally," and was obliged to help him. Then we went in to Prep.; but Brindle was very sick because he hadn't had time to send round a fiery cross to summon his clan. I said that I thought he had mixed things up enough as it was; but he smacked my head, and said I didn't understand.



"SIRE, REMEMBER THE COCOANUTS!"

Prep. went off quietly enough, because the Cow hadn't decided on any plan, and, besides, he said that he wanted to lull the enemy into false security. Denner saw how still he kept, and said he was glad that Brindle had come to his senses. But he didn't know what was coming.

Before breakfast next morning the Cow told me he had struck the first blow, and that I had

better watch Denner, which I did. I should say that we all have porridge for breakfast, but Denner doesn't like porridge, and starts on bread and milk. Everybody thinks it's babyish of him, but he doesn't mind that. Well, our porridge was pretty much the same as usual, but there seemed to be something wrong with Denner's bread and milk, for he just took one mouthful, and then pushed the bowl away.

"First blood to me!" whispered the Cow. "It cost a bob; but it's worth it."

He'd actually got up early and given the cook a shilling to burn Denner's bread and milk. He wanted her to do it every day for a week, but she said she daren't do it more than once, because once might reasonably be thought an accident. It was awfully risky, as there would have been a row if he'd been caught in the kitchen. But Brindle said that you must expect risks in warfare.

I thought that was a pretty fair start, but the Cow hadn't done yet. He was first out of breakfast, leaving Denner finishing his bacon. He nipped into Denner's room as quick as he could, and bagged his pipe, which he stuck in an old coat that Denner sometimes wears in the evenings. Then he went and hid under the bed in the next room, which was by far the dangerousest thing he had done so far, and watched. He told me that it was all he could do to keep from laughing out loud when Denner went straight to his mantelpiece, felt in his pockets, said something, and then rummaged all round the room. It was queer that he never thought of looking in his bedroom, where the coat was. At last he had to have a cigarette, which he doesn't like half as much, as Brindle knew jolly well. So the Cow scored again. But it didn't turn out so well in the end, for he didn't dare to come out from under the bed till Denner had gone, and so he was late for school; and, besides, Denner was in such a wax that morning that he dropped on us all, and especially Brindle. The Cow said that the classroom was the field of battle, and that I was to keep sending him despatches, which I did. The first two got through all right, and the Cow read them, but just as he was picking up the third, Denner looked up. The Cow whipped the despatch into his mouth as quick as lightning, which was a rotten silly thing to do, but he says that a soldier always swallows a despatch rather than let the enemy get it. But Denner twigged him and said:—

"What have you got in your mouth, Brindle?"

That put me in a horrid funk; for if Denner got the despatch it was all up. I'd written: "Beware! He knows all! Eliza has confessed on the rack." (Afterwards we had a cypher which the Cow invented, so there was less risk.) But I was all right next minute.

"Nothing, sir!"

"Nothing! I distinctly saw you swallow something!"

"Only a piece of paper, sir."

"A piece of paper! Only a piece of paper! Sweets I can understand, but paper! Have the goodness to write out two hundred times: 'Paper, as an article of diet, is good neither for human beings nor boys.'" (Denner can't help trying to score off fellows, which is a mistake.)

On the whole, Denner had the best of that, for, besides the impot, the paper made the Cow frightfully unwell. But the despatch wasn't intercepted, so he was happy.

I can't give you a full account of the war—it would fill a book. Sometimes the Cow, and sometimes Denner, got the best of it. And the funny part was that one of the "belligerent parties," as Brindle called them, had no idea that he was at war at all. He had forgotten what he had said, and couldn't make out why things kept going wrong. I heard him say to Owen once that he thought he must have mistaken his vocation. If he meant that he ought to have been something else, it was all rot, for he's a jolly good master—as masters go.

Well, the end of the war was like this. The Cow said that all his victories were useless if he couldn't get something like an apology out of Denner; and after he'd thought a good while he came to the conclusion that the best way would be to do his work very swaggerly for a bit, and see what would happen. He was a clever enough fellow, but had never bothered to swot before. And there was another way he thought he could get round Denner. Denner is very keen on games, especially cricket, and Brindle was rather slack, preferring to work his ingenuity in other ways. Games weren't romantic enough for him as a rule. But he said that he reckoned he could manage to make cricket more interesting by pretending that anyone he bowled or caught was W.G. or Ranji, and that when he made any runs he had just "driven Richardson magnificently to the off boundary for a quartette." (He got that out of the *Sportsman*, though he let on that he had made it up himself.) So now he took to cricket like blazes, and it was very soon found out that he was a born bowler. Bowlers generally are wily chaps like Brindle, I expect. He bowled so well one day in a House match that he was picked to play for the eleven against the masters. I should say that Denner was awfully pleased to see the Cow taking to cricket, and even coached him two or three times himself.

Well, on the day of the match the Cow was in great form. He started by getting two wickets pretty cheaply, and then Denner came in. He played Brindle's first ball, hit a splendid four off the second, and was bowled all over the shop by the third. He shook his fist at the Cow as he came out, but didn't say anything. But the Cow wasn't satisfied yet. "I'll make him apologise before I've done," he said, "you see if I don't!"

It was getting near the end of the term now, and the exams. were on. Brindle had swotted jolly hard, just to score off Denner, he said. He had all manner of cute tips for remembering things, and, unlike most tips, they nearly always came off. Anyhow, the result was that the Cow was top in two things, and third in two more. Denner was frightfully pleased, and so was the Cow himself, I think; but all he said was that he hoped Denner would be quick with his apology, because it would be an awful fag keeping up the war next term. Well, sure enough, the apology, or something like it, did come. When the Head wrote the reports, he used to come round to all the rooms and go through them with the masters and we used to come up and get praised or ragged, as the case might be. This time, when the Head came, and Brindle was called up, Denner said:—

"I've often had occasion to find fault with Brindle, but I must say that this term he has done excellently."

As the Cow went back to his seat, he whispered to me:—

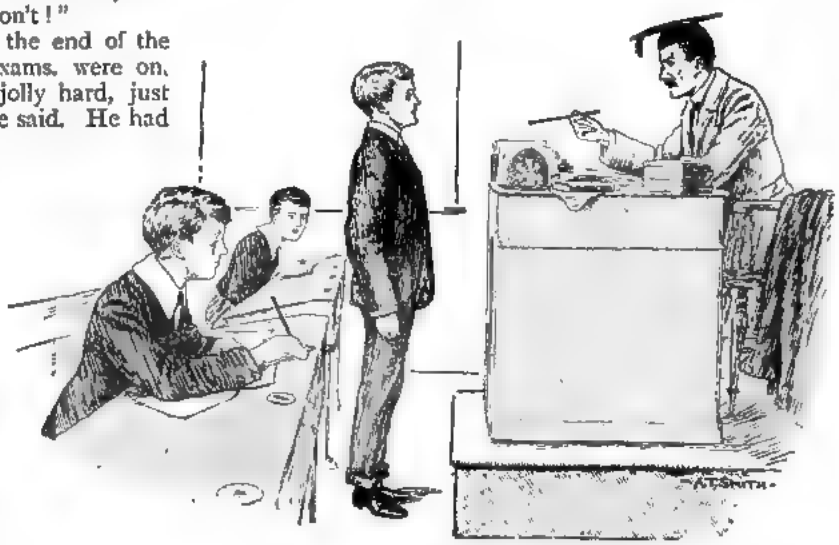
"I'm afraid I shall have to keep it up next term. It wasn't enough."

But as soon as the Head had gone, Denner began to return the knives and things that he had bagged during the term, and when he returned Brindle a knife of his, he said:—

"Brindle, I take back all I've said against you this term. You're top of the form, in the eleven, and you bowled me with a beauty in the Common Room match. So I take it all back."

Brindle's ingenuity hadn't done so badly for him, after all.

W. Snow.



"I DISTINCTLY SAW YOU SWALLOW SOMETHING."

## THE BABU AND THE COBRA.

Babu Chowduri Bhose writes to the *Upper Burma Gazette*: "I should like to bring to notice of public through widely scattered columns of your valuable Journal, a peradventure that overtook my personality whilst taking noctural perambulations on West Moat Road in order to caution fellow-citizens against simultaneous dangers. Whilst wending my way long abovesaid thoroughfare on evening of January 22nd and pursuing a course as crow flies towards my humble domicile I was suddenly and instantaneously confronted with monstrous hissing and much confounded row in immediate vicinity. I first remained *sotto voce* and then on applying close scrutiny of my double optics to spot whence proceeded abovesaid disturbance I was much horrified and temperaneously paralysed to lo and behold a mighty ernomous reptile of *Cobra de Capello* making frontal attack. My pedal appendages being only clothed in wooden sandals, I thereupon immediately took to neither limbs and beat hasty retreat (as stated in war telegrams) or in other words made rapid retrograde movements by locomotion of lower shanks—though personally much courageous.

"I sould like to indignantly question 'what are our newly elected city fathers cogitating that they should not take commensurate steps to relegate such carnivrous animals to limbo of oblivion and insure safety of pedestrains and footpads?' Please answer me this inscrutable question, famous sir."

# WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

CONDUCTED BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

*(Reply to "Liber" and Others.)*

**Free Library Appointments.**—Librarianship is a profession of the future. Every year the number of free libraries is added to considerably. At some libraries, as at Liverpool, apprentices are taken. This is an arrangement between the parents of a fourteen or fifteen-year-old candidate and the librarian on the part of the committee to secure the candidate's services for a period of five years on a small progressive salary, starting at about 7s. a week. In some of the large cities an examination for staff appointments takes place, the subjects being handwriting, dictation, arithmetic, geography, English history, and English literature. The average salary paid to a junior is £40 a year, to a senior assistant £80. The average salary paid to a sub-librarian is £150. The salary of a chief librarian depends, of course, largely on the size of the library. The salary of the chief librarian at the Guildhall, for instance, is £750 per annum. The head librarian of a big borough's series of libraries ranges from £250 to £500 per annum, generally with a free residence. Young men can qualify for positions in libraries by obtaining the Library Association Certificate, particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary of the Association, 20, Hanover Square, W.

**Royal Irish Constabulary.**—To obtain a cadetship in the R.I.C. it is necessary to pass a competitive examination and to obtain a nomination from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or his Chief Secretary. Influence is necessary for obtaining a nomination, and the examination is somewhat stiff. The candidate must be between twenty-one and twenty-six years old, at least 5ft. 8ins. in height, and sound in limb. The candidate or his relatives must be in a position to provide at least £50 per annum as supplemental to the cadet's pay whilst under instruction. The fee for examination is £2, and application must be made to the Civil Service Commissioners, Westminster, S.W., for particulars as to time, place, and conditions of examinations. The successful candidate has then to undergo a course of drill horsemanship, and legal study under the direction of the commandant. He will then receive the pay of a constable (viz., 15s. a week) whilst awaiting the occurrence of a vacancy in the list of Third Class District Inspectors.

*(Reply to E. C., R. I. B. A., etc.)*

**How to Become an Architect.**—You can enter the profession of an architect either as an articled pupil, an improver, or an assistant. As a pupil, you would have to be articled until the age of twenty-one, and a premium would be required, which varies with the reputation of the firm you are articled to. The usual fee is a hundred guineas, though in some large London firms it is in excess of the sum named. Owing to the value of the examination of the R.I.B.A., it is most desirable, as affecting your future prospects and standing, that you should pass their examination. It is very difficult to obtain a post with any good firm, either as junior or assistant, unless you have at least passed the preliminary examination. There are three examinations—the preliminary, intermediate, and final. An application for the preliminary examination must be made to the Secretary, Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, W.C., who will forward a form and statement as to fees.

*(Reply to E. T.)*

**Tea-planting in Ceylon.**—The only method I can advise you for obtaining a post with a tea-planter is to look out for the advertisement of a vacancy. Advertisements from planters requiring pupils may frequently be seen in the *Field* and the principal Anglo-Indian papers, and I have noticed some in the *Daily Telegraph*. Of course the greatest caution must be exercised in selecting a person with whom to become a pupil. Ceylon certainly takes the lead in tea-growing districts as regards desirability. The charge made by planters varies considerably from 120 to 200 rupees a month, which sum includes board and residence in the planter's house and instruction in tea-growing. The time passed in learning is generally two years, and when the pupil has finished his novitiate he will, if he has capital, buy a share in some estate. But, if not possessed of money, he will have to content himself with the position of manager or overseer. The pay given to these varies considerably, but a very usual rate is from 300 to 600 rupees a month, with a bungalow included.

**Engineering.**—(See article in THE CAPTAIN, May, 1899.) The most expensive method is to pay a premium to an engineer in active practice

This may vary from fifty to one hundred guineas up to five hundred or even one thousand guineas, according to the status of the firm. A cheaper way, and a very satisfactory one, is to obtain an apprenticeship to one of the great railway companies. Several of these, notably the Great Western and London and North-Western, take apprentices at premiums of £60 and £75, the payment of which may be spread over three years. In some cases the whole or part of the premium is returned in wages. During his apprenticeship the student works with his hands, and goes through all the departments. He takes part in the practical business of pattern-making, founding, turning, fitting, and erecting steam engines. Six months or a year are passed in the drawing office learning mechanical drawing, making tracings and copies of plans, and calculating.

**Walking the Hospitals.**—See article in THE CAPTAIN, November, 1899.

**Caution to Parents.**—When a boy has been articled or apprenticed, and the premium has been paid, a father's anxiety as to his son's future is by no means necessarily at an end. The principal or master may die, and then a term of apprenticeship must be finished elsewhere, and a fresh premium paid, since, in the absence of an agreement to the contrary, no part of a premium is repayable if the master dies before the completion of the term. Fathers and guardians will, therefore, be wise when paying a premium to insist on a stipulation for the return of a portion of it in the event of the decease of the master before the expiration of the term. The law already provides for the return of a portion of the premium in the case of the bankruptcy of the master.

*(Reply to N. H. B. and Others.)*

**Black and White Artists.**—It is certainly possible for a good black and white artist to make a very fair income by drawing for papers and magazines. Read the criticisms of CAPTAIN Club artistic contributions in back numbers.

## "WHAT WE EAT OUT HERE."

BY A ZULULAND READER.

AT the present time, owing to the extremely unsettled state of affairs in South Africa, we are compelled to eat fowls (which we buy from natives) and tinned meats (which we get from Durban by wagon). Before the war we got sheep from the Boers, for which, as we live within five hundred yards of the Transvaal border, we had not far to send. For vegetables, also, we were dependent on the Boers; now, as all the farms near here are deserted, we have to do as best we can.

The staple food of Zululand, as in Natal, is maize and Kaffir corn (a kind of millet which the natives cook and ferment to make beer, called by them "Utywala"). The natives use nothing else, except occasionally when they kill a beast, which generally only lasts them a very short time, as they like to gorge themselves with it. We sell a lot of tinned corned beef and ship's biscuits to passing natives, as our store is on the road. As the other members of my family are away at Pietermaritzburg for safety, leaving my father, brother, and self, we have to do our own cooking and contriving, and, on the whole, I think we manage fairly well. For breakfast we have Quaker oat porridge, eggs and bacon, and coffee; lunch, the remains of last night's fowl (if there is any left), or Australian meat, and jam, if we feel so disposed; and for dinner we either have fowls again, or warmed-up tinned meat or fish, potatoes (of which, luckily, we have a supply), and tinned fruit as "sweets."

In peaceful times we used to kill an ox at the beginning of the winter. This we salted down, and it lasted, generally, through the winter months (May until August). Sometimes we kill a pig, which lasts about ten days.

Game about here is very scarce. Now and again we get half a buck, but very seldom. As we are very near the source of the River Umhlatuzi, we do not get any fresh fish worth eating, those we catch being all bones.

The flour we use is sometimes Australian, and sometimes American. Sugar being grown out here, very little is imported. We always use Natal tea and Rio de Janeiro coffee in the bean, which we roast and grind ourselves.

THE prize of One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to HUGH LESLIE DOBRÉE, Laburnum Villa, St. Aubins, Jersey, C.I., for his carefully thought out and compiled paper: "The Finest Fielding Counties."

### *The Finest Fielding Counties.*

Which is the finest all-round fielding county in England? This question has several times been asked, but seldom answered. Why? Perhaps mainly because we do not want to run our own county down. Now, then, let me, being a total outsider, select what I consider to be the two finest fielding counties in England. I should, without hesitation, reply: Yorkshire and Gloucestershire. Perhaps, by taking men from each of the above counties, we may show them to be above the rest.

From the former (Yorks) let us select Tunnicliffe, Hunter, Hirst, and Denton.

Firstly, *Tunnicliffe.*—He is, without doubt, the finest short slip in England. The Pudsey giant can reach anything, and it is no surprise for the Yorkshire crowd to see him fall full length on the ground and bring off a catch which most fielders would not have attempted. He captured forty-eight batsmen at slip for his county alone last season.

Secondly, *David Hunter.*—The famous Yorkshire wicket-keeper, though he is getting on in years, I should still select as one of the five best wicket-keepers in England. Last season he brought off forty-two catches behind the sticks.

Thirdly, *G. H. Hirst.*—This popular professional is, perhaps, the finest mid-off in England. A great favourite with the crowd, and very popular amongst his fellow-cricketers.

Fourthly, *Denton.*—A fine out-field, very sharp, and smart sprinter with a good return.

Let us now turn to our second selection—Gloucestershire. From "the county of Graces" let us select: G. L. Jessop, Board, W. S. A. Brown, and C. O. H. Sewell.

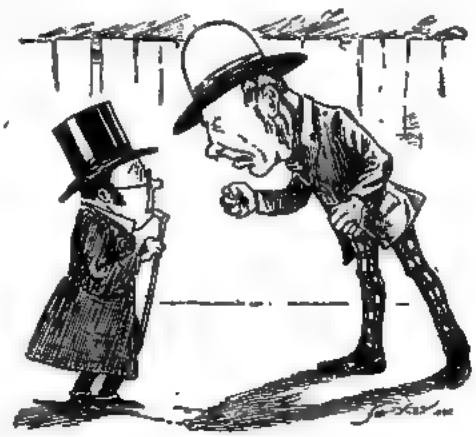
*Jessop*, the Gloucestershire smiter, is a brilliant cover point, never missing anything. He and Briggs I should select as being the two finest covers in England.

*Board.* — The finest wicket-keeper on the leg side in the country. Very sharp, with plenty of nerve; a great favourite with the Bristol crowd.

*W. S. A. Brown.* — A very plucky mid-off, and has received many an ovation from the crowd for his remarkable fielding.

*C. O. H. Sewell.* — A perfect field, quick, with a beautiful return.

Thus I think I have chosen the two finest fielding counties in England, on their accomplishments of last season, at any rate.



APOLOGETIC.

THE EX-PATIENT: "You're a nice doctor to summons me for advice given, aren't you? Didn't yer tell me a year ago that I'd only live a fortnight?"
THE DOCTOR: "My dear sir, I assure you I am sorry I was mistaken!"

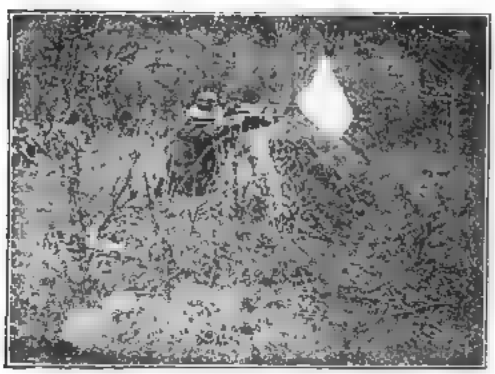
*(By Reub Cohen.)*

I append a list of catches made by first-class counties, season 1900:—

| | County. | Number of Catches. |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Yorkshire | 270 |
| 2. | Surrey | 250 |
| 3. | Lancashire | 237 |
| 4. | Gloucestershire | 233 |
| 5. | Sussex | 212 |
| 6. | Worcestershire | 179 |
| 7. | Middlesex | 164 |
| 8. | Kent / Hampshire | 162 |
| 9. | Essex | 155 |
| 10. | Notts | 150 |
| 11. | Leicestershire | 146 |
| 12. | Warwickshire | 145 |
| 13. | Derbyshire | 135 |
| 14. | Somerset | 125 |

HUGH LESLIE DOBRÉE.

THE WHITE FLAG.



"NOW WE'VE GOT 'EM!"

"WHERE'S MY HORSE?"

*(Photographs by J. E. Llewellyn).*

### *"Bobby's First Sin."*

In the slums of a northern city, where the boys and girls read little but the worst kind of blood-and-thunder books, an attempt has been made to form a free library to wean them from their depraved tastes. But the pioneers of the movement have fallen into the common error of swinging the pendulum too far. Instead of buying wholesome adventure stories by well-known authors, they have laid in a stock of badly written goody-goody books, which, despite their resplendent covers, are never asked for twice.

"Please, mister, can you give me somethin' else?" asked a shock-headed young borrower, timidly handing back a copy of "Bobby's First Sin," which the librarian had pressed upon him. "It don't seem lively enough for me."

"But to-morrow is Sunday, remember," urged the librarian. "You don't want a lively book on the Sabbath. You must read something good."

Only half satisfied, the boy took "Bobby's First Sin" away, but hardly half an hour had elapsed before he was back with it.

"Here, guv'nor, take it," he said, dropping it on the counter like a red-hot coal. "I've read a chapter of it, and it's too good even for Sunday!"

R. A. H. G.

THE FAMILY GHOST.
*(Photograph by Hubert H. Palmer.)*

### *What I can see from my Garden.*

To the east I can see the estuary of the Rivers Torridge and the Taw, with the Pool of Appledore, the villages of Westleigh, Instow, Ashford, Braunton (and Braunton Burrows) and its lighthouse, the main road to Barnstaple, also a large rookery, and, in the distance, Exmoor. To the west is seen the Bar mentioned in Kingsley's song, "The Three Fishers," Northam Burrows (the famous golf-links), the Atlantic Ocean, Baggy Point, Lundy Isle, and the grass-covered earthworks of Staddon Fort, held by the Royalists in Cromwell's time. To the south-west I see pasture lands, to the south the unfinished tower called Chanter's Folly, also, some distance up, the River Torridge and the road to Bideford.

ARTHUR TODD-PHILLIPS.

P.S.—I may say that I have seen the following creatures in my garden: A weasel, hedgehog, partridge, water-coot, gull, mole, rabbit, golden plover, lapwing, rat, and ten different kinds of song birds.

### *Country Company.*

You need never be lonely in the country. You have but to go out of doors and *sit still*, and some bird or animal will come to you. That "sitting still" is the great secret of success in observing wild animals. You cannot go to them, but you can let them come to you. There is no knowing what you may not see. If it is the nesting time you may see a bird building its nest, or feeding its young, a sight not to be surpassed. A pair of squirrels may come and play about in the trees overhead, or, if in the fields, a weasel may look out at you from the hedge with his crafty little eyes. There is always something fresh to see and to learn. When you can recognise the songs of the commonest birds, begin jotting down the days on which they sing in your note-book. A little experience will soon teach you when it is unusual for them to sing; and if you hear certain birds singing when they are usually silent, make a note of it. For instance, I find from my note-books that in 1899 the blackbird sang through the latter half of January and the first half of February; then he was silent till the beginning of March. But the next year I see he did not sing at all till March 21st. Therefore it will be most interesting next year to see whether he sings in February or not, and if he does it will be worth recording. Mark also the dates of the arrival of the migrants. I think you will find that the first foreign songster, if its note can be called a song, to make its way into England each year is the chiff-chaff. There is to me no pleasanter sound than the voice of this warbler on one of the first days of April. I never consider spring has really begun till I hear it.

THE MAIL ARRIVES ON BOARD THE DANISH CADET TRAINING SHIP "DAGMAR."
*(Sent by Gerald Brocleur, Copenhagen.)*

As you go on you will find that the study, dull though it may have been at first, becomes more and more fascinating, and through it life in the country begins to have a charm it never had before.

R. V. H. BURNE.

### *Faithful Unto Death.*

Once an old elephant engaged in battle on the plains of India. He was a standard bearer, and carried on his high back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given him the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound, and fell to the ground, where he remained under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colours. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining his ears to catch the sound of the voice he would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights he remained where his master had given him the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move him. They then sent to a village, one hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. . . The noble hero seemed then to remember how the mahout had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

GOTTFRIED O. TEICHMANN.

### *Alternative Titles.*

I gathered the following the other day, and can guarantee that the titles are all of real books. All you do is to get the titles of two books or plays and put the word "or" between them:—

"Cinder-path Tales," or "Real Grit."

"Dr. Luttrel's First Patient," or "The Death that Lurks Unseen."

"Comrades in Arms," or "The Heavenly Twins."

"A Prince of Swindlers," or "Could He do Better?"

"Twelve Sermons," or "When the Sleeper Wakes."

"All Men are Liars," or "The Transvaal from Within."

"Thirteen Doctors," or "Murder by Warrant."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," or "The King of Schnorrers."

"A Father's Curse," or "A Domestic Experiment."

"Man Proposes," or "Ask Mamma."

R. H.

### *Dutch Schools.*

Perhaps it may be interesting to some of your readers to know how schools in Holland are conducted.

I don't think anyone can imagine the difference between our good old English schools and the schools over there. They are kindergartens compared to our schools. For instance, there is no football or cricket, and the boys don't know what it is to kick a ball, for when I told them about these games they stared at me open-mouthed, and thought I was mad.

There was no playground, oh, no! but a big garden very prettily laid out.

When I first went to school there I was put in the lowest class, where only the elements of learning were taught, such as the alphabet. Arithmetic was a very important point, and an hour was devoted to this every morning. The time was also taught.

In the summer we devoted ourselves to gardening, and each little boy or girl had a little patch of ground given him for this purpose, and every morning we trooped down, each with a little watering can, to water our flowers. Of course, as we got higher up in the school, our gardening was left behind us.

At the end of our "playground" there were two big cases filled with sand, and in these we could lark about to our hearts' content. If it was damp or rainy we went to a big room where we played games such as "Kiss in the Ring"!

FRANK RICARD.

MINGY MIKE: "Could you do something for a poor old sailor?"
FARMER HODGE: "Poor old sailor!"
MINGY MIKE: "Yus, sir. I followed the wotter for twenty years."
FARMER HODGE: "Well, you certainly don't look as if you'd ever catched up with it."

*(Drawn by Wilson Fenning.)*

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## "CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

### LITERARY.

**B. Y. X.**—You have humour, but not, according to the sample to hand, of a very refined type. In any kind of art—and even comic writing is a branch of art—it is necessary to cultivate *restraint*. Now try again, and see if you cannot turn out a funny and original little essay, without in any way forcing yourself, or (what is called) "overdoing it." When you have finished your first draft, cut it down with an unflinching pen, re-write it, punctuate carefully, and send me the result. **Dolly** (PIETERMARITZBURG).—Be careful about your writing and punctuation. Have "clubbed" you, and am using your little essay either in this or a future number. **R. F. Megginson.**—Not quite enough in your little contribution to merit publication. Very neatly written, though. You're not the sort of chap to fail for want of trying, I can see.—**E. A. Megginson.**—I have accepted your contribution, "A Scene in Ceylon," not because it is by any means a great piece of writing, but because I want to encourage my readers to observe and to learn to describe what they observe. Thus you will come to write interesting and informative letters, instead of aimless scribblings about nothing in particular. **O. Friederici.**—A pathetic little story. Sorry cannot afford space for it. **What ho!**—I still think you'll write something good if you go on trying. "Rot in Rhyme" not quite up to form. **R. V. H. Burne.**—Am printing the latter half of your pleasant little essay on the country. **Number 6.**—I printed an article on Southampton last month. Send me something else. **A School-boy.**—The poem shows promise. **"Rolling Stone."**—Try it again, leaving out what you call the "vulgarities." **Frank Browne.**—Sentiment praiseworthy. By the way, you mustn't say "a honest." I see you have made that mistake twice. **"Trojan."**—The heroic poem in twenty-four verses, which your aunt considers a masterpiece, made an excellent luncheon for the office dog. Instead of writing such rubbish you would spend your time more profitably digging up the garden or playing "Ping-Pong." **L. A. R.**—Yours came in nicely as tea for the dog. **R. W. B.**—There weren't any palm trees anywhere near the old shop in my time. Just try your hand at a short, well-balanced essay on, say, "The Heroes of a School Library." **J. W. Sydenham.**—Stick to 1901 English. That will better please the "Oald Phag." **Will Lucas.**—You have humour. Keep it well in hand and try again. **E. G. Boreham.**—We have a long article coming on by Mr. Firth Scott, the Australian writer, on "Bush Sport." This covers "Kangaroos"; sorry, on this account, cannot use your well-written little paper. **Cyp. Dare.**—You are a first-class typist. Sorry story is not up to our mark. **Eric Cooper.**—Funny here and there, but as a whole not good enough to use. **D. M. Strath.**—Too much "says he." **A. L. Snow.**—Very promising.

### ARTISTIC.

**Joan Bloxham.**—Very clever drawing, but poor execution. Is it a copy? **R. F. and E. A. Megginson.**—Much too careless. *Nil desperandum.* You are both worthy fellows. **W. E. Fuller** (TASMANIA).—Photographs to hand. I may be able to use some of them in the course of the next few months. **W. M. Wace.**—You had better copy the work of some good line artists, and don't use such a fine pen. **F. Huntly.**—Pay more attention to outline and the drawing of your figures generally. Read my answers in May, 1901. I have clubbed you. **H. Hanson.**—Regret that I cannot use the three sketches. Make firmer lines with your pen. **Thor. N. A.**—You have talent, but require a great deal of practice. See previous answers. **A. B. Rosher.**—The snapshot you sent is a good one, and we will use it if space permits. **"Constant Reader of 'The Captain.'"**—Your photograph is splendidly taken, but not of sufficient interest to general readers when space is so valuable. **Phil Bell.**—You have improved; try and make a hand, a foot, a face, and a man's coat more like the real objects.

**Contributions also received from:** A. D. Cooper, L. Cadoux, H. E. Wace, G. N. McGregor, C. E. Weir, O. M. Hardy, A. Mackinnon, A. X. Y., F. G. Skinner, J. S. Cox, Thomas Dunn, "Jumble," Geo. Montague Caseldine, Black-and-Tan, W. H. Kennedy, A. Tod Phillips, W. J. White, J. Beckett, Phiz, E. H. Kennington, Nellie Leigh, Archibald Pollock, junr., "La Mousse," Horn, Eric Claude Block, H. H., May Stafford, Whitgiftian (whom we have "clubbed"), Brer Bull-Frog.

[*A number of accepted contributions, both literary and pictorial, are held over for future issues.*]

# "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

**NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—**

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows.—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—**"My Favourite Heroine in Fiction."**—Three prizes, consisting of books to the value of 7s. 6d., to be selected by the winners, will be awarded for the three best essays on this subject. Limit of words: 400.

Class I. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Calendar."**—THREE ALBUMS will be awarded for the three best essays (not exceeding 400 words in length) on any Event mentioned in this month's "CAPTAIN Calendar."

Class I. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—**"The Best Play I Have Ever Seen."**—Describe this, giving a brief outline of the story and the most striking scene. Do not exceed 400 words. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Omitted Words."**—THREE FOUNTAIN PENS will be awarded for the three best endeavours to supply the omitted words in the following sentence. The dots represent the number of letters in each omitted word. The tale containing this sentence will be found in next month's CAPTAIN.

After . . . . . , we took up our rifles, and, . . . . . , ourselves ostentatiously on a platform . . . . . , made a show of . . . . . our weapons. Time drew on. The evening train would . . . . . arrive; the ticket office opened, and . . . . . passengers streamed in. Presently . . . . . was a commotion . . . . . the booking office; the voices of the station master and . . . . . natives raised . . . . in altercation, to be followed by the . . . . . of . . . disputants.

Class I. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twenty-four.
Class II. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... ... ... Age-limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"Photograph of a Church."**—Three prizes of 7s. Prints may be any size and on any paper.

Class I. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Sentences."**—THREE ALBUMS for the three funniest sentences, as follows:—

Wanted, Governess to teach two small children and drive a pony who can play and sing and understands needlework.

Post-cards only.

Class I. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

***NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.***

*12, BURLEIGH STREET,*
*STRAND, LONDON.*

**Ah, me!**—How time doth fly! Here is the smiling summer with us again—our third summer in Burleigh Street. My desk is fragrant with flowers, ever welcome gifts from country readers, and on the mantelpiece is another bowl of blooms which I give you my word I have not bought, nor yet begged or stolen. So the room is gay with daffodils, hyacinths, primroses, golden jonquils, and violets blue. My best thanks to those who have thus helped to brighten our city existence. . . . I have been looking up THE CAPTAIN for June, 1899, and renewing acquaintance with those old friends, "The Red Ram" and "The King's Red Coat." Good tales these, with much else that is good all around them, but I somehow think that THE CAPTAIN seems to swing along better nowadays than it did two years ago. We have done all sorts of pruning and cropping since then, and I think the results have justified our experiments.

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**The Mind's Garden.**—Two years can hardly go by without materially affecting the readers of a magazine as well as the magazine itself. Are you better for the past two years, or worse? Say you don't feel as satisfied with yourself now as you did two years ago! Why not? Get at the root of it, and cut the bad reason clean out. There is a policy which causes one to cry: "Oh, don't bother about it!" A bad policy for most folk—sort of leaving weeds to pull themselves up. Slackness of the worst kind that drifting policy degenerates into. A fellow often doesn't recognise that he's going down hill until some sudden shock pulls him up sharp. Don't wait for that shock. Let the garden of your mind be a well-ordered garden all along. Keep an eye on the little weeds, and the big ones will never grow.

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**Eyes Front!**—I close the volume with a snap, for I don't believe in *too much* looking backwards, or dreaming of the "what might have been." You may have made mistakes, done amiss in the past. Cease your sighing, and buckle to the "duties of the now." Put a bright face on, and never say die! As old Longfellow sings:—

> Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labour and to wait.

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**The Idea Merchant Again.**—"Any crumbs?" inquired the Idea Merchant, creeping in whilst the boy was out at lunch. I was reading a very affectionate letter from a girl-reader, and the interruption annoyed me. "Crumbs of what?" I replied shortly. "Work—crumbs of work! Any little five-shilling-bits or seven-and-sixpenny-pieces to be earned by yours till death?" I gazed fixedly at the Idea Merchant. It struck me that if I gave him something pretty stiff to do it would keep him away for a time; so I replied: "Yes, I want, firstly, a serial called 'Why is the Sea salt?' It is a big subject—treat it exhaustively. Make it about as long as 'Dombey and Son.'" The Idea Merchant gasped. "Secondly," I replied, "I want another serial—'Why Does the Sun shine?' Make that about as long as 'Our Mutual Friend.' Plenty of scope for good writing." The Idea Merchant was watching my lips with glassy eyes. "Thirdly," I continued, in a level tone, "I want still another serial, to be called 'The Romance of the Man in the Moon.' Be liberal with the love interest, and don't forget the comic relief. Make that

about the length of 'Vanity Fair.' I shall pay you for the whole lot together—£5,000 cash down. But I sha'n't give you a penny until all three are finished. There's crumbs for you!" The Idea Merchant, white to the lips, turned and tottered out of the office, leaving me to finish my affectionate girl-reader's letter in peace. Such a tremendous commission seemed to have affected his brain. When last heard of he was tasting the sea on Margate beach, varying this with lying in the sun and getting sunburnt. Local colour with a vengeance! How he proposes to study the moon I have not been informed—possibly from the top attic of a lunatic asylum.

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**Edinburgh University Athletics.**—Various Scottish readers have written objecting to the statement made in the article "The *Modus Vivendi* of Scottish Students," to the effect that Edinburgh was behind the English universities in sport. "Fettesian" urges a strong plea to the contrary, since he informs me that *eight* Internationals are to be found in the Edinburgh University first fifteen, seven of them doing duty for the strongest International team that has been seen for years. I agree with my correspondents that by its excellence in football Edinburgh is well entitled to a seat in the same row with the English universities.

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**Old Schools.**—"Basil Holmes" informs me that Sherborne School was founded in 727 A.D. by the King of the West Saxons. Alfred is supposed to have received part of his education there. The present foundation dates from Edward VI. The school possesses a complete list of rulers of the monastery and heads of the school from 727 till 1901.—"G. Moore" says that the Prebendal School, Chichester, was founded in 1497; another correspondent that Penistone Grammar School first opened its doors as long ago as 1392; while "One of the Club" writes that St. Paul's School was founded by Dean Colet in 1509.

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**Summer Voyages.**—"Ocean Wanderer" and several other correspondents wish to know something about short summer voyages by the big steamship companies, and the cost thereof. The expense of travelling in the ocean greyhound, or the more modest coasting steamer, is pretty much the same as living in hotels, allowing for the fare and distance travelled. You have to pay for speed and comfort in travelling, viz.:—From London to Gibraltar and back by the Orient Line is £16 first, and £10 second class; to Marseilles £16 and £12 respectively; and for this you can journey in good style by one of the best liners. From Southampton to Madeira by one of the Union Castle Line, second class return, would cost you from £17 to £20 15s. 6d, according to the position of your cabin; or the British and African Navigation Co. will take you from Liverpool to Madeira, Teneriffe, and Grand Canary for £15, first class return.

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**Should you** not care to go so far as Madeira, £10 10s. would allow you to run round to Lisbon in one of the "John Hall Line" steamers. This voyage would occupy eighteen or nineteen days, and give you a stay of about seven days to see Lisbon, Cintra, Belen, etc.; but, of course, this fare would not include your hotel accommodation. By the same line you can visit Malaga, being away about a month, for £15 15s. return. Another jolly voyage can be made in one of the Papayanin Line of steamers from Liverpool to Tangier, Algiers, Malta, and Alexandria. The duration of this trip would be about forty days, and the fare for the whole round would cost you £27, including stewards' fees, food, and everything (excepting wines, etc.); and on this voyage you would sleep aboard during your visit to these interesting African towns. For further information with respect to shorter sea-trips, write to Messrs. T. Cook & Sons, Ludgate Hill, London, or to any of the steamship companies' offices in our larger seaports.

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**"The Club."**—Between five and six thousand readers of THE CAPTAIN have already joined THE CAPTAIN Club, and as applications for membership continue to arrive every day, we should be somewhat "previous" in publishing a supplement, or club-list, containing the names and addresses of all the members, just yet awhile; but these are being steadily registered, and the supplement, or club-list, will appear all in good time. Many correspondents have, quite naturally, written to inquire the objects of the club. As I have said before, the club is still in its infancy, the membership of five or six thousand mentioned above representing only a small proportion of our readers. As for the advantages which accrue from membership, a very considerable one is that members are entitled to consult our experts, by post or through the magazine, free of cost. We have already been instrumental in helping a great number of members with advice and information.

**To Banish Bad Stuff.**—Then, too, one of the objects of the club is to unite the readers of THE CAPTAIN in a common bond to support pure and manly literature, and to boycott the vulgar trash which certain publishers endeavour to foist on to the youth of this country. There are various periodicals of a nature similar to THE CAPTAIN—some older, some younger; these have our good word and our best wishes for their welfare. As for the other "rags" of which we have spoken, we look to the members of the club, and, indeed, to all readers of THE CAPTAIN, to join with us in our crusade against them, so that, in time, they will be crushed out of existence. In joining THE CAPTAIN Club, every new member is expected to remember its objects, and to do his utmost, in these days of crowded bookstalls, to support only that type of periodical which exercises a wholesome and invigorating influence on the community.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Basil O. Parks** (KINGSTON, JAMAICA).—We cannot send out more copies than are actually ordered by the Kingston newsagents. However, I should be very glad if you would make a tour of the shops, and just explain to the newsagents in a friendly way how many more copies they would sell if they only stocked them. It is the same cry from Australia, Montreal, New York, Newfoundland, and other distant parts of the globe; and we are confronted by the same difficulty—we can only send out the number ordered. If a newsagent orders a thousand copies he would wonder what we were at if we were to send him twelve hundred. Now you see how the matter stands, I hope that you and other staunch members of the club will rout about and see if you can't help us. Foreign and colonial newsagents are, of course, shy about ordering too many copies of any periodical in case they should not sell them all, but I think that in respect to THE CAPTAIN they are a little *too* shy.

**C. E. A.** suffers from indigestion, and wants to know how to get rid of it, adding that he would like to know of a book on the subject. I will certainly not recommend him a book, as if once a fellow begins to read books on health he will soon imagine that he has got every possible disease under the sun, with the exception, as Mr. Jerome once said, of "housemaid's knee." The fact is, my correspondent is growing, and in that stage dyspepsia is very common. All I can advise him to do is to find out what forms of food best suit him and give him the least trouble to digest. He should never eat fast; he should be very regular in his meals; he should not eat heavy suppers or between meals; he should also take regular exercise. Then, if he leaves off thinking about his indigestion it will probably go away. He should also read Mr. Fry's article in THE CAPTAIN for November, 1900, entitled "On Keeping Fit," which contains some very useful hints *re* food, etc.

**"Tom Thumb,"** being fourteen years old and about 4ft. 10ins. high, wants to know what to do to make himself taller. Well, Tom, you know that no man, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature, but a man can make the most of what he has got, even if he has only got a little, by keeping himself fit and strong and well, and by taking an abundance of exercise, getting up early, going to bed early, and not bothering about his inches—superabundance or scarcity, as the case may be. Cheer up, Mr. Thumb; you will grow for another five or six years, you know,—and may reach 6ft. yet.

**E. and R. F. Megginson** (M.C.C.).—You cannot study the works of better authors than Talbot Baines Reed, Ballantyne, Kingston, Gordon Stables, Henty, Manville Fenn, the Rev. A. D. Craik (author of "The Victor's Laurel"), and, of course, that giant of romance, Sir Walter Scott. As regards your other query, I do not object to either of the authors you mention, but their works are not so suitable for boys as the books of the writers whose names I have given you.

**D. B. Armstrong.**—You must strengthen your muscles very gradually. As you say you have been weak from birth, you should have a doctor's advice as to the amount of exercise you should take. By no means endeavour to make muscle rapidly—that is a great mistake. If your doctor permits you to use dumb-bells, read Mr. Fry's directions to various correspondents. Whatever you do, don't overtax yourself in any way, or you'll do yourself more harm than good.

**"Ocean Rover"** wants to get into a business which will necessitate his travelling a good deal. It is not likely that any firm will engage an inexperienced young man as its travelling representative straight away. All the big wholesale houses in London and other big cities employ a good many travellers. "Ocean Rover" should try and get into one of these houses, and should study the advertisements in the big London and provincial dailies.

**Tintoe** informs me of a rather amusing incident. A friend of his, a French boy, went into Mr. Straker's, the well-known London printer and stationer, and asked for a "bloater." The gentleman behind the counter told him to go to a fish shop, as they did not keep bloaters there. After some argument, it turned out that it was a "blotter" he required. Mutual merriment and quick curtain.

**F. R.** (ISLEWORTH).—I have "clubbed" you. Something is wrong either with your friend's digestion or his teeth, and he ought to see a doctor without any further delay; and after the doctor possibly a dentist. The dentist would recommend to him a wholesome mouth-wash, which would do much to alleviate the unpleasantness you speak of.

**T. T. Nodrog.**—It is not very respectful of you to call a man old enough to be your grandfather "a queer chap," but let it pass. Now, Mr. Gordon, I will answer your questions. (1) Yes, I am the man you mention. (2) The name you refer to will be put all right in the book, which will be published in the autumn.

**G. W. Berry.**—A good many of those pictures are "fakes." Men are hired to dress up and act such things as you describe; but, on the other hand, many of them are perfectly genuine records of actual happenings. If you study them carefully, it is quite easy to tell whether they are "faked" or genuine.

**Young Fag** begs to apologise for the hasty postcard he sent us because he didn't get his badge directly he wrote for it. As a matter of fact, we had to wait some weeks for the badges ourselves. "Young Fag" is quite right to say he's sorry. So now we've shaken hands, and it's all over.

**T. E. Garrood.**—(1) You will find particulars about the club in back numbers. (2) Six parts go to a volume. (3) You will find a moderate use of the Sandow system very beneficial to you. The great thing to remember is that you must do this muscle-building very gradually.

**A. Dominy** sends me some very clever poems written by a native cricketer whom he knew out in India. The little poems, besides being extremely amusing, show what a great effect the teaching of English schoolmasters and missionaries has had on the natives.

**Mr. Herbert Woolmore,** in reply to a previous query by one of our readers, informs me that the Rev. T. S. Millington is rector of Woodhouse Eaves, near Leicester. I thank Mr. Woolmore for the kind sentiments contained in his letter.

**Planter** and **Midshipmite.**—If you will repeat the questions I endeavoured to answer for you in our May issue, I will put you in communication with a gentleman who will give you all the information you require. Send stamped envelopes.

**Julius Cæsar.**—Why bother about your ears, Mr. C.? I believe elastic bands to wear at night can be obtained from chemists and surgical appliances manufacturers, but I cannot help repeating—why bother about them?

**Nom de plume One.**—(1) Have "clubbed" you. (2) Bristol boards can be got at any good stationer's, varying from 2d. to 8d., according to size and quality. (3) If your pater wants you to go to Oxford, by all means go there.

**"The Baby."**—I think a girl might adopt a more profitable recreation than shooting. It is not exactly a pastime which fosters womanliness. The end of your letter produced the usual sunset glow on my ancient and wrinkled countenance.

**Nihil.**—The French for iodide of potassium is *iode de potassium*. "*Iode*" is pronounced ee-ode. Foreign scientists are beginning to give the sound of "oo" to the vowel of the last syllable, but the majority pronounce it as we do in English.

**Canadian Reader.**—Certainly you may take part in the competitions. If you look at the last foreign and colonial comp., you will see that I have given you plenty of time.

**Expectant.**—Have put you down for club. If your brother wishes to join, he must make a separate application, and give such particulars as will prove that he is eligible for membership.

**A Middy.**—(1) I can picture you all having a very good time. (2) Always write in autograph books when stamps are enclosed for return. (3) By the way, where is or what is "Buckinghampshire"?

**H. C. Ransley, C.C.**—(1) Don't think the death warrant is of any value. (2) If all members of the club sent their portraits, I should have to do my work in the street, as there would be no room in the office.

**D. M. F.**—Yes; you write abominably. No wonder your governess is distressed. Write on broad notepaper—on lines, if possible. Let me see how you have improved in three months' time.

**X. Y. Z.** and **Hector Oliver.**—If you will send stamped envelopes, and give full measurements, with age and weight, I will tell you what sort of bat you ought to have, and where to get it.

**Golliwog & Co.** and **"A Little Fag"** are thanked for boxes of flowers. **J. Frith Winston** (California).—Greetings! Hope you are a subscriber now. **S. Campbell, "Yorkshire Lad,"** and **T. Sheffield** (Melbourne).—You are all elected. **Hubert MacLaine** (Demerara).—Have "clubbed" you. Send eightpence in stamps to this office for a badge. **G. McAndrew.**—Maps are always returned when stamps are enclosed for that purpose. **Sidney L. Langlois** (Valparaiso). I have made you a member. Best wishes to all those readers you have kindly secured for us. **James Atkin.**—You are elected. I hope you will get a large number of your fellow cadets to join the club and wear the badge. **Fred Owen.**—Thanks for your suggestions, which are carefully noted. Certainly you may act as a representative in Swansea. **George A. Harris.**—You are exactly the sort of member I like to hear from. Many thanks for your staunch support of The Captain. **C. B. Hamilton** (Tasmania).—Have "clubbed" you. Your fellows fought very gallantly. **Espérance.**—Make your reading more general; read everything that is good—fiction, biography, travel, etc. **V. C.** informs us that the oldest public school cadet corps is the Derby School Corps. **J. S. Mackenzie.**—See my editorial paragraph on the subject. **H. and S.**—No room for a photographic corner. Our "Expert" will answer questions by post. **Charles D. Brown** (Omaru).—Thanks for stamps. The puzzle was good. Have "clubbed" you, and noted your suggestions. **Magnum Caput, E. C. Smith and Others.**—Buying a gilt badge by no means debars you from buying a silver one. **R. T. C.**—Under the circumstances I will allow you to join the club. **Doctrina.**—Repeat your syllabus question, and send a stamped envelope. We are inquiring. **Coriolanus.**—Your writing is very readable. **Amphibian.**—Yacht owners only employ *bonâ fide* sailors; they will not engage amateurs. You are elected.

**Letters also received from** "A Constant Reader" (with cutting from *Upper Burma Gazette*), "An Admirer from Malabar," Bert Ilott ("clubbed"), A. J. Judd ("very funny"), and others.

THE OLD FAG.

## "CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

***Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.**

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# Results of April Competitions.

**No. I.—"Calendar Events."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: DOUGLAS COOKE, The Dingle, Oldbury, Worcester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Cooke, E. W. Stiles, Ernest A. Taylor, Kathleen Alton, M. G. Seymour.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: CHARLES LEIGH, 32, Beechfield Road, Catford, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: REGINALD JEROME, 13, Lothrop Street, Queen's Park, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. A. Pinto, Augustus C. Higgs, Dorothy Luson, Hugh H. Hodge, F. W. Caton, L. B. Morton.

*CLASS III.* (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: J. W. PARSONS, 6, Oakleigh Road, New Southgate, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. S. L. HOLT, 28, Silver Street, Blackley, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marguerite Schindhelm, J. K. Rankin, E. Snook, C. R. Heygate, Marguerite G. Syne, Monica Fleming, A. Maurice Toms.

**No. II.—"Jokes."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 3, Livingstone Place, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: ARTHUR H. WILSON, "Spring Close," Lenton, Notts.; and CONSTANCE H. GREAVES, 15, Powis Square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. B. Edgar, Roy Carmichael, M. M. Corpendale, Agnes Meggitt, P. Boyes, H. J. Buttfield.

*CLASS II.*—(Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: G. BAINES, "Summerfield," Morley, near Leeds.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: VALENTINE MURRAY, 11, Manor Road, Sidcup, Kent; and W. L. BEARE, "St. Helen's," Newton Abbott, S. Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. G. Newcomen, E. Parry, G. P. Bryan, Cyril Witty, A. H. Pearsall, Annie Palmer.

*CLASS III.*—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: E. C. WALTERS, Lansdowne Lawn, Lansdowne Road, Cheltenham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SYDNEY SORRELL, Little Waltham, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William R. Gayton, A. Read, C. N. Wardley, A. Cockell, George A. Harris, Lizzie Smith.

**No. III.—"Best Map of Japan."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: ROBERT YORSTON, 64, Ashley Terrace, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Claude D'Anson, A. K. Tancock, M. Rooney.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: WILLIAM CARRIGAN, 55, Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Adam McGregor, M. W. Brayshaw, Ben Adams, Nellie Hughes, Ursula M. Peck, W. Duncan.

*CLASS III.* (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: ELFRIDA SAUNDERS, 3, Bolton Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Hump, C. H. Ilsley, R. G. W. Bush, W. L. Taylor, L. MacDonald Gill, L. Tiffen, David Grey, T. Brayshaw, Evelyn S. Samuel, Oswald W. B. Roberts, Dorothea Whiskard, Bessie D. Mann, H. T. Birrell, J. N. Corpendale, Janet R. Ross, Leslie Rogers, Cedric H. Stokes.

**No. IV.—"My Favourite Six."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty-four.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: W. J. WHITE, "Fairlea," Abergavenny.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. R. Bishop, William Armstrong, H. C. P. Sutton, Edgar R. Smith, A. B. Pratt, Auguste A. Allain.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FREDERICK G. BRISTOWE, 119, Stratford Road, Plaistow, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WILLIE WATKINS, 37, Dean Street, Aberdare, S. Wales; and JOHN W. LEWIS, 1, Phymney Cottages, Taff's Well, near Cardiff.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Lillie, Adam McGregor, Cyp. Dare, J. Harold Round, Charles Leigh, J. O. Moses.

*CLASS III.*—(Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: F. TERRACE, Gas Works House, Blairgowrie, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: LANCELOT G. HARE, No. 6 Ward, Christ's Hospital, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cyril Saunders, W. Linton Andrews, Sydney Wheater, R. Dawson, J. Wood, Larry Mullett.

**No. V.—"Individuality."**

*CLASS I.*—(Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: O. C. LUPTON, "Rockland," Newton Park, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: H. J. BUTTFIELD, 30, Kilmorie Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James A. Hymers, Molly Seymour, Sydney Buttfield, Thomas G. Knowles, Geoffrey L. Austin.

*CLASS II.*—(Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: LIONEL SAUNDERS, Albion Cottage, Heavitree, Exeter.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ARTHUR WOOD, 58, West Bench Road, Wood Green, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Phillips, William Vaughan, J. R. Bryant, Ralph Meredith, A. Hughes, H. A. Franklyn, Flossie Walker.

*CLASS III.*—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: GUY CORBIE, 45, Leinster Gardens, Hyde Park, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CEDRIC H. STOKES, 60, Parkhill Road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alistair G. Saunders, Herbert Marshall, Birdie Marshall, Arthur Botham, James C. Hamilton, Cecil Watts.

**No. VI.—"Best Photograph or Drawing of a Boy."**

*CLASS I.* (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: D. NEWILL, The Homestead, Winchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bertha Boxall, Thomas Walker, E. A. Courtenay, Elsie Holden, F. C. Meredith, F. A. Barnard, Gwynedd Hudson, Gerald Tristram, J. P. Grandidier, John Hutchison, Winifred D. Erenut, Keith Macdonald, W. J. Parkyn, W. Gabriel May, G. Buchanan, W. J. White, Guido Centaro.

*CLASS II.* (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: EDGAR BAKER, "Sedgemoor," Mill Road, Eastbourne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. H. Fitter, R. G. W. Bush, W. B. Clough, C. H. Gregory, E. Wade, David Pryde, H. Kennedy, H. W. Chance, L. J. Smith, A. Pollock, W. P. Clough, J. N. Nicholls, A. B. Ovens, Chrissie Agnew, Helen G. Buchanan, L. A. Martin, Dorothy English, E. Windsor, G. Agnostopulo.

*CLASS III.* (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: D. H. FISH, The Heath, Woodford Green, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Zinck, Frederick Stanley.

***Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," or "Wide World."***

## COMMENTS ON APRIL COMPETITIONS.

**No. I.**—In this competition the second class was better than the first, but all ought to have paid more attention to the lines laid down. I should like to have seen more athletic events touched on, and, perhaps, not quite so much "war." One competitor in Class II. "harked back" considerably in giving the very day of the "Fall of Troy."

**No. II.**—I have chuckled hugely over the "Joke" post-cards, and it has been a task of great difficulty choosing the funniest out of so many funny stories. In Class III. several kind-hearted competitors went so far as to explain their jokes, which was thoughtful. It was pleasant to meet some of the friends of our early childhood once again! We must have another "Joke" competition, since this has been so popular.

**No. IV.**—The winning list, decided by vote, was as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Author .. .. .. | **Dr. Gordon Stables.** |
| Poet .. .. .. | **Mr. Rudyard Kipling.** |
| Cricketer .. .. | **Prince Ranjitsinhji.** |
| Footballer .. .. | **Mr. G. O. Smith.** |
| Singer .. .. .. | **Madame Patti.** |
| Artist .. .. .. | **Mr. Tom Browne.** |

Several competitors got the list quite right.

**No. V.**—As usual this was a very popular competition, though, owing to the limit of three letters, the lists of words did not go into the hundreds this time. I must remind competitors again that they must *count* their words and put the number where it can be seen.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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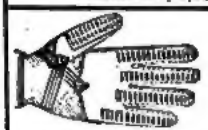

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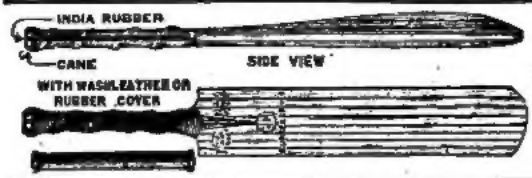


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